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OR,

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CONTAINING THE

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OF

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GRO, TEMPERANCE AND SENTIMEN-
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IN ONE WORK.

THREE VOLS IN ONE.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
RICHARD MARSH, 371 PEARL-STREET,
1854.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

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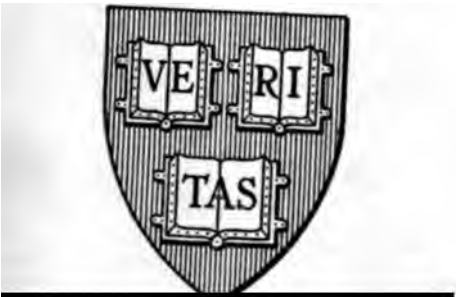

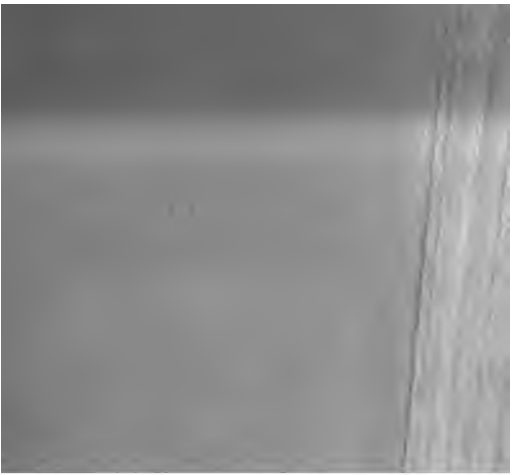

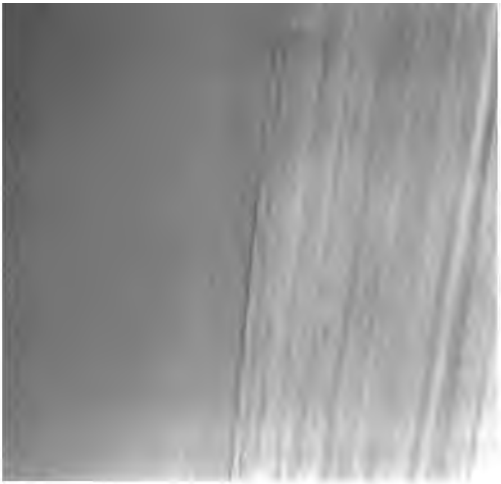

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FROM
THE BEQUE
EVERT JANSEN
1918

ON.
MILLION.
OLLECTION
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SENTIMEN-
BODIED
ONE.
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Hurrah for the Temperance flag 1
How brightly our banner 1

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I tread each gay and pictured hall
I'm saddest when I sing
I give thee all, I can no more
I'll be a bachelor—never

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A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A new and Popular Song.

SUNG BY MR. RUSSEL.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft;
Set sail—farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free,
Like the ocean bird, our home,
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, let the storms come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave

FANNY GRAY.

A BALLAD OF REAL LIFE.

Very popular in Private Circles.

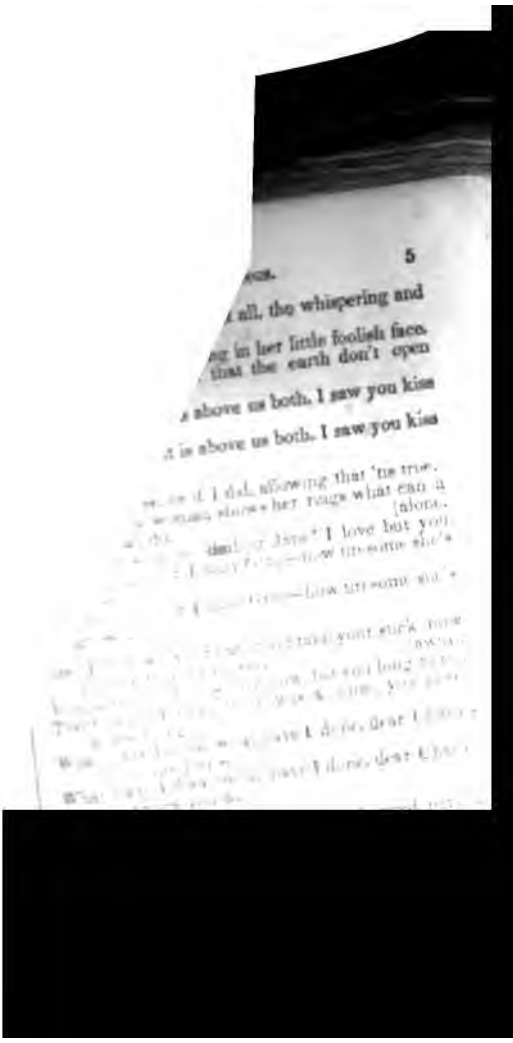
She. Well, well, sir, so you've come at last, I thought you'd come no more, [four
I've waited with my bonnet on from one till half past
You know I hate to sit alone, unsettled where to go,
You'll break my heart, I fear you will, if you con tinue so.
You'll break my heart, I fear you will, if you continue so.

He. Now pray, my love, put off that frown, and don't begin to scold,
You really will persuade me soon you're growing cross and old,
I only stopped at Grosv'nor gate, young Fanny's eye to catch,
I won't, I swear, I won't be made to keep time like a watch
I won't, I swear, I won't be made to keep time like

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

Gaily through the mountain glen,
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe escaped his bow,
Down by the haunted spring.
Again his silver horn he wound,
'Twas echo answered back,
For neither groom nor baying hound,
Was on the hunter's track.
In vain he sought the milk-white doe,
That made him stray, and 'scap'd his bow;
For, save himself, no living thing,
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath bells blooming fair
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay at close of day,
Beside the haunted spring.



THE ROSE OF CASHMERE.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON.

By the flow'rs of the valley,
All bending with dew;
By the light water lily,
Of exquisite blue,
All bending with dew;
By the light water lily,
Of exquisite blue,
By the bright skies above thee,
All cloudless and clear,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.

Young Peri of Paradise,
Shadows are fleeing,
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Bless'd be thy being;
Shadows are fleeing,
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Bless'd be thy being,
Oh! rest thee, or rove thee,

) I WINGS LIKE A DOVE.

wings of a dove, I would fly
this world of care—
mount to the realms on high,
a refuge there.
haven here on earth?
he wounded breast?
t where content has birth,
y find a rest!

'ten, "Believe and live!"
right hope allur'd
nfort these words can give,
uth assur'd.
we fear the cold world's frown,
he heart has giv'n
on to guide us on
he of heav'n?

thy holy word

THE ROSE OF CASHMERE.

SUNG BY MR. WILSON.

By the flow'rs of the valley,
All bending with dew;
By the light water lily,
Of exquisite blue,
All bending with dew:
By the light water lily,
Of exquisite blue,
By the bright skies above thee,
All cloudless and clear,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.

Young Peri of Paradise,
Shadows are fleeing,
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Bless'd be thy being;
Shadows are fleeing,

REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED

I remember, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by;
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care.

way our good ship flies, and leaves
Columbia on our lee.
Oh, give me a wet sheet a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.

For a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.
Oh, give me, &c.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud—
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud.
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea!
Oh, give me, &c.

MBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED

member, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by;
he mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
n my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care,
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.
I remember, remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
ir radiant flowers,
for me. night, love,

MY NORMANDY.

When hope her cheering smile supplies,
And winter flies far, far away;
Beneath dear France, thy beauteous skies,
The spring becomes more sweet, more gay
When nature's drest again in green,
The swallow to return is seen,
I love again the land to see,
Which gave me birth, my Normandy.

I've seen Helvetia's flow'ry fields,
Its cottages, its icy hills;
And Italy, thy sky so clear,
And Venice, with her gondolier;
In greeting thus each foreign part,
There's still one land most near my heart
A land most cherish'd, lov'd by me,
My native land, my Normandy.

There is an age in all our lives,
When ev'ry dream must lose its spell
An age in which the soul recalls,
The scenes o'er which it loved to dwell
When e'en my muse shall silent prove,
Perhaps despise these songs of love,
'Tis then I hope the land to see,
Which gave me birth, my Normandy.

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

Miss Myrtle is going to marry,
And a number of hearts she will break!
There's Lord George, Tom Brown and Sir Harry
Are dying of love for her sake!
'Tis a match that we all must approve—
Let the gossips say all that they can!
For, indeed, she's a charming woman,
And he's a most fortunate man!

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,
And she reads both Latin and Greek,
And I'm told she solved a problem
In Euclid before she could speak.
Had she been but a daughter of mine,

I am told that she hasn't a penny,
Yet her gowns would make Maradan stare;
And I fear that her bills must be many—
But you know that's her husband's affair!
Such husband's are very uncommon,
So regardless of prudence and pelf;
But they say such a charming woman,
Is a fortune you know in herself!

She has brothers and sisters by dozens,
And charming people, they say,
And she's several tall Irish cousins,
Whom she loves—in a sisterly way.
Oh, young men, if you take my advice,
You would find it an excellent plan—
Don't marry a charming woman,
If you are a sensible man!

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

Some love to roam, o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill wind whistles free;
But a chosen band, in a mountain land,
And life in the woods for me
When morning beams, o'er the mountain streams,
Oh! merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag, on the mountain crag,
And to chase the bounding roe.
Yo ho, yo ho, &c.

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track,
And our right good cheer is the wild boar here,
Oh! why should the hunter lack!
With steady aim at the bounding game,
And a heart that fears no foe,
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
Oh! merrily forth we go.
Yo ho, yo ho, &c.

LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Farewell, to the home of my childhood,
Farewell, to my cottage and vine,
I go to the land of the stranger,
Where pleasure alone will be mine.
When life's fleeting journey is o'er,

MY PRETTY GAZELLE.

Come hither, my pretty gazelle,
With thy footsteps light and free;
There's a dimness in thine eye,
Since last I gazed on thee.
The airy bound of thy step is gone,
And hushed is thy silver bell;
There's a silent sorrow in thy look—
Come hither, my pretty gazelle.
Then come hither, come hither, &c.

I love thee, my pretty gazelle,
For the hand that loved to deck
And weave the cinnamon wreath
Around thy tender neck.
She passed away like a summer cloud,
And, whither, the grave can tell;
And left the light of thine eye to glad
My sorrow, my pretty gazelle.
Then come hither come hither, &c.

WATERS OF ELLE.

Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,
Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale:
On thy green banks, once more the wild rose blowing
Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me;
Near this (he cried) his guileful love disclosing,
Near to thy heart in memory of me!

Love's cherish'd gift (the rose he gave) is faded—
Love's brightest flower can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault in heart, in mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

THE DAYS OF YORE.

There's a feeling within us which loves to revert
To the merry old times that are flown!
With the days of our Fathers we gladden the heart,
Till we turn with regret to our own;
Their festals, their tourneys, their feuds are enshrined
In Fancy's most eloquent lore,
And affection of beauty is liked by the mind,

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

The lords of creation, men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under woman's control;
As ever since the world began,
It has always been the way,
For did not Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman obey, obey, obey,
The very first woman obey?

Ye lords, who at present hear my song,
I know you will quickly say:
"Our size's more large, our nerves more strong;
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?"
But think not, tho' these words we hear,
We shall e'er mind the thing you say;
For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight
As not to be moved by a tear,
Though much astonished at the sight,
We shall still have no cause to fear;
Then let them please themselves awhile
Upon their fancied sway,
For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
She will certainly have her own way.

Now, ladies, since I've made it plain,
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
But we'll show them the right way to go;
As ever since the world began,
It has always been the way,
And we'll manage it so that the very last man,
Shall the very last woman obey.

THE DAYS OF YORE.

There's a feeling within us which loves to revert
To the merry old times that are flown!
With the days of our Fathers we gladden the heart
Till we turn with regret to our own:
Their festals, their tourneys, their feuds are enshrined
In Fancy's most eloquent lore,
And affection of beauty is liked by the mind,
O'er the days of our Fathers of Yore.
O'er the days of our Fathers, our Fathers of Yore

[redacted]
re then our bosoms less lordly, less bold,
armour enclasps them no more!
are our welcomes more cold,
helm at the door!
beauty less rare,

HE LEAFY GREENWOOD TREE.

re under the leafy greenwood tree,
pass the noon-tide hour,
d happier far am I than he,
Who seeks but the courtly bow'r,
r near me grows the wild white rose,
A bright sky beams above;
d upward springs the lark who sings,
The truest notes of love.

Here under the greenwood tree,
I pass the noon-tide hour,
And happier far am I, than he
Who seeks the courtly bow'r.
Hither quick, hasten to me,
Under the leafy greenwood tree.

e butterfly sports his golden wing,
A singing stream runs by,
d many a bird that hail'd the spring,
Still greeteth the summer sky,
r painted walls, and palace halls,
care not, whilst for me,
ar nature yields her smiling fields,
And the shade of a greenwood tree, &c.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

The sails are spread, the anchor weigh'd,
Hark! to the captain's round;
The sailors troll the whistling lay,
And merrily on we bound,
And merrily on we bound, &c.

See, homeward now we peaceful glide,
With speed on our trackless way;
Now proudly stem the bounding wave,
And dash through the silv'ry spray, &c.

The sails are spread, the anchor weigh'd,
Hark! to the captain's round;
The sailors troll the whistling lay,
And merrily on we bound, &c.

Our sails are fill'd, the anchor cast—

FATHER, DO NOT WEEP.

Father, do not weep
O'er this world's fleeting woes;
But let thy spirit steep
Its sorrows in repose;
I'll sing of by-gone days,
Or brighter hours to come,
Till joy again, with cheering rays,
Shall gild our peaceful home.
Then, father, do not weep,
O'er this world's fleeting woes
But let thy spirit steep
Its sorrows in repose.

Father, do not grieve,
But join thy child in prayer
To Him who will not leave
The stricken to despair.
We are but pilgrims here;
Then meekly let us bend
Our footsteps toward that tranquil sphere,
Where tears and trials end.
Then, father, do not weep,
We soon shall reach that shore,
Where seraph bands their vigils keep
Mid joys for ever more,
Mid joys for ever more.

HE PASSED.

He passed as if he knew me not!
Unconscious I was near!
And can he then so soon forget,
A being once so dear?
No! through composure ill-assumed,
I mark'd the blush of shame;
I saw him tremble when he heard
Another breathe my name.

I ask not now a lover's smile,
Those eyes are sunk and dim;
But in their ruin they possess
An eloquence for him.
Though others pass me, from his heart
More sympathy I claim:
When I am gone perchance he'll weep
Whene'er he hears my name.

MOUNTAIN HIGH

THE BRIDEGROOM

The bridegroom at the altar's side
  Devotedly is kneeling;
His heart the throne of manly pride,
  Beats high with blissful feeling:
And near him, like some gentle flow'r,
  Whose lovely form is bending,
With one beside it in the bow'r
  The bride is meekly bending.

Upon her hand the ring is plac'd,
  The sure, tho' simple token,
Of love that cannot be effac'd
  'Till life's frail chain is broken
For time shall have no pow'r to part,
  The vows they now have plighted,
As hand to hand, so heart to heart,
  For ever is united.

He looks upon that fair one's brow,

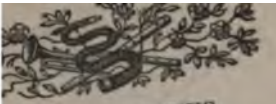
My form hath pearls and gems and gold,
In many a costly wreath;
Chains that in shining mock'ry hold
The prison'd heart beneath!
As the bird that golden bars confine,
The free air pants to roam;
So I for thee, 'mid splendor pine,
My happy village home!

Yet often welcome Fancy brings
Sweet calm from hours of thought
For youth, and old familiar things,
Before my eyes are brought.
In thought I roam the rocks again,
Where flashing waters foam;
And trace afar in yonder glen,
My happy village home!

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

He was a knight of low degree,
A lady high and fair was she;
She dropp'd a ring, he rais'd the gem,
'Twas rich as eastern diadem.
Nay, as your mistress' trophy take
The toy when next a lance you break;
He to the tourney rode away,
And bore off glory's wreath that day.
And bore, &c.

How did his ardent bosom beat,
When hast'ning to that lady's feet;
The ring and wreath he proudly laid.
Oh, keep the ring, she softly said,
A ring so rich I may not wear,
Howe'er return a gift so rare;
Dear youth, a plain gold ring, she sigh'd
From you, were worth the world beside.
From you, &c.



BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

BY MISS DURANG, AT THE CONCERTS.

With rapturous applause.

I woo thee, beautiful spring?
hall my offering be?
arch the abode of the ocean king,
chaplet of pearls bring to thee?
for there shines in thy clustering curls,
ew-drops of morning far brighter than pearls
for there shines in thy clustering curls,
lew-drops of morning far brighter than pearls
all I woo thee, beautiful spring?
t shall my offering be?
search the abode of the ocean king,
a chaplet of pearls bring to thee?

shall I woo thee, beautiful spring?
m whence shall my offering come?
I echo the birds as they joyous sing
of thy flow'ring home?
has the spell

DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

A VERY POPULAR SONG.

As sung in Private Assemblies.

A daughter of Israel sat by a stream,
And the waters rolled murmuring by;
Like the shadows that flit o'er the soul in a dream,
Where the storm-clouds that darkened the sky,
The clear light that shone in her mild beaming eye,
Proclaimed her as one of the free,
And these were the words she breath'd in a sigh,
"I weep land of Judah for thee!"

The thunder roar'd loud, but she heeded not that,
She thought of the land of the brave:
And still by the waters she mournfully sat,
Till the stream bellow'd high in a wave,
And as she departed, this, this, was her lay,
"Farewell to the land of the free,
No longer thy children the timbrel shall play,
I weep land of Judah for thee."

MY SWITZER HOME.

Nay, tempt me not!
I will not roam,
If brighter lands there be,
I love full well my Switzer home,
Where kind hearts too love me.
Why dost thou speak of jewels rare
And gems beyond the sea?
I heed not all the riches there,
Content is wealth to me,
In my dear Switzer home.
At break of day, the hunter's horn
Wakes music on the hill,
At eve the shepherd's call is borne
O'er many a mountain rill.

Wealth wanders on from shore to shore,
Pursuing pleasure's flight;
I seek her not, yet ev'ry hour
She brings some new delight,
To my dear Switzer home,
My Switzer home!
If brighter lands there be,
My thoughts, my wishes never roam,
My own dear land from thee!
My Switzer home! my Switzer home!
My own dear Switzer home!

OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.

Home, fare thee well! the ocean's storm is o'er,
The weary penant woos the seaward winds;

THE CARRIER DOVE.

SUNG BY MRS. WATSON.

Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,
  Fly away to my native land.
And bear these lines to my lady, love,
  That I've traced with a feeble hand.
She marvels much at my long delay,
  A rumour of death she has heard,
Or she thinks, perhaps, that I falsely stray,
  Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

Oh, fly to the bower, and say the chain
  Of the tyrant is o'er me now,
That I never shall mount my steed again,
  With helmet upon my brow!
No friend to my lattice a solace brings,
  Except when your voice is heard,
When you beat the bars with your snowy wings,
  Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visit at dawn, sweet dove,
  I shall miss thy visit at eve,
But bring me a line from my lady love,
  And then I shall cease to grieve.
I am here in a dungeon, to waste away youth,
  I can fall by the conqueror's sword,
But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth,
  Then fly to her bower, sweet bird.

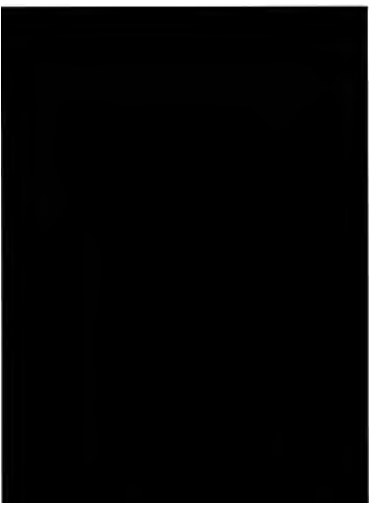
FAREWELL! BUT NOT FOR EVER.

A POPULAR PATHETIC BALLAD.

Farewell! my love, nay do not weep,
  Those tears become not beauty;
One kind embrace before we part,
  One kiss, and then to duty.

Behold! our vessel's anchor weigh'd,
  Her top-sails how they shiver!
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!
  But not farewell for ever.

Those sighs, my love, unman my heart,
  Tho' doom'd I am to leave you;
My only treasure, do not grieve,
  Nor think I would deceive you.



I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING!

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

As sung by Miss Pool, at the Concerts.

You think I have a merry heart,
  Because my songs are gay,
But oh, they all were taught to me,
  By friends now far away.
The bird retains his silver note,
  Though bondage chains his wing
His song is not a happy one,
  I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet home
  I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
  A plaintive tone for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
  To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some withered leaf,
  I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
  My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
  An echo of my own.
My tears when I bend over it
  Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me, little think,
  I'm saddest when I sing.

ROCKAWAY

AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.
Transfix'd I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.

Majestic scene! where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells,
The vaulted firmament above.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I 've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.

OH! CAST THAT SHADOW FROM THY BROW.

Oh! cast that shadow from thy brow,
My dark-eyed love, be glad awhile;
Has Leila's song no music now?
Is there no spell in Leila's smile?
There are wild roses in my hair,
And spring and morn are on their bloom,
But you have breathed their fragrant air,
As some cold vapour from the tomb.

I took my lute for one sad song,
I sang it though my heart was wrung,
The wild sad notes we 've loved so long;
You never smiled, though Leila sung.
Nay, speak not now, it mocks my heart—
Ah! how can hope live when love is o'er?
I only know that we must part,
I only feel we meet no more.
I only know, &c

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

My bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,
And glad were the notes of the sailor's boy's song
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields;
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom glow,
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
Oh, my heart's, &c.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
Bloom the lilies of France, and the olives of Spain;

MY HELEN IS THE FAIREST FLOWER,
OR, THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

AS SUNG WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE AT THE CONCERTS, BY MR. QUAYLE.

My Helen is the fairest flower
That ever graced the sun or shade;
Or deck'd with charms the lover's bower,
The desert wild, or mountain glade;
Her bosom fairer than the snow,
Or April showers, or May morn's breath;
Than moonlit ray, or ruby's glow,
Than weeping lily closed in death!
My Helen is the fairest flower
That ever graced the sun or shade;
Or deck'd with charms the lover's bower,
The desert wild, or mountain glade.

Her azure eye, when cast above,
Is brighter than yon starry sky;
Her mellow voice in notes of love
First raised my soul to bliss on high!
Her cheeks, they mark the rose's bloom,
Her dear, dear lips, the coral's hue,
Her breath rich India's choice perfume,
Her heart is tender, kind and true.
Yes, Helen is the fairest flower, &c.

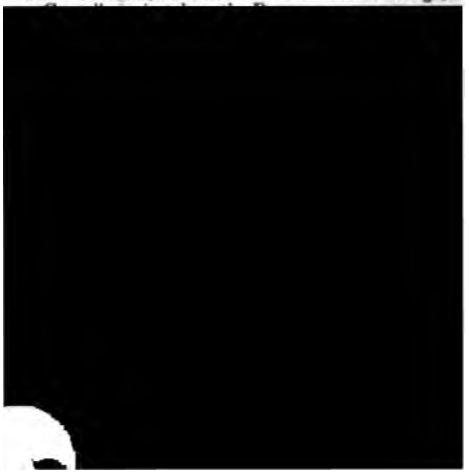
No other charms can rival these,
No other lips such sweets disclose;
No other art such power to please,
For Helen is a thornless rose;
Sportive fancy paints her near me,
Memory ever will retain;
Thoughts of her I wish to cheer me,
Through this pilgrimage of pain.
Yes, Helen is the fairest flower, &c.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

WORDS BY. T. MOORE.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beams on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No!—Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,



LEONORE.

AS SUNG BY MR. QUAYLE.

iftly hie thee, where lightly falling,
streamlet passes yon cottage door,
ere entreat thee, on Herman's calling
shepherd hither to Leonore;
der fountain first gently lead me,
weary duty will soon be o'er,
gentle maiden, oh, kindly speed thee,
hours are number'd of Leonore.

rman, tell me, dost thou remember
form so faded, this alter'd brow?
y—ere leaves me life's fading ember—
son, thy Adolph, where is he now?
pless maiden, when thou wert given
wed another of wealth and store,
art and service resign'd to Heaven,
e lost for ever to Leonore.

death to raise thee were crowns the guerdon,
Adolph's only the hand to save,
ld not hear thee, to speak thy pardon,
convent holds him—a living grave—
rman, cease thee, this fatal sorrow
t rends my bosom, can bear no more;
closes round me, and never morrow
in shall waken poor Leonore.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY THOS. MOORE, ESQ.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute, whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well,
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;

That eye so seducingly meaning,
Assures me of mischief she 's dreaming,
And I feel 't is in vain, to fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve, when I 've seen this Kate Kearney,
On the flower mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart
As I gazed on the charming Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I 've felt the keen smart, of love's fatal dart,
And inhaled the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

WATCHMAN.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.—MUSIC BY T. W. H. B. B

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly;
'T is time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry,
'Past twelve o'clock!'—good night

Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so?—
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 't is time to go.
'Past one o'clock!'—good night!

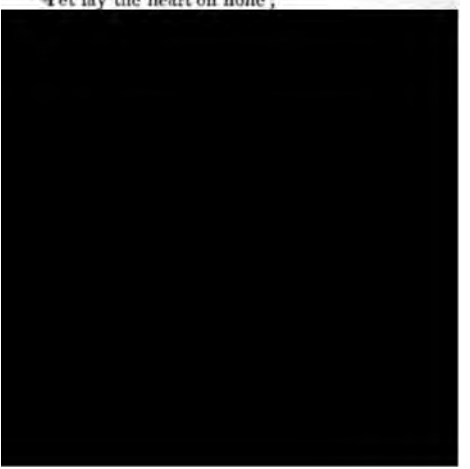
Now wrap thy cloak about thee:—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they *'re past without thee,*
They 're, oh! ten times as long.
'Past two o'clock!'—good night!

Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky,—'t is morning—
So now, indeed, good night!
'Past three o'clock!'—good night.

TO SIGH YET FEEL NO PAIN.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

To sigh yet feel no pain;
To weep yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;



ONE DEAR SMILE.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!
Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile, like those of old.

Oh! there 's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was ev'ry ardent vow.
Never yet did Heav'n allow
Love so warm, so wild to last,
Not e'en hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold:
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile, like those of old.

SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

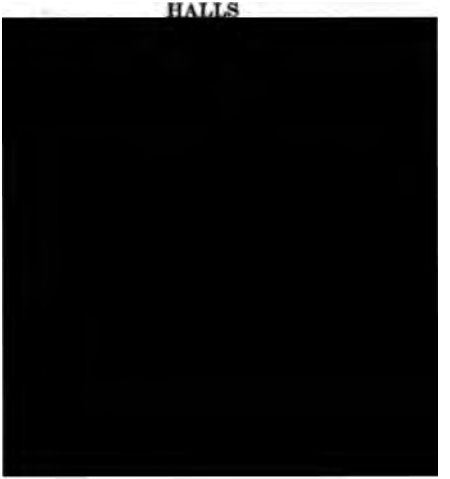
Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Thou dost not dream thy Dermot 's here
Deprived of peace and rest.
The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to *me*;
Tho' nature *sleeps, poor Dermot wakes*
To none but love and thee!

A Duet.—WORDS BY MOORE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

BRIGHT be thy dreams, may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.
Those, by death or seas remov'd,
Friend, who in thy spring time knew thee,
All thou 'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—
Still the same no charm forgot,
Nothing lost that life had given,
Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what?
Thou 'lt find her yet in heaven!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS



Air—'The Maid of Lodi.'

My thoughts delight to wander
Upon a distant shore,
Where lovely, fair, and tender,
Is she whom I adore;
May heaven, its blessings sparing,
On her bestow them free,
The lovely Maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endowed with wealth and power,
That wealth and power both sharing,
My peerless queen should be
The lovely Maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean
May long between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She 'll lodge within its core!
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she,
The lovely Maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation,
I 'll lay me down and die;
Fond Hope my bosom cheering,
That I in heaven shall see
The lovely Maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

Air—'Oft in the stilly night.'

MARCH to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heav'n is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains,
The galling chains,
That keep our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We've brok'n again,
And tore each link asunder.
March to the, &c.

[redacted]

And here 's to the heart free from guile,
The patriot, fraud to his home and his laws,
Who stands by his own native isle.
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

And here 's to the bosom's bright glow,
Where the banner of liberty waves;
And here 's may she conquer her foe,
Ere the sons of her glory be slaves!
Then here 's to the friends all around,
The emblem of Erin's rich soil,
And [illegible] they ever, when wanted, be found
To stand by their own native isle.
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

[illegible] BY LATOUR.

[illegible]

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

WORDS BY T. MOORE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth

Then the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

WORDS BY D. WEIR.—IRISH MELODY.

Oh! our childhood's once delightful hours
Ne'er come again,
Their sunny glens, their blooming bowers
And primrose plains!
With other days
Ambition's rays
May flash upon our mind,
But give me back the morn of life
With fond thoughts twined,
As it sweetly broke on bower and hill,
And youth's gay mind!

Oh! our childhood's days are ne'er forgot
On life's dark sea,
And memory hails that sacred spot,
Where'er we be
It revives all pure,
And fondly augurs
As youth comes on the mind,
And looks upon the morn of life
With fond thoughts, &c.

When age will come, with looks of gray,
To quench youth's sparks,
And its stream runs cold among the way,
Where all seems dark,

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THE GAZELLE.

WORDS BY MOORE.—ARRANGED BY H. R. BISHOP

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing,
'T is my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing;
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying,
[redacted] tender thoughts beneath
[redacted] lying!

PADDY ON THE CANAL.

hen I landed in sweet Philadelphia,
The weather was pleasant and clear;
id not stay long in the city,
So quickly I shall let you hear,
id not stay long in the city,
For it happen'd to be in the fall,
ever reef'd a sail in my rigging,
Till I anchor'd out on the canal.

Chorus.

fare you well Father and Mother,
Likewise to old Ireland too;
fare you well Sister and Brother,
So kindly I'll bid you adieu.

hen I came to this wonderful vampire,
It fill'd me with the greatest surprise
see such a great undertaking;
On the like I never open'd my eyes.
see full a thousand brave fellows,
At work among mountains so tall,
dig through the valleys so level,
Through rocks, for to cut a canal.
So fare you well, &c.

nter'd with them for a season,
My monthly pay for to draw,
d being in very good humour,
I often sung Erin go Bragh.
r provision it was very plenty,
To complain we'd no reason at all
ad money in every pocket,
While working upon the canal.
So fare you well, &c.

I learn d for to be very handy,
To use both the shovel and spade;
I learn'd the whole art of canalling,
I think it an excellent trade.
I learn'd for to be very handy,
Although I was not very tall,
I could handle the "sprig of shillelah,"
With the best man upon the canal.
So fare you well, &c.

I being an entire stranger,
Be sure I had not much to say,
The Boss came round in a hurry,
Says "boys, it is grog time a-day."
We all march'd up in good order,
He was father now, unto us all,
Sure, I wish'd myself from that moment,
To be working upon the canal.
So fare you well, &c.

When at night, we all rest from our labour,
Be sure, but our rent is all paid,
We laid down our pick, and our shovel,
Likewise, our axe, and our spade.
We all set a joking together;
There was nothing our minds to enthral,
If happiness be in this wide world,
I am sure it is on the canal.

Chorus.

So fare you well Father and Mother,
Likewise to old Ireland too;
So fare you well Sister and Brother,
So kindly I'll bid you adieu.

'T WAS YOU, SIR.

A Catch.

'T was you, sir, 't was you, sir,
I tell you nothing new, sir,
T was you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
'T was you, sir, you;

'T is true, sir, 't is true, sir,
You look so very blue, sir,
'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,
'T is true, sir, true.

Oh, sir, no, sir,
How can you say so, sir?
did not kiss the pretty girl—
But I know who.

LOVE, CUPID'S ME UP.

[illegible]

Air—[illegible]

[illegible] girl am I—
Hey, [illegible] heighho!
[illegible] I [illegible]
Hey, [illegible] heighho!
[illegible]

I conceive—ah, verily,
That I 'm assailed most grievously;
And used by Ruth most ruthlessly—
Heigho! heigho!

My heart by Cupid's fiercely smote—
Heigho! Heigho!
And rent in twain like Joseph's coat—
Heigho! heigho!

Love has caught me in a snare,
Wicked Ruth scorns my despair;
Though fair herself, don't use me fair
Heigho! heigho!

As young lambkins frisk and play—
Heigho! heigho!
Ruth and I have toy'd all day—
Heigho! heigho!

She now disdains to cast one look
Alas! it is no joke,
[illegible] be to pieces broke—
[illegible]o! heigho!

A Glee.—MUSIC BY HANNA.

DAME Durden had five serving maids,
To carry the milking pail;
She also had five laboring men,
To manage the spade and flail:
There was Moll and Bet,
And Doll and Kate,
And Dorothy with a pail;
And Joe and Jack,
And Tom and Dick,
And Humphrey with his flail;—
Now Joe kiss'd Molly,
And Jack kiss'd Betty,
And Tom kiss'd Dolly,
And Dick kiss'd Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail,
And Kitty she was a charming girl,
To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call,
To rouse her serving-men and maids
Most loudly she did bawl.
Come Moll and Bet, &c.

'T was on the morn of Valentine
The birds began to mate,
Dame Durden and her men and maids
They all began to prate.
'T was Moll and Bet, &c.

THE INVINCIBLES.

A POPULAR SONG.

When the merry fife and drum,
And the bugles loudly play,
Then gaily march to the martial sounds,
The Invincibles so gay;
Each lass upon parade,
With cap and smart cockade,
To the men will show, that well she knows
The gallant soldier's trade.
Our corp'ral leads us on,
And in quick time we move,

. BE A BACHELOR—NEVER.

WRITTEN BY D. WEIR.

'—A Highland laddie heard of war.'

'Twas night was dark, the winds blew loud,
My fire by fits was blinking;
Says I I 'm almost forty-five,
And what have I been thinking.
Then shall I wed, or shall I not,
Shall I be lonely ever;
And spurn great nature's noblest law?
I 'll be a bachelor—never.

A bachelor! such a useless thing,
The world is not possessing;
None shares the blank within his heart,
To none he is a blessing.
If he has wealth some wish him dead,
If poor he 's shun'd forever;
Ev'n riches cannot purchase bliss,
I 'll be a bachelor—never.

Was lovely woman not design'd,
To share our joy or sorrow
To bathe the burning brow of care,
To cheer the light of morrow?
But bachelors alter nature's laws,
Her dearest ties they sever;
No children lisp around his knee,
I 'll be a bachelor—never.

They speak of joys the bachelor knows,
When wine is flowing round them;
But mark him when the morning dawns,
What dismal thoughts confound him.
A pair of tongs without a leg,
The snuffers without either!
Are not more useless in their way,
I 'll be a bachelor—never.

WE 'LL MARRIED BE.

A Comic Duet.—BY MALLINSON.

He.—One day, while working at my plough,
Fal lal lal, &
I felt, just here, I can 't tell how;

Why John, your *sartan* well to do,
Fal lal lal, &c.
You 've got a cow, a pig or two;
Fal lal lal, &c.
But mother's magpie talks to I—
She calls me angel of the sky.
Then mother's magpie tells a lie.
Fal lal lal, &c.
Tells lies! the bird does no such things—
Fal lal lal, &c.
For I 'm an angel—
Where 's your wings?
Fal lal lal, &c.
That gemman, sir, all sweet perfume,
Said—'Oh, you goddess from the moon!'
He meant a witch upon a broom.
Fal lal lal, &c.
Well, time will show, and, John, you 'll find.
Fal lal lal, &c.
You'd best take me, Nan, in the mind.
Fal lal lal, &c.
Wi' all my heart, next Sunday.
Done.
We 'll married be, as sure as fun.
And then, John———
You and I 'll be one.
Fal lal lal, &c.

So { lads, / maids, } who'd wish to happy be,
Just copy { pretty Nan / honest John } and me;
But to old Nick send jealousy.
Fal lal lal, &c.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

WORDS BY PEARCE.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
'*By the deep*—NINE!'

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view—
An abbey-tow'r, a harbor-fort,

THE ONSET.

A BATTLE SONG.—BY B. CORNWALL.

Sound an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum—
Huzzah!
Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?
Huzzah!
Look! They are staggered on yon black heath,
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men,—Down like Death!
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!
Huzzah!
Sound! bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

BATTLE SONG.

WRITTEN BY J. H. O.

Air—'Bruce's Address.'

HARK! the deep'ning voice of war,
Hoarsely echos from afar,
Forward! and your weapons draw
Sons of Liberty!

Let your banners wave in air
Let your light'nings fiercely glare!
Freely ev'ry danger share
For your Liberty!

[redacted]dom! glorious, fair and bright!
[redacted] the fight;

MARMION.

MUSIC BY DOCT. JOHN CLARKE.

THE war that for a space did fail,
Now doubly thundering swell'd the gale,
And 'Stanley!' was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on,'
Were the last words of Marmion.

NATIVE LAND.

WORDS BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

'*Air*—Oh! no, we never mention her.'

THEY bore him from his barren shore,
The country of his birth;
From leafless wastes and icefields hoar,
And all most loved on earth.
They asked him but to leave his tribe,
And then he should command
Riches and wealth—and for that bribe
He left his native land.

They showed him sunny islands spread
Beneath unclouded skies,
Where orange groves hung overhead,
And glance the bright fire-flies

They carried him to beauteous bowers,
By fragrant breezes fann'd:
What car'd he for their trees and flowers?
'T was not his native land!

On through the waters flew the bark,
And Albion's white cliffs rose;
He would have been more glad to mark
The glare of his own snows.
And many a blithe and joyous sound
Came from the crowded strand;
But coldly glanced his eye around,—
'T was not his native land!

A BOATMEN'S SON

COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.

DAYLIGH[T] [fa]e
Ev'ning [s]
O'er the silent [w]ave;
Winds ar[e]
And with [th]s,
Wake the stream [fr]om slumbers deep
Swift o'er the Neva tides,
Mark, how our vessel glides,
O'er the curled waves she rides,
Scattering pearl-drops from her sides.
Brothers, row,
Whilst the glow
Of twilight sheds a parting beam,
'Till our lay
Fades away,
And dies upon the Neva stream.
Eve has pass'd
And shades at last,
Round the darkening waters close.

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT SHORE.

SUNG BY MR. HORN.

I HEAR thy shell resound
The trembling waters o'er,
And the songs that swell around
My own bright shore!
The melting charm I hear,
The tuneful melody,
That soothes *the list'ning ear*
In the chambers of the sea,

Where the Nereid sisters play,
And the envied smile to reap
Their wave-born loves array,
All the treasures of the deep,
But oh! I may not leave,
To roam the waters o'er,
My own bright shore,
The bright, bright shore!

The golden hue of day,
With the rich and radiant shower
Of all the bloom of May,
Here decks my parent bower;
And hope, and truth, and love,
If e'er with mortals found,
Thrice bless my native grove,
And breathe a heaven around.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TEAR.

WORDS BY BAYLEY.

They have donn'd their scarlet garb,
They have ta'en the soldier's vest;
Bright plumes wave o'er each head,
Bright stars are on each breast.
And the warrior's heart beats quick and high,
At the sound of the battle cheer;
But still as he looks on his gallant boys,
He wipes away a tear.

They are foremost on the breach,
They are first in danger's track,
There are no braver spirits there
To drive the foeman back;
They sink in glory's proud embrace,
But the voice of their dying cheer,
Comes forth with a shock on the soldier's heart,
And he wipes away a tear.

He has past his native hill,
He is on his native plain,
And the young who went with him away,
Are come not home again;
But the mother's whisper of her boys,
Will break upon his ear,
And the soldier sighs for his bravest now,
And wipes away a tear.

VENETIAN BOAT-SONG.

THE daybeam is over the sea,
Oh haste every bark, to the shore;
No joy in the morning can be,
With moonlight our pleasure is o'er
Perhaps it is sweet on the hills
To watch how the daylight appears,
To see it all bright in the rills,
And shining through night's dewy tears.

But oh! in the wild hour of night,
When loud winds are hushed to a breeze,
With music and moon-beams so bright,
'T is heaven to glide o'er the seas.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c

Oh! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

SWEETLY ON THE WINGS OF MORNI

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

SWEETLY on the wings of morning,
Floating down the valley,
Comes the kine's melodious warning,
On the hills to rally:

RACTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

by Master Henry H. Paul, and sung by John Thomas and B. B. Boyce with great applause.

TUNE—"*The Cork Leg.*"

y abounds in wondrous things,
es fast and money has wings;
orld is coming to an end they say,
ler can't *humbug* us that way.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

l's we have a goodly share,
ere's any that with Our's can compare;
Old Head Quarters that's gained great
ame
reat many more that I cannot now name.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

ere is the *Mint* where the money is made,
Cemetry's too, where bodies are laid,
Old State House Steeple built up in the
ir,
Market that reaches for many a square.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

good things you'd wish to be certain,
give a call at the *famous Red Curtain*;
ou'll find things for to please all minds,
profusion and pies of all kinds.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

ioners too we have quite a store,
some dozen or two or more.
cheapest one that you will meet,
dred and ninety-eight Market Street,
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

You cannot walk up Chestnut street,
But some fair damsel you will meet,
That will charm your eyes and win your heart,
And you'll say to yourself—"We never can part
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

Our streets are lined with pretty trees,
And our *ladies* too are as nice as you please.
We have Theatres, Concerts, and a Museum too
And of other attractions not a few.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

Then there is our buildings so gay and so neat,
That may be found in most every street.
I'll tell you, stranger, if you come to this town,
We'll show you how "*to do the thing Brown.*"
Ri tu di, ni, &c.

Every morning early, oh,
You'll find her in the market, oh,
The cabbages she sells are fine,
For she's a bully in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

I loved her for her virtues, oh,
I'd married her but for butcher Joe,
But butcher Joe he beat my time,
He stole this gal in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

To Joe a challenge I did write,
He said he'd show me a fist fight,
He'd bung my eye up so prime,
To avenge this gal in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

At the back of Moyamensing prison,
We met—he took me by the wizen,
His second said I couldn't shine,
'Twas this female in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

The constables they grabb'd us three,
Deprived us of our liberty,
They lock'd us up in no time,
This comes of being in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

MORAL.

Now city boys a warning take,
Or you'll repent when it's too late,
In prison I am for no crime,
But for loving in the cabbage line.
My old Mommy told me, oh, &c.

WE'RE ALL CUTTING.

Sung by Mr. Harrison, with great eclat, at the Museum Concerts.

We're all cutting, cut, cut, cutting,
We're all cutting our way through this world,
Dame nature *cut* out man to *cut* his way through life,
So being termed a *cutter*, we'll compare him to a knife,
The little baby blade, has scarcely drawn its breath
When *cutting* it begins, we know by *cutting* of its teeth.
For we're all cutting, cut, cut, cutting,
We're all cutting, our way through this world.

[redacted]hood is a doll's knife, delicate and pretty,
[redacted]their little ones, to be considered

nd as the youth grows older, all the girls he seems to bother,
he falls in love with one girl, he *cuts* her for another.

For we're all cutting, &c.

beau is a blade, set in a buckhorn handle,
ho'll soon *cut* his tailor, if he does not *cut* smart,
is only endeavour is through life to *cut* a figure,
ehold him on horseback, how he *cuts* away with vigour,
nd as he *cuts* along he seems to ask each belle,
Dam'me, charming creature, don't you think I *cut* a swell."

For we're all cutting, &c.

he ladies they are fruit knives, set in pearl and ivory,
nd cutting men's hearts, according to desserts,
t ball, at play, at church or at rout,
heir only endeavour is to *cut* each other out,
he coquette she *cuts* many a heart to the core,
nd the widow is for *cutting* out one lovely husband more,

For we're all cutting, &c.

We're all knives, though we're made of various patterns,
nd we're all striving to *cut* each other out,
ome *cut* their way through life by *cutting* a great dash,
nd others *cut* out prices, for the sake of ready cash,
nd some cut out work for the bailiff and the dun
nd some are so *cut* up, they're obliged to *cut* and run.

For we're all cutting, &c.

THE DANDY.

WRITTEN BY MR. SILAS S. STEELE.

Sung with great applause, by Ann Sefton, at the Philadelphia, Western and Southern Theatres.

TUNE—"*Jim Brown.*"

I am the pink of the fashion from the top to the toe.
In the street or ball-room or hotel, why dem'me,
I'm the beau;
To be the tip of fashion I've the fashionable tip,
I've mustachios, breasts and corsets, and I've
pads on leg and hip.
I have brass upon my heels and I've brass upon
my face,
I sport a stick, and *stick* to *sport* with the exqui-
site grace.
I charm each rival's sweetheart, and take her by
the wing.

HARD TIMES.

An original comic song, written and sung by F. S. Myers, at the Philadelphia Concerts, with unbounded applause.

Wherever you go, or wherever you stir,
These words will certainly ring in your ear,
Hard times and nothing to do.

If a man is so poor he's got nothing to lose,
If you ask for a debt of course he'll refuse:
He'll say he's lost all by the bank's having stopped,
And his credit together with it have dropped.
Cause it's hard times, &c.

That the times ne'er were harder, no one will deny,
But I'm sure that they will be *worse by and by*.
Hard times, &c.

The hardest day yet, will shortly reach us,
Or else there's no truth in what Miller preaches,
We must stick to each other through winds and
through weather,
He says we'll all go to the devil together.
Hard times, &c.

To oblige a few friends in whom Miller caused
fears,
He's postponed the end of the world for some
years.
Hard times, &c.

To make money's his object, and make men his
tools,
But they ought to know better than be dupes to
such fools;

But I'm sure there's no fears of the fire he names
For our Philadelphia Firemen can put out all flames.

Hard times, &c.

Our dandies are frightened—they know very well,
That if they should die, down below they would dwell.

Where it's hard times, &c.

When an animal dies, they say that is its last,
Our dandies are turning to animals fast,
With their hair down their shoulders and on their chins too,
They look like half monkey and half kangaroo.

Hard times, &c.

ENCORE.

The times are so hard even rivers wont rise,
And the rain can't afford to stay up in the skies.

Hard times, &c.

To pass away time I went fishing one night,
The times were so hard even fish wouldn't bite;
I turned to go home—'twas getting quite late,
When a wharf rat half starved had run off with my bait.

Hard times, &c.

[redacted]

STRAPS.

A COMIC SONG, SUNG BY JOHN WINANS.

TUNE—"*Cork Leg.*

Oh, ladies and gents, I sing of mishaps
About a dandy who used to wear straps:
I chanced to see him 'tother day in the street,
And he had his suspenders under his feet.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

Says I to him, "What do you call them 'ere,
That pulls you straight down from your feet to your hair?"
Says he, "Aw fellow get out of my way,
To a gawky like you I'd have nothing to say."
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

Says I, "Mr. Dandy mind your eye,
Or I'll cut your straps and let you fly;
And if I should cut them, right up you'd go,
And you'd never be seen again below."
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

The chap got angry, and he said,
"I'll lay this cane about your head."
He raised his cane with all his might,
But he couldn't strike his straps were so tight.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

I took advantage of the strife,
And from my pocket drew my knife,
I cut his straps so quick in two,
That into the air this chap then flew.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

I heard him bellow with all his might,
Until he got clear out of sight;
Then I suppose the fellow thought,
That in a whirlwind he'd been caught.
Ri tu, di ni, &c.

A great many people saw the sight,
And thought that Miller had taken his fligh
They then brought a glass the truth to see,
And they wondered how such a thing could
Ri tu, di ni,

Folks came running to me, and did say,
"Have you seen the phenomena?"
"Oh yes," says I, "be not surprised,
He's only on a mission to the skies."
Ri tu, di ni,

MORAL.

If there's any one here that wears the strap
Be careful you don't fall into the same mish
For if you do, you will all soon,
Be sent above to converse with the moon.
Ri tu, di ni,

MOLLY BAWN.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
And the pretty girls were made for boys, dear,
And may be you were made to be mine;
The wicked watch dog here is snarling,
He takes me for a thief you see,
For he knew I'd steal you, Molly, darlin,
And then transported I should be,
Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.

THE RAGING CANAL.

A COMICO PATHETICO BALLAD.

Written by M. Heasey, Esq., and now sung nightly with tremendous thunders of applause, by Mr. T. G. Booth, at the American Museum, New York.

AIR—*Caroline of Edinburgh Town.*

Come list to me ye heroes, ye nobles and ye braves
For I've been at the mercy of the winds and the waves;
I'll tell you of the hardships to me that did befall
While going on a voyage up the Erie can-all:

From out of this famed harbour we sailed without fear,
Our helm we put hard up, and for Albany did steer;
We spake full fifty craft, without any accident at all
Until we passed into that 'are raging can-all.

We left old Albany harbour, just at the close of day;
If I rightly remember 'twas the second day of May;
We trusted to our driver, although he was but small
Yet he knew all the windings of that raging can-all.

ed as if the devil, had work in hands that
ight,
r oil was all out, and our lamps they gave
no light;
clouds began to gather, and the rain began
to fall,
I wished myself off and safe from the raging
can-all.

ith hearts chock full of love, we thought of our
sweethearts dear,
nd straight for Utica, our gallant bark did steer;
ut when in sight of that 'ere town, there came
on a *white squall*,
Which carried away our mizzen mast, on the
raging can-all.

came roaring on, just like a wild cat
nd tost, straining every
ladle

weather being foggy we could't see the
ack,
ade our driver come on board, and hitched
a lantern on his back:
told him to be fearless, and then it blew a gale,
jump up and knock *down* a horse, that's taking
in a sail.

The captain bid the driver to hurry with all speed
His orders were obeyed, for he soon cracked up
his lead;
With that 'ere kind of towing, he allowed, by
twelve o'clock,
We should have the old critter, right bang agin
the dock.

But sad was the fate of our poor devoted bark,
For the rain kept growing faster, and the night it
grew dark:
The horses gave a stumble, and the driver gave a
squall,
And they tumbled head and heels into the raging
can-all.

The captain cried out, with a voice so clear and
sound,
Cut them horses loose, my boys, or else we will
be drowned;
The driver paddled to the shore, although he was
but small,
While the horses sank to rise no more in the
raging can-al.

The cook she wrung her hands, and then she came
on deck,
Saying, alas! what will become of us, our vessel
is a wreck;

The steersman knocked her over, for he was a man of sense,
And the helmsman jumpt ashore, and lashed her to a fence.

We had a load of Dutch, and we stowed 'em in the hole,
And the varmint wer'nt the least concerned for the welfare of their souls;
The captain he went down to them, implored them for to pray,
But all the answer that he got was "*due deutsch sproken, nex come arouse ex for shtae.*"

The captain trembled for his money, likewise for his wife,
But to muster courage up, he whittled with a

put his trumpet to his mouth, as loud as he could bawl
hailed for assistance from the raging can-all.

e sky was rent asunder, the lightning it did flash,
e thunder rattled above, just like eternal smash;
e clouds were all upsot, and the rigging it did fall,
d we scudded under bare-poles on that raging can-all.

mighty sea rolled on astern, and then it swept our deck,
d soon our gallant little craft, was but a floating wreck;
l hands sprung forward, aft the main-sheet for to haul,
ben slap dash! went our chicken-coop into the raging can-all.

s took the old cook's petticoat, for want of a better dress,
d rigged it out upon a pole, a signal of distress;
s pledged ourselves hand to hand, aboard the boat to bide,
d not to quit the deck while a plank hung to her side.

length that horrid night cut dirt from the sky,
e storm it did abate, and a boat came passing by,
e soon espied our signal, while each on his knees did fall,
ankful we escaped a grave on the raging can-all.

We each of us took a nip, and signed the pledge anew,
And wonderful, as danger ceased, how up our courage grew,
The craft in sight bore down on us, and quickly was 'long side,
And we all jump'd aboard, and for Buffalo did ride.

And if I live a thousand years, the horrors of that night,
Will ever in my memory be a spot most burning bright;
There's not in this varsal world, can ever raise my gall,
As the thoughts of my voyage on the raging can-all.

And now my boys I'll tell you how to manage wind and weather,
[illegible] hug the tow path, and lay feather to
[illegible] rain begins

SUKEY SOAP SUDS,

An original Song sung by Mr. Hullaway.

Air—Lord Lovel.

Sukey Suds, she stood at her washing tub,
A washing her clothes so nice,
When I pops in my head, and to her I said,
"Sukey Suds, I am off in a trice, trice, trice
Sukey Suds, I am off in a trice!"

"Oh, where are you going?" my Sukey said,
"Oh, where are you going?" says she,
"I am going my own dear Sukey," says I,
"Strange places for to see, see, see!
Strange places for to see!"

"Oh, you false hearted Peter," says she to me,
"You false hearted lover," says she,
"You are a going a courting another young 'oman,
Because you are tired of me, me, me!
Because you are tired of me!"

"Oh, my Sukey Suds," says I, "taint so,
I wow it is not," says I,
But Sukey she goes for her 'puffercher,
And sat herself down to cry, cry, cry!
And sat herself down to cry!

"Oh, Sukey my dear, oh, Sukey my dear!
I swear I'm true from that sin;
So wipe your eyes, my Sukey, don't cry,
Take a sup from this bottle of gin, gin, gin!
Take a sup from this bottle of gin!"

So we [illegible] by the side of the fire

As soon as the bottle was fi-ni-shed,
Says Sukey, says she, she, she,
"You've promised to marry me, many a time,
Come marry me now," says she, she, she,
"Come marry me now," says she.

"Oh, I can't marry you, Miss Sukey," I said,
"Oh, I can't marry you," says I,
"For to-morrow I'm off to a strange country,
And I've got other fish to fry, fry, fry!
And I've got other fish to fry!"

"You wile vicked monster," says she to me,
"For this you are parjured;
And if ever you marries another young 'oman,
My ghost shall haunt your bed, bed, bed!
My ghost shall haunt your bed!"

Now her passion vas up as high as could be,

COME DAY, GO DAY.
OR
MASSA IS A STINGY MAN.

Sung with everlasting shouts of applause by the renowned old Dan Emmit.

Oh, massa is a stingy man,
And all his neighbors knows it.
He keeps good whiskey in his house,
An neber says, here goes it.
Sing come day, go day,
God send Sunday,
We'll drink whiskey all de week,
And buttermilk o' Sunday.

A stray dog come to town,
Pon a bag of peaches,
De horse run off, an he fell down,
And mashed 'em all to pieces.
Fala du, fala du da du da la,
Fula du fala du lala du la du la.
Come day, &c.

Hoe cotton, dig corn,
Den we feed de niggies,
An oh, lord Moses,
What a luscious time for niggas.
Come day, go day, &c.

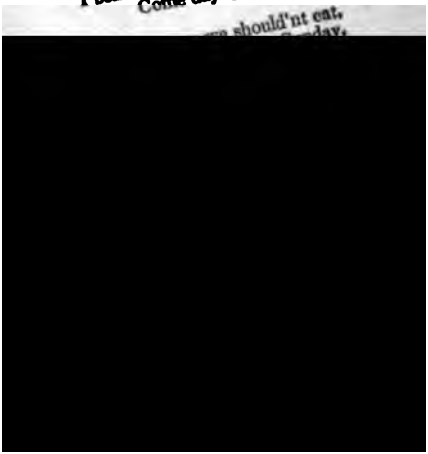
Black Jen's got a holler tooth
An says it's always aching,
But when she puts de hoe cake in,
Den it stops a plaguing.
Come day, go day, &c.

POPULAR SONGS.

Oh, missus says we eat too much,
An wear out too much trowses,
She'll make us feed on atmosphere,
And dress in nature's blowses,
Come day, go day, &c.

She sent consumption Joe one night,
Tobacco leaf to kiver,
It made him sneeze out de moonlight,
An cough away his liver.
Come day, go day, &c.

Oh, massa loves to hug de gals,
And missus does'nt knows it,
But as I like de angels too,
I believe I won't exclose it,
Come day, go day, &c.



TEMPERANCE CATCH.

Come, fill it up,
And take a sup,
There's nothing like good water;
Rum's fled the track,
And can't come back,
So let us all be merry. Come fill, etc.

GOIN OBER DE MOUNTAIN,

OR, THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN

OLD JAKE AND HIS SWEETHEART.

g with great applause by the popular Virginia Minstrels.

A nigga come from Arkansas,
(Bone and Banjo Symphony.)
De biggest fool I ebber saw,
Reel o'er de mountain, love,
I'm gwine for to leab you,
Reel o'er de mountain, love,
Don't let my parting grieve you!

At mornin when dis nigger rose,
Rum tum dum, dum rum tum da,
He put his mittens on his toes,
Rum tum dum,
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.

Dis nigga went to feed de sheep,
Rum tum dum,
He gib 'em green tobacco leaf,
Rum tum dum,
Oh, reel o'er de mountain, &c.

He went some water for to git,
Rum tum dum
And carried it in a corn basket,
Rum tum dum,
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.

He went to shell corn in de shed,
Rum tum dum,
He shell'd his shins all bare instead,
Rum tum dum,
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.

He went to feed de hoss at de barn,
Rum tum dum,
He put himself in the trough for corn,

JOHNNY BOOKER.

Sung with most unbounded applause by the celebrated and popular Virginia Minstrels

Oh, as I went up to Lynchburg town,
I broke my yoke at de carting ground
I drove on to de bawling spring,
All for to mend my oaken ring.
An it's oh, Johnny Booker,
Help dis nigger,
Oh, Johnny Booker, do.

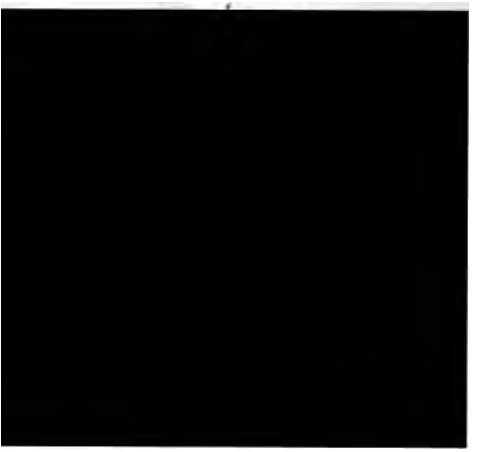
Oh, I drove to de mill to get some meal,
But de mud suck in my old cart wheel,
Den my oxen down in a horse track slip,
But I pull him out wid a hickory whip.
An 'tis oh, Johnny Booker

I rode to de riber my horse to swim,
But he brush me off under a buttonwood limb,
I hung to de limb an hit him such a crack,
Till he put my legs between his back.
An it's oh, Johnny Booker

Oh, a weasel come in our duck pen,
But dar mother was a cross old hen,
Oh, she picked his eyes out to de bone,
An it made him look nine ways for home.
Oh, Johnny Booker.

Oh, black Sam come to our milk house,
An he open de door as still as a mouse,
He stole my lizard an hoe cake meal,
An den he steel across de field.
It's oh, Johnny Booker,
Ketch dat nigger, &c.

De oder day old Jarsey Joe,
Went out wid Sue de corn for to hoe,
But he hoed it down wid de toe an heel,
'Till de ground was hard, it would'nt peel,
It's oh, Johnny Booker,
Stop dat nigger, &c.



O GET ALONG ! GALS.

AN ETHIOPIAN LYRIC.

One day, just at de set ob sun,
When de work was did and done,
I took my banjo and I played,
Betwixt de sunshine and de shade.
Oh, git along, my yaller gals,
De ebening sun is declining—
Oh, git home, my yaller gals,
For de dew on de grass am shining.

A 'possum on a simmon tree,
With one eye looked right down on me,
Fast by his tail de critter hung,
And in de chorus sweetly sung,
Oh, git home, my yaller gals,
De ebening sun is declining.

I cast my eyes up to above,
And saw de light of heavenly love,
De comet set de clouds on fire—
Lord, how dis nigga did suspire!
Oh, git home, my yaller gals,
De ebening sun is declining

De wind come from out de souf,
And de bull-frog grab him in his mouf;
When de bull-frog catch him, he give him a wipe
And made him blow like an engine pipe.
Oh, git along home, my yaller gals,
De ebening sun is declining.

De alligator in de brake
Plays fast asleep when he wide awake;
He wants to suck some nigger in
As massa do a glass ob gin.
Oh, git along home, my yaller gals,
De ebening sun is declining.

BOATMAN DANCE

OR

GO HOME WID D S IN

I don't like a nig
I'll be dogged i
Kase his feet am
Dat he can't w .e.
Oh, 'tis a quart at bottom,
An a gill at de top,
An its stan back gals
Kase its all I get.
An its dance de boatmen dance,
Oh, dance de boatmen dance,
We'll dance all night
Till broad day-light,
And go home wid de gals in de mornin.

Oh, I jump into a boat,
Wid my hog an I go,
Away down de Ohio,
Nigger cum into my boat
An he steal my shoat.
But I chuck him in de river,
By de heel ob his coat.
An its dance de boatmen dance,
Oh, dance de boatman, dance,
We'll dance all night,
Till broad day-light,
An go home wid de gals in de mornin.

Oh, I does hate a nigger,
Tho' its colour ob my skin,
But de blood ob dis nigger,
Am all white to de chin.

I war coloured by de smoke,
In de boat war I war borned,
And de gals say my gizzard,
Am as white as de corn.
Dance de boatmen, &c.

I can row down de riber,
De darkest night dat shine,
Wid a half a dozen corn,
An a bushel ob swine.
If de fog am so thick,
I've to cut it like de ice,
I can land by de white
Ob de gals dark eyes.
An its dance de boatman dance, &c.

Dars a gal in Cincinatti,

OLD DAN TUCKER

A highly popular Song, as sung with great applause at the Theatres.

Oh. I went to town de oder night,
To hear de shows and see de sights,
When I got dere I look all round,
Till I hear Dan Tucker's banjo sound,
Oh, get out de way,
Oh, get out de way,
Ole Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

Dar ole Black Bill just bring to town,
A possum wid a big rackoon,
Oh, de coon he show de possum fight,
But she creep in her bosom out ob sight,
Singing, get out de way, &c

I seed my gal, she's a virgin maid,
Dat Tucker tried to serenade,
He tried to come, but he could'nt go,
For she winked at me wid de heel ob her toe,
Oh, get out de way, &c.

Oh, ole Dan went to run his horse,
But he could'nt git his legs across,
So he lay him cross like a bag o' meal,
And he spurred de horse with his big toe nail.
Oh, git out de way, &c.

Oh, he run'd away kase Massa cross,
To walk de riber I mount ole hoss,
But de ole hoss went to de bottom smack,
An I rode over on de river's back.
Oh, git out de way, &c.

All nite dey make me shell de corn,
Till arter de sun wake up in de morn,
So I hide an go to sleep for spite,
But I got cotch fore de broke ob night,
Oh, git out de way. &c.

I bake a hoe cake 'mong de reed,
Alligator come to spite my feed,
I chuck him a iron hickory wedge,
[redacted]

SAM OF TENNESSEE

A new Ethiopian Melody written by [illegible] H. PAUL
for Cool White and the Virginia Minstrels.

TUNE—"*Danny Jim of Caroline.*"

In Tennessee whar I was born,
Dey hoe de potatoes an' husk de corn,
Dey drink hot coffee, and also tea,
An' dey call me Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa tole me so,
I was de best lookin' nigga in de city, O,
I view'd myself from tip to toe,
'Twas just as massa tole me O.

De niggas in Tennessee am proud,
Dey look very handsome but dey smell very loud
But none of dem does look like me,
For my name is Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

I went a courtin' de oder night,
An' on de road I had a fight,
As soon as de fellow seed 'twas me,
Says he, you're Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

Now I'm married, an' got a wife,
And now's de happiest time in all my life
I lub her and she lubs me,
An' she calls me Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

Of all de niggas in dis town,
De's say de greatest is Jim Brown,
But he can't take de shine from me,
Bekase I'm Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

I 'spose you all have heard of the flam
Between Old Bull an' Uncle Sam;
The United States dey will be free,
As long as Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

Now, Gentlemen, I'm going to end my song,
And Ladies, excuse if it was long,
I hope you all will remember me,
For I'm Old Sam of Tennessee.
It's my ole massa, &c.

DANDY JIM FROM DE CAROLINES.

Now published for the first time from the original manuscript in the possession of T. G. BOOTH.

I'd often heard it said ob late
Dat South Carolina was de State,
Where handsome nigs am bound to shine,

De bull-dog kept out de yard;
I tink I'd better lebe my card—
I tied it fas wid a piece of twine,
Signed dandy Jim from Caroline.
Chorus.—For my ole Massa, &c.

She got my note, she wrote me a letter;
De more she wrote, she felt de better,
As' ebery word and ebery line
Was dandy Jim from Caroline.
Chorus.—For my ole Massa, &c.

De sport ob de story is soon told,
De heart for lub is nebber cold;
She changed her name from lubly Dine
To Miss Dandy Jim from Caroline.
Chorus.—For my ole Massa, &c.

[illegible] she's had,
[illegible] de dead;
[illegible] three feet behine,
[illegible] Jim from Caroline.
Chorus.—For my ole Massa, &c.

[illegible] to church one day,
[illegible] wedden widout delay;
[illegible] eight or nine,
[illegible] Jim from Caroline
Chorus.—For my ole Massa, &c.

[illegible] to take her tea,

DE BRAN NEW OLE DAN TUCKER.

Composed by HENRY H. PAUL, *and sung by Cool White and the serenaders with rapturous applause*

I cum to town de udder night,
To see de noise and hear de sight,
I hear de banjo go tum, tum,
O clear de track for ole Tucker is come
So it's git out de way,
O git out de way,
O git out de way ole Dan Tucker,
You're too late to cum to—supper

Tucker went up in a big high steeple
Dar he seed a lot of people,
Some was white an' some was black,
And some was de colour of a possum's back.

I went down to meetin' de udder night,
Just on purpose to raise a fight,
De meetin' folks dey suck'd me in,
An' de way dey lick'd me was a sin.
So it's git out de way, &c.

Ole Miss Dinah she got drunk,
She fell in de fire an' kick'd up a chunk,
De charcoal got inside ob her shoe,
Lor' bress you, honey, how de ashes flew
So it's git out de way, &c.

Massa put a pump on his plantation,
All de way from de Injun nation,
Some went to work and broke de sucker,
Dar's more work for ole Dan Tucker.
So it's git out de way, &c.

Racoon holler, an' so does weasel,
Ole Tucker died with the square-toed measles;
His sister Lucy cried herself white,
An' dis nigger sung himself out of sight.
So it's git out de way, &c

MRS. TUCKER.

As sung by TONY WINNEMORE, *with great applause*

On Nigger Hill, as I've hearn tell,
A darkey woman dar did dwell,
From New Orleans dey say she came,
And Mrs. Tucker is her name.
Git out ob de way,
Git out ob de way,
Git out ob de way, Mrs. Tucker.
What you gwan to hab for supper

Mrs. Tucker and my Aunt Sally,
Both lib down in Shinbone alley,
Names on de gate, and number on de door
First house ober de grocery store.
Git out ob de way, &c

Mrs. Tucker is big and fat,
Her face is as black as my old cat,
Her eyes stick out, her nose sticks in,
Her under lip hang ober her chin.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs Tucker is juss eighty-nine,
Her hair hangs down like oakum twine,
Her face so black, it shines in de dark,
Her eyes shine like a charcoal spark.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Mrs. Tucker went out one day
To ride wid Dan in a one horse sleigh,
De sleigh was broke, de horse was blind,
He had no hair on his tail behind.
Git out ob de way, &c.

She came home drunk, to de bed she reel,

WILD GOOSE NATION.

Here I am, as you diskiver,
All de way from Roaring River;
Here I cum, as you must know,
For to play de ole banjo.

Repeat. { Oh Lord, gals, gib me chaw tobacco,
Oh Lord, fetch on de whiskey,
Makes a man glad to get a little boosey

Way down in de Indian nation,
Pretty little gals from de wild goose nation
My wife's dead, an' I'm a widow,
All de way from Roaring River.

Ole Massa Miller goes out a preachin',
'Bout de world coming to pieces,
An' if you want to do what's right,
Go an' join de Millerite.

No, den, if dis should happen,
Den good bye to Arthur Tappen;
But if it should fail,
We'll ride ole Miller on a rail.

Time draws near, it does by Job,
So now get ready your ascension robes;
Farewell, ladies, I must go,
To git some strings for my ole banjo.

Uncle Samel, and Massa Jess,
Dey buy a bully cider press,
De hoops flew off, he barrel bust,
An' blew 'em up in a thunder gust.

UNCLE GABRIEL.

Sung by T. G. Booth's "Kentucky Minstrels."

Mr. Coon is a mighty man!
He carries a bushy tail,
He steals ole Massa's corn at night,
An' husks it on a rail.

Chorus.—Do cum along, ole Sandy, boy,
Oh do cum along, oh do;
What did Uncle Gabriel say?
Jenney can't you cum along too?

De Squirrel hab a bushy tail,
Stumpy grows de hair;
De Coon's tail am ring'd all roun',

De Todpole hab a little tail,
  Before he turn a Frog;
Den walk into my parlour, gals,
  An' take a drink ob grog.
Chorus.—Do cum along, ole Sandy, boy, &c.

Nigga's hair am berry short,
  White man's hair am longer,
White folks dey smell berry strong,
  But Nigga's dey smell stronger.
Chorus.—Do cum along, ole Sandy, boy, &c.

De Buzzard he pull up my corn—
  De shot-gun lost he trigger;
De white folks dey's got no tails—
  Neider has de nigger.
Chorus.—Do cum along, ole Sandy, boy, &c.

De Mink he is a mighty ting,
  He rambles round an' round,
De only ting disturbs his mind,
  Am to hear my banjo sound.
Chorus.—Do cum along, ole Sandy, boy, &c.

WEAVING WAY.

ung by T. G. Booth's "Kentucky Minstrels."

De banjo hung in de kitchen wall,
De gals got fraid de banjo fall—
I took it down an' 'gin to play;
We kick up de debbil on a holiday.

Chorus.

For we got in such a weaving way,
  We couldn't stop, we couldn't;
We got in such a weaving way,
  De debbil couldn't stop us.

We dance all day an' all dat night,
Two nigger wenches hab a fight;
Sal draw back, hit Suke on de chin,
Says she, Ole hoss, don't do dat agin.

She cotch de wench rite by de ear;
I tole de niggers to stan' clear,
Let dese wenches hab dar way—
De debbil conldn't stop 'em on a holida'.

De white folks cum to stop de muss,
But de niggers say dey made it wuss,
Dey turn dem rite into a fiel',
De one did bite, an' de oder did squeal.

Den we choke de wenches apart—
I hitch my mule afore de cart,
I laid ole Sally in de straw,

MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

TUNE—"*The Locomotive Bullgine.*"

An original song composed by old Dan Emmit, and sung by him with great applause.

Gwine down to New Orleans, I gits upon de landin,
Run agin a cotton bale, it fotch me up a standin,
A-la-mode-de duck soup—de corner ob an alley.
I'll tell you bout a scrape I had wid my lubly Sally,
Sally, O Sally! my old aunt Sally!
I'll tell you bout a scrape I had wid my lubly Sally,
Sally, O Sally! my old aunt Sally!
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally.

I ax her—won't you took a ride wid me upon de leb-
by, (*levee*)
She jump up an crack her heel, an swore dat she
was ready,
I neber spoke annoder word, nor shall I gib de reason
Why I lite on her fections for de balance ob de season,
Season, de season! de balance ob de season,
Why I lite on her fections for de balance ob de season,
Sally, O Sally! my old aunt Sally!
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally.

I hitch de bull before de cart like a clever feller,
Hit 'im a cut to make 'em go,—de bull begin to beller,
I turn round to look for Sal—I neber shall forgot 'em,
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom,
Bottom de bottom, across de sandy bottom,
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom,
&c.

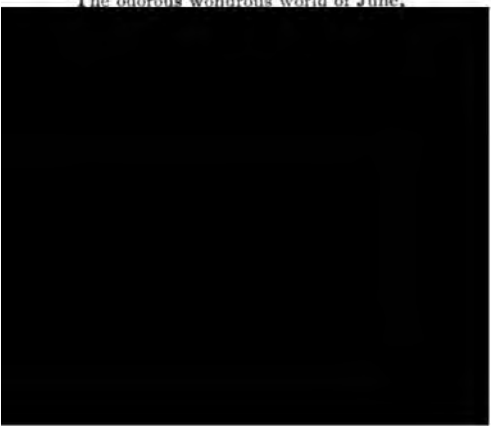
Up de hill and down de dale, I didn't seem to mind her,
De bull's tail stuck out behind as he kept up behind
her;
He run slap agin a stump an foun himself mistaken,
Sal dodge on todder side an tried to save her bacon,

THE VIOLET.

WRITTEN BY B. CORNWALL.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves, from white to jet;
All the sweet words that Summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the Violet!

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the South-wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous wondrous world of June,



LUCY LONG.

The Original Song, written by T. G. Booth, *for* Mr. W. Whitlock.

Oh, I just come out before you to sing a little song,
I play it on the banjo and I call it Lucy Long,
So take your time Miss Lucy,
Take your time Miss Lucy Long
Take your time Miss Lucy,
Oh, Lucy, Lucy Long.

Oh, if I had a scolding wife, I'd whip her sure you 're born,
I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn,
So take your time, &c.

Oh, the wind blew o'er the ocean, the squirrel lost his tail,
I 'd laugh to see queen Victoria a sitting on a rail,
So take your time, &c.

Oh, my Lucy she is handsome, her breath is rader strong,
Her heels stick out six feet behind, her voice is like a gong,
So take your time, &c.

The first time I saw Miss Lucy, I was at the market skinning eels,
I would never seen her lubly face but I fell against her heels,
So take your time, &c

Oh, dar were sixteen bull-frogs come all this way from France,
Singing Lucy Long for the alligators dance,
So take your time, &c

Oh, I went to treat Miss Lucy, I didn't mind expense.
I bought her a pair of new ear-rings, they cost me eighteen pence,
So take your time, &c.

Miss Lucy will not marry, I ask'd her t'other day.
She said she'd rather tarry, so I let her have her way.
So take your time, &c.

HOT CORN.

Written by T. J. WINCHELL, Esq., and sung by T. G. BOOTH, in the "Rival Darkies."

At de close ob de day wid my hot corn, my hot corn.
Through the streets ob de city I walk.
Wid a towel spread ober it to keep it warm, to keep it warm.

JUMBO JUM.

My name's Jumbo Jum and I cum from Tennessee,
I can fight, jump and wrestle, by the double rule of three,
Ev'ry morning very early this nigga can be seen,
Fireing up like de devil to raise a little steam
Oh, look at exquisite shin,
Nigga you can't begin,
Here is the jay bird wing,
And the back action spring.

Oh, Nashville is a nice place as any in the nation,
And all, all the niggas work dare upon the plantation,
When the day's work is done, they take hold of a fiddle,
They ballance to their partner and cnassy down the middle.
Oh, then you ought to see the niggers,
Sporting dare elegant figures;
I took 'em right on the wing,
When I cum the back action spring

Not a great way from Nashville, as snug as a mouse,
Dare lives a great man in a very nice house,
Every body ought to cherish him, you know who I mean,
It's massa General Jackson of the battle of Orlean.

DEATH OF MARY.

WRITTEN BY WOLFE.

Air—'Grammachree.'

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed,
That time would e'er be o'er,—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;

THE LONDON JIM CROW.

In England once the song of songs, that charmed both high and low,
Surpassing every melody, was jump Jim Crow,
Then turn about, and weel about, and do just so;
The only fashion known there, was jump Jim Crow.
From Lord and Lady in the square to Post Boy in the row,
Or Countess in the drawing-room, 'twas jump Jim Crow,
Then turn about, and weel about, and do just so,
The only hit for elegance was jump Jim Crow.
'Tis strange by ancient history how little folks could know,
Never Cato, Plato, mentioned Jim Crow,
Then turn about, and weel about, and do just so,
By Scipio Africanus they must mean Jim Crow.
When the Roman man Mark Antony all for love let glory go,
He lost the world because he couldn't jump Jim Crow,
Then turn about, and weel about, and do just so,
What a pity Cleopatra couldn't jump Jim Crow.
When the souls oppressed with sentiment, and burning tears drops flow,
Oh! how it does relieve the heart to jump Jim Crow!
Then turn about, and weel about, and do just so,
The sweetest balm for sorrow is to jump Jim Crow.

THE HAMEWARD SONG

WRITTEN BY HUGH AINSLIE.

EACH whirl of the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The hame of my youth—
Every object grows dearer.
Thae hills and thae huts,
And thae trees on that green
Losh! they glowre in my face
Like some kindlie auld frien'

E'en the brutes they look social
As gif they would crack,
And the sang of the bird

CYNTHIA'S COTTAGE.

When at night the village swains
Yield to sleep's bland dotage,
I will trip across the plains
To my Cynthia's cottage;
Wish her, ere return of light,
A refreshing sweet good night.

Sleeping angel! may no fear
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere;
E'en when wrapt in slumber,
And in dreams I ofttimes swear,
Constancy to thee, my fair.

When stars twinkle in the skies,
With a keener brightness,
I oft meet her radiant eyes,
Thro' the moss clad lattice;
And then steal a parting kiss,
That my senses whelms in bliss.

O! then I can sink to rest!
Round me joys are hovering;
Feel more tranquil, feel more blest,
Than the greatest sov'reign;
All his treasures, all his might,
I 'd not take for such a night.

OH! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU

Tune—'Within this village dwells a maid.'

Oh! when I breath'd a last adieu
To Erin's vales and mountains blue,
Where nurs'd by hope my moments flew
In life's unclouded spring;
Tho' on the breezy deck reclin'd,
I listen'd to the rising wind,
What fetters could restrain the mind
That rov'd on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
Where first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,
From Kathleen's beaming eye:
Again I watch'd her flushing breast;

CARRIER PIGEON.

SET TO MUSIC.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
Perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'T will be fleeter, when nerv'd by the vine;
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'T is the color of true hearts, sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck.
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

WORDS BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Adapted to Caraffa's favorite Air—'Fra tante Ang

If slighted love thou e'er had'st know
If e'er its pangs were thine,
Oh, in the memory of thine own
Thou 'dst feel and pity mine.

But never mayst thou prove
How wretched is their fate,
Who sigh but dare not love,
Yet feel they cannot hate.

Who fondly fan the fire
That burns their lives away,
And nurse the mad desire
To which they fall a prey.

SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEA

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Thou dost not dream thy Dermot's here
Deprived of peace and rest.
The birds sing sweet, the morning brea
Those joys are none to me;
Tho' nature sleeps, poor Dermot wakes
To none but love and thee!

Oft I've wander'd, weary too,
Thro' India's distant glades,
And o'er Columbia's plains have stray'd
With many lovely maids,
But e'en the fairest of them all,
Could not my heart alarm,
It beats for thee, and only thee,
Its fondest, truest charm:
Then let not others' flatt'ry, &c.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

WORDS BY BEN. JONSON.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

O! SWEET is twilight's hour,
When the gay sun is set in night,
And ev'ry tree and blossom'd flower
Weep tears of light.
Oh! sweet is evening's close,
When shadows on the mountains rest;
And the clear moon her radiance throws
On ocean's breast.

In every heart must reign
A holy calm at moonlight's hour:
Then passions wild, and follies vain,
Resign their power.
Oh! there 's a rapture found
In scenes like these, that ne'er was giv'n
To day-light's glare, for all around
Tells us of heaven!

OH! SAY NOT PLEASURE WAITS ON LO

Air—'Banks and braes o' bonny Doon.'

...not pleasure waits on love,
...her varied train;
...to love—

JUMBO JUM.

My name's Jumbo Jum and I cum from Tennessee,
I can fight, jump and wrestle, by the double rule of three,
Ev'ry morning very early this nigga can be seen,
Firsing up like de devil to raise a little steam
Oh, look at exquisite shin,
Nigga you can't begin,
Here is the jay bird wing,
And the back action spring.

Oh, Nashville is a nice place as any in the nation,
And all, all the niggas work dare upon the plantation,
When the day's work is done, they take hold of a fiddle,
They ballance to their partner and chassy down the middle.
Oh, then you ought to see the niggers,
Sporting dare elegant figures;
I took 'em right on the wing,
When I cum the back action spring

Not a great way from Nashville, as snug as a

DEATH OF MARY.

WRITTEN BY WOLFE.

Air—'Grammachree.'

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed,
That time would e'er be o'er,—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left 'st unsaid,
And now I feel as well I may,
Sweet Mary—thou art dead!

Could I but keep thee as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
Whilst even thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;—
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone.

…, where'er thou art,
… forgotten me;
…aps, may soothe this heart,
…king still on thee.
… was round thee such a dawn
… light, ne'er seen before,
fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

OH! THAT KISS.

On Baltic billows rode my ship,
The boatswain loud was calling!
On mine Cornelia press'd her lip,
And said, while tears were falling,
In foreign climes, O! think on this!
Your heart let naught deprave it;
But bring me back my parting kiss,
As pure as when I gave it.
Oh! that kiss, that sweet, sweet kiss!
The kiss she gave at parting.
In pain and grief, …
And kept the tear from starting.

In breeze and battle …
I did a seaman's duty.
When …
And …
The …
I heard, …
And back I …
As pure as I …
…

Each whirl of the wheel,
Each step brings me near
The hame of my youth—
Every object grows dearer
Thae hills and thae huts,
And thae trees on that gre
Losh! they glowre in my fa
Like some kindlie auld fri

E'en the brutes they look so
As gif they would crack,
And the sang of the bird
Seems to welcome me bac
O! dear to our hearts
Is the hand that first fed u
And dear is the land
And the cottage that bred

And dear are the comrades
With whom we once sport
And dearer the maiden
Whose love we first courte
Joy's image may perish,

CYNTHIA'S COTTAGE.

When at night the village swains
Yield to sleep's bland dotage,
I will trip across the plains
To my Cynthia's cottage;
Wish her, ere return of light,
A refreshing sweet good night.

Sleeping angel! may no fear
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere;
Even when wrapt in slumber,
And in dreams I fancy swear,
Constancy to thee, my fair.

When stars twinkle in the skies,
With a [illegible] brightness,
I [illegible]
That [illegible]
And [illegible]
That [illegible] in bliss

O [illegible]
Round [illegible]
Yet more [illegible]
Than [illegible]
All [illegible]

Tune—'Within this village dwells a maid.'

Oh! when I breath'd a last adieu
To Erin's vales and mountains blu
Where nurs'd by hope my moments
In life's unclouded spring;
Tho' on the breezy deck reclin'd,
I listen'd to the rising wind,
What fetters could restrain the mind
That rov'd on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hou
Where first I felt love's thrilling pow
From Kathleen's beaming eye:
Again I watch'd her flushing breast;
Her honey'd lip again was press'd;
Again, by sweet confession blest,
I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore
And lone on Erin's emerald shore,
In memory trace the love I bore;
On all our transports dwell?
Can I forget the fatal day
That call'd me from thy arms away

CARRIER PIGEON.

SET TO MUSIC.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
Perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'T will be fleeter, when nerv'd by the vine.
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill a sweet billet-doux,
I have recited the war in love's taper,
'T is the color of true hearts,—sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck.
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

WORDS BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Adapted to Caraffa's favorite Air—'Fra tante Angoscie

If slighted love thou e'er had'st known,
If e'er its pangs were thine,
Oh, in the memory of thine own
Thou 'dst feel and pity mine.

But never mayst thou prove
How wretched is their fate,
Who sigh but dare not love,
Yet feel they cannot hate.

Who fondly fan the fire
That burns their lives away,
And nurse the mad desire

WE READ AND SANG TOGETHER.

WORDS BY BAYLEY.

We read and sang together,
In the quiet even time,
When the young and gay were gone to sport
In youth and beauty's prime;
When the joyous and the glad were off,
With spirits light as air,
To trifle summer time away,
And laugh at solemn care.

We read, and every page was fill'd
With love's enchanting lore,
We sang, and each succeeding strain,
Was happier than before;
The tones of a soft lute mingled then,
With the songs we used to sing,
And gentle sounds came sweetly forth,
And fled on the zephyr's wing.

But the love-fraught book is sadly closed,
And the love-tun'd song is o'er,
And the low soft tones of the gilded lute,
Break forth on the breeze no more;
My brightest hopes are broken now,
For affection's chain is riven,
And the pure sweet spirit I lov'd on earth,
Is fled to its home in heaven.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

SWEET is twilight's hour,
When the gay sun is set in night,
nd ev'ry tree and blossom'd flower
Weep tears of light.
h! sweet is evening's close,
When shadows on the mountains rest;
And the clear moon her radiance throws
On ocean's breast.

In every heart must reign
A holy calm at moonlight's hour:
Then passions wild, and follies vain,
Resign their power.
Oh! there 's a rapture found
In scenes like these, that ne'er was giv'n
To day-light's glare, for all around
Tells us of heaven!

! SAY NOT PLEASURE WAITS ON LOVE

Air—'Banks and braes o' bonny Doon.'

Oh! say not pleasure waits on love,
The foremost of her varied train;
it is sweet to love—
pain.

SLEEP GENTLE LADY.

A Trio.—COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

Sleep gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
The very winds and waves reposing,
O may our soft and soothing numbers,
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.
Peace be around thee, lady bright,
Sleep while we sing, good night, good nigh
O! may our soft and soothing numbers,
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.

DULCE DOMUM.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by travellers weary,
And long it proved the blest abode
Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he chased the mountain goat
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.
But ev'ning come,
He sought his home,
And anxious lovely woman,
She hail'd the sight,
And ev'ry night
The cottage rung,
As thus they sung:
Oh! dulce. dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honor roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
He died his land defending.
The ev'ning come,
He sought not home,
Whilst she, distracted woman,
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead;
And hears the knell
That bids farewell
To dulce, dulce domum.

So ne'er again I 'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.

FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee;
And tell her thus, if she 'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and lovely charms shall be
Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

REMEMBER ME.

WRITTEN BY T. R. PHIPPS.—ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

Remember me! though rolling ocean
Place its bounds 'twixt thee and me;
Remember me! with soft emotion,
And believe I think on thee.
Should'st thou behold fond lovers meeting,
All their glowing thoughts to tell;
Or hear the tongue so prompt at greeting,
Utter slow that word, farewell!
Remember me! for thus 't was ever,
When from thee oft forced to part,
My lingering look from thine could sever,
[illegible] an aching heart

THE RAY THAT BEAMS FOREVER.

COMPOSED BY M. KELLY.

THERE is a bloom that never fades,
A Rose no storms can sever,
Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades
The ray that beams forever.

There is a charm surpassing art,
A charm in every feature,
That twines around the feeling heart,
It is thy voice Oh Nature!

Then stranger if thou fain wouldst find
This Rose no storm can sever,
Go seek it stranger in the *Mind*—
The ray that beams forever.

THE WIFE.

Air—'My Heart and Lute.'

OH, no! though rank and riches sue,
And poor and humble he—
I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,
My world—my all to me.
For, oh, when all the world desert,
And life's fair scenes grow dim,
Then is the time a wife should prove,
The world and all to him.
There 's love, and friends, and kindred too
In wedlock's unity;
And still I'll to my love prove true,
As he prov'd true to me.

Around the hallow'd name of wife,
Glide rapture, truth, and health;
Her breast your pillow, arms your home,
Her heart your dearest wealth.
Friends may betray and love prove false,
As clouds appear in view;
But let fame frown, and fortune low'r,
Your wife will still prove true.
There 's love, &c

CANST THOU LEAVE ME?

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Air—'Roy's wife.'

FAULTS OF THE FAIR.

ne faults of the fair sex are trifling and few,
And of these will I make no selection;
ll, all are so gentle, so good, and so true,
They deserve man's best gift—his affection.

lone here without them, deserted indeed
Should we feel, and be lost in dejection;
s the sun to the earth, so to man is decreed,
To be blest with dear woman's affection.

' give me but this, not a wish have I left,
Unfulfill'd not a painful reflection;
' is my pray'r, that in this world I ne'er be bereft
Of that blessing—dear woman's affection.

OH! COME WITH ME.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

Oh! come with me, I 'll row thee o'er
Yon blue and peaceful sea;
And while I gently ply the oar,
Renew my vows to thee:
I 'll bid thee gaze beneath thee,
On each reflected star;
Then think my soul reflects thee
As true, but brighter far.
Then come with me

The waves forget to flow,
Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
And cease to love thee—no!
Then come with me, &c.

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

I HAVE loved thee, dearly loved thee,
Through an age of worldly wo,
How ungrateful I have proved thee,
Let my mournful exile show.
Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour I counted o'er,
Looking forward till to-morrow,
Every day I loved thee more.

Power nor splendor could not charm me
I no joy in wealth could see,
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,

WAKE! LADY WAKE.

A SERENADE.

WAKE! lady, wake! the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless night of June;
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which, in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies.
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that 's beautiful and bright
Is shining in this world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes!
Then wake! lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! the nightingale
Sings to the moon her love-lorn tale,
Now doth the brook that 's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs soft rejoice;
The leaves the midnight winds have stirr'd,
Are whisp'ring many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice!
Then wake! lady, wake!

LOVE'S SUMMER WEATHER.

Air—'Ye banks and braes.'

THOUGH breezes rail, and death prevail
O'er all the blossoms Spring discloses,
And swallows shiver beside the river,
And June be June without the roses;

Still, Love is warm, his native charm
  Steals through the veins of human nature,
Like hopes of heaven to sinners given,
  That lighten joy in ev'ry feature.

Though the bright sun his course should run,
  As if he 'd lost his genial shining,
And haste to flee beneath the sea,
  And leave the flowers still repining;
Or, though the air a famine bear,
  And Spring and Winter come together,
Yet love that 's true has nought to rue,
  For love 's a constant Summer weather.

NOW AT MOONLIGHT'S FAIRY HOUR.

A Duet.—COMPOSED BY THOS. THOMSON.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

A Duet.—WORDS BY MOORE.—MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP.

BRIGHT be thy dreams, may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.
Those, by death or seas remov'd,
Friend, who in thy spring time knew thee,
All thou 'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest—
Still the same no charm forgot,
Nothing lost that life had given,
Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what?
Thou 'lt find her yet in heaven!

SWEET HOME.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN PARRY.

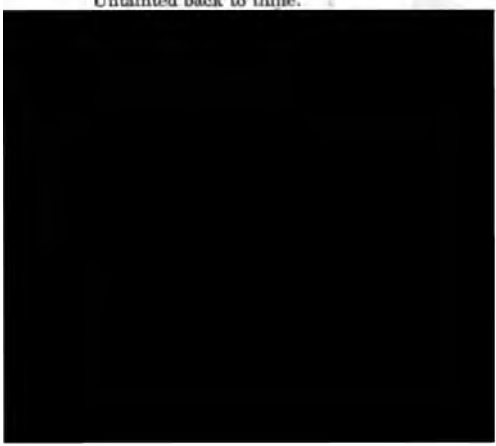
WHEN wandering far on distant soil,
Where fortune bade me roam,
'Mid splendid scenes, or joy, or toil,
I ne'er forgot my home,
Sweet, sweet home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
I ne'er forget my home, sweet home!
I ne'er forget my home.

But ah! what must the captive feel,
Whose thoughts alone are free!
His pallid looks and sighs reveal
How much he pines for thee,
Sweet, sweet home!
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
I ne'er forget my home, sweet home

THE KISS.

WORDS BY BYRON.—MUSIC BY NATHAN.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.



COME TO THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Come to the Temperance Hall,
The Pledge of Freedom sign—
Come, banish Alcohol,
Rum, brandy, beer and wine.
From the dens of drunken mirth,
The dark abodes of rum,
Where sorrow has its birth,
Come forth ye rummers, come,
Come to the Temperance Hall, &c.

Ye that the brandy red
Are mighty to consume,
Come! let it ne'er be said
Ye fear the Temp'rance room.
Come, come, &c.

Ye beer-ers leave your beer,
Brightly although it foam—
To the water cold and clear,
Ye red-faced beer-ers come.
Come, come, &c.

Ye boys who quaff the wine
With faces all in bloom,
March up in goodly line—
Room for the wine-boys, room—
Come, come, &c.

Come one, come all, and flee
The drunkard's dreadful doom!
Awake, arise, be free—
To health, wealth, *honor, come!*
Come, come, &c.

FLOW GENTLY SWEET CROTON!

BY MRS. V. R. A.

Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy green trees,
Flow gently, we'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver stream,
And here we would linger by moonlight's soft beam,
The tide of intem'rance has had its full sway,
The wine cup we banish away, far away,
Then come to old Gotham, our city of fame,
We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Croton again.

THE TEE-TOTALER'S WAR WHOOP.

AIR—"*Bruce's Address.*"

Tee-tot'lers now make a stand,
Be united hand in hand,
Form your ranks, and do demand
The grog-sellers should flee.
Let them know 'twas made to kill,
Let them know 'twill cure no ill,
Let them know the murdering still
Shall pay the debt it owes.

Hear the orphan children cry,
Fight on, fight on, through them we die;
Weeping mothers screaming high,
Save! Oh save! Oh save!

Now we'll take them in the night,
Let us one and all unite,
And sign the deed this very night,
To put the rumshops down.

From the house the demon turn,
They sink, they fire, destroy and burn.
Fight on my boys, 'tis now our turn
To give them back their change.

Who has not laid within the grave
Some kind relation, good and brave,
Murdered by a poisonous knave,
Who kept a rummery?

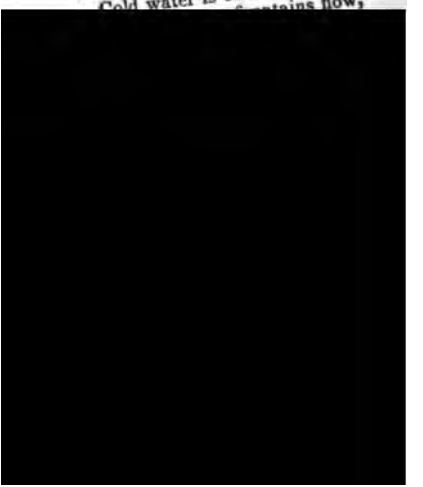
Two masters ever we despise,
The devil's one before your eyes;
Friends of temperance, all, arise,

Every strife and every wo,
From intemperance mostly flow;
And to the cause the world do owe,
The source of every crime.

THE TEMPERANCE RIVER.

AIR—"*Blue Eyed Mary.*"

Roll on, thou Temp'rance River!
A branch we are of thee;
Our land we must deliver,
From Bacchus wash her free.
Cold water is our motto,
[illegible] flow,



THE TEMPERANCE ST.

BY GARDINER SPRING PLUMLEY.

There's a star on horizon beautiful and bright,
Arising to brighter he darkness of night;
And as onward it stens the world to illume,
King Alcohol trembles—for seal'd is his doom.

That star is far brighter than jewels of gold—
Every day does its numberless beauties unfold.
It guides the lost wanderer to virtue and health—
To freedom and happiness, honor, and wealth.

To the mariner tossed by tempest and storm—
And by Alcohol's power left poor and forlorn;
It grants sweet deliverance and pleasures unknown—
Though before a poor outcast, unpitied alone.

For the drunkard it has reformation in store—
If he will agree to drink liquor no more.
They may all freely come, and with joy take their fill
Of the clear sparkling water that flows from the rill.

Would'st thou know what the name of that bright star may be—
Which illumines the earth, and shines on the sea?
"'Tis the bright star of temperance, long may it shine,
Enlight'ning the *soul with its radiance* divine."

THE DRUMMER'S LAMENT.

Oh when I compares with what I was once
With my present situation,
I plainly see I've been such a dunce
I'm filled with lamentation.
Before I did begin to drink rum and gin
How happy could I be,
But since that day that I threw myself away,
Every day has been sorrow to *me*.

I used to with the ladies meet,
To parties was invited,
And when I *did* sing I sung so sweet
That the ladies was delighted.
But now I've lost my grace, and my voice has
got so bass,
By drinking so many drams

She turn'd around her head, and made a mouth and said,
"Go away you dirty drunken loafer!"

When I think what I've lost it makes me grieve,
My heart with sorrow sighs-es, —
The tears rolls down and I takes my sleeve
And vipes them from my eyes-es.
At nights I have to weep, for I have no place to sleep,
Though a straw bed would delight me;
In an alley or a shed I have to make my bed,
And the temperance dogs are sure for to bite me.

Last night I laid upon a stall,
And slept as still as a mouse,
And along came a watchman on his call,
And walked me off to the watchhouse;—
In the morning from there he took me before the mayor,
And his worship to me he says,
"I sees by that face it's a hard drinking case,
So I'll just give him thirty days."

Now all young men take warning by me,
Beware of drinking toddies;
With your vital parts it won't agree,
And it ruins your mortal bodies—
It gets you into scrapes, and disfigures your shapes,
Makes your eyes as red as roses—
It swells up your faces, and makes you hard cases,
With *them large carbuncles on your noses.*

TEMPERANCE CALL.

By S. R. W.

Air—"*Clansmen up and march away.*"

Freemen up, march to the hall,—to the hall,—
to the hall,
Gather to the Temperance Call.—For your good
and Country's glory,
In New York soon, Tee-total men,
Will drive the foe from out his den;
And his rout, both horse and men,
Will read so well in story—
Then Freemen up, march to the hall, &c.

RUMSELLERS LUCK IN CHELSEA.

TUNE—"*King and Coalbryman.*"

Sung with great applause by the Chelsea Volunteers

Once in Chelsea Village great business was done,
By some lazy fellows in selling of rum,
But the temperance cause it began for to swell,
And they found out that rum they no longer could sell.

Ri tu, &c.

Most all the rum suckers the pledge did sign,
They'd neither drink gin, rum, brandy or wine,
This has caused the landlords to pull a long face,
As they know very well they must soon leave the place.

Ri tu, &c.

Now as money for rum they no longer could get,
They put up a sign "*this house is to let,*"
Now I tell you my friends they'll soon close their door,
By the first of next May if they should'nt before.

Ri tu, &c.

There's one of our neighbors who lives close by,
Has just found there's no fools his rum to buy,
So he wished to sell out both stock and trade,
And I'll tell you his plans to make a parade.

Ri tu, &c.

To make a great show he money found,
And invited the suckers from all around,

Now for the runmers this was rare fun,
For the landlord paid for all the rum.
Ri tu, &c.

That night they made a terrible rout,
A man came there to buy him out,
The hook was baited and all was right,
But the fish was shy and would not bite.
Ri tu, &c.

Some of these men a new game have begun,
To sell coffee and cakes as well as rum,
But Tee-totalers must'nt go there to dine,
For into their coffee they'll slip rum or wine.
Ri tu, &c.

Now the throne of king alcohol totters all round,
For a drunkard is now a scarce thing to be

HAPPY AND FREE.

Away, away, with the sparkling wine,
And burnish'd cup from the golden mine;
I slake my thirst at the clear cool spring,
And bless the fount as I drink and sing:
O, water! pure water!
Give water to me,
And I will be merry,
And happy and free.

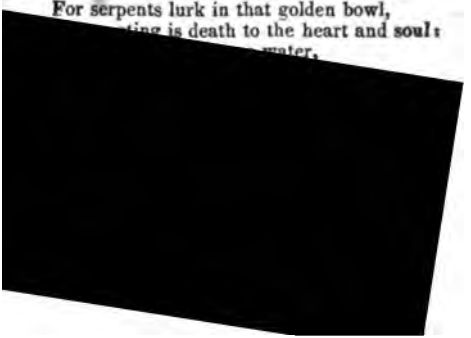
I oft have been where the wine flow'd high,
And laughing mirth and the song pass'd by;
Where men grew wild and their bosoms beat
With angry thoughts from the red wine's heat
O, water! cool water!
Drink water all ye,
And then you'll be merry
And happy like me.

My brow is cool and my limbs are strong,
And all is well as it erst was wrong;
My wife now smiles, and my babes will run
To greet me back, whom they once would shun
O, water! pure water!
Give water to me,
For now I am merry,
And happy and free.

How bright is home since the change came o
Where grief had dwelt in its weeds before;
The spell is broke and the tempter fled,
And sorrow gone in the way he sped.
O, water! blest water!
The fountain for me,
That I may be merry,
And happy and free.

A sweeter joy is around me there,
Than can be here, though wine is fair;
Their tones are swift, and the winning smile
Of love at ease will each care beguile.
O, water! pure water!
Give water to me,
And I will be merry,
And happy and free.

O, pledge no more with the foaming wine,
Nor bow again at old Bacchus's shrine;
For serpents lurk in that golden bowl,
[illegible]ting is death to the heart and soul:
[illegible]water,



PROGRESS OF TEMPER

TUNE—"*Blue Eyed Ma*

A beacon has been lighted
Bright as the noon-day sun,
On worlds of mind benighted
Its rays are pouring down.
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismayed, has shrunk in terror
Before the lighted flame.
Victorious on, victorious!
Proud beacon, onward haste,
Till floods of light all glorious
Illume the moral waste.

Intemperance has founded,
The demon gasps for breath,
His rapid march is downward,
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurled;
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.
Victorious on, &c.

Bold temperance, untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well aimed dart.
Her blows, we'll pray "God speed" them,
The darkness to dispel,
And how we fought *for freedom,*
Let future ages tell.
66 *Victorious on, &c.*

TEMPERANCE RALLY.

AIR—"*All on Hobbies.*"

We have entered the field, and are ready to
fight,
Against the rum demon from morning till night,
The groggeries, too, we're determined to crush,
And we'll drink good cold water to nerve for the
[illegible]—will you go with us,
[illegible] too?

WE ARE ALL PUTTI

BY C. P. KING.

TUNE—"*We're all noddin'.*"

We are all putting, putting, putting,
We are all putting our way thro' the world.
When the little infant cries, and scarce to walk is able,
The mother's anger rises, and she puts him in the cradle;
And when it older grows, that it may not be a fool,
She puts its little satchel on and puts it off to school.
We are all putting, &c.

When the boy to manhood grows, if he takes to drinking *rum*,
He puts off to a grog shop, and then he puts some down,
And if he don't put down the cash, and goes to put about,
The landlord puts his foot at him, and then he puts him out.
We are all putting, &c.

If he then becomes a "*Soak*," and his funds are all run out,
He'll take the clothes *from off* his back, and *put them up a "spout."*

And when he puts for home so drunk, he scarce can hold his head,
His wife puts up her hands at him, and puts him into *bed*.
We are all putting, &c.

Some put their heads together to put each other out,
And some are resolved to put toping to the *rout*,
Now don't put to your lips a drink but cold and clear water,
If you do you will put down much more than you had better.
We are all putting, &c.

THE PURE CRYSTAL SP

BY CHARLES

What is beauty's deadliest foe?
'Tis the still.
What sheds countless charms below?
'Tis the rill.
See it spread before the eyes,
Beauties of a thousand dies;
O 'tis sent in full supplies,
Drink thy fill.

What can mar the sweetest face?
Alcohol.
What can dress it up with grace
Showers that fall.
See them on the landscape sink,
Paint the grass and deck the pink;
Come, O come with joy, and drink
Great and small.

What can make the angry frown?
Drunkards know.
What can charm the passions down?
Streams that flow.
See the songster drink and fly,
Charming earth and charming sky;
Drinker, to the fountain hie,
Fearless go.

What engenders strife and guile?
Belial's bowl.
What *brings peace and virtue's smile?*
Streams that roll.

They that for the beverage come,
Find an earthly heaven at home;
See, O see it scattered from
Pole to Pole.

What can make us sick and poor?
Sots can tell.
What brings plenty to the door?
Water will.
Drink, O drink it merrily,
'Twill a glorious treasure be,
Leaving all thy stores to thee.

THE TREE OF TEMPERA[illegible].

When the Goddess of Liberty came from above,
No slave to opp[illegible]
She chose fair Co[illegible] d of her love,
And she call'd it [illegible] the free.

Lest factions shoul[illegible] and our virtues decrease
She gave us a fi[illegible] tle tree;
Whose fruits were productive of union and peace,
And would keep us both happy and free.

"Go plant it," she said, "in great Washington's name,
'Twill flourish and spread o'er the earth—
'Twill lead you to honor, to wealth, and to fame,
And tell to the nations your worth."

It took root in our hearts, and its wide-spreading arms
Grew over the land and the sea;
The fiend of intemperance gazed with alarm
At the growth of our wonderful tree.

When the Goddess beheld how it flourish'd apace,
(The pride of the good and the free,)
A bright smile of joy lit her beautiful face,
And she told us 'twas the temperance tree.

Long, long may it flourish, the pride of the world,
'Till mankind to its shelter shall flee;—
From its top shall the temperance flag be unfurl'd;—
And may God bless the temperance tree. 72

THE REAL STANCH TEE-TOTALER.

AIR—"*The fine old English Gentleman.*"

I'll sing you a new Temperance song, made by a Temperance pate,
Of a real stanch Tee-totaler who had a good estate;
Who kept up his neat mansion at a good Tee-total rate,
With a little nice Tee-total wife, to render sweet the state
Of this stanch Tee-totaler, all of the present time.

His house so neat was hung around with pictures fine to view,
And rich and beauteous furniture was rang'd around, all new;

And here, at night, when toil was o'er, he'd seat him in his pride,
And quaff his cup of coffee with his partner by his side,
Like a real stanch Tee-totaler, all of the pre-

He gave as much as he could spare—he could not well give more,
For he was a Tee-totaler, all of the present time.

He us'd to beat his weeping wife, and spend his hard-earned gains
In buying whiskey, ale and wine, to stupify his brains;
His coat was out at elbows, and his hat without a crown;
In short, he was a common pest—a nuisance to the town,
Before he turn'd Tee-totaler, all of the present time.

But now so happy is his life—so nicely is he dress'd—
He never beats his little wife—but clasps her to his breast!
And if a tear is in her eye, it is for joy that he
Has crush'd his drunken appetite, and turned out to be
A real stanch Tee-totaler all of the present time.

Now surely this is better far than whiskey, ale or wine,
And if you wish for happiness, I pray you come and sign;
For I can prove that Abstinence has done great things for me,
For once I lov'd a little drop, but now I am, you see,
A real stanch Tee-totaler, one of the present time.

REJOICE, WASHINGTONIANS!

BY C. F. KING.

Rejoice, Washingtonians, your banner's unfurl'd
And floats as an emblem of hope to the world;
Triumphant, victorious, O long may it wave,
To raise up the fallen, the drunkard to save,
Then huzza, huzza, the world shall see,
Huzza, huzza, we've gain'd the victory;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, Washingtonians,
We fight but to conquer, we conquer to save.

O Temperance! thou beacon of light to mankind,
In thee, what contentment and peace can we find;
From the being that courts thee, thou'lt ne'er turn away,
But receive him while there is of hope left a ray.
Then huzza, &c.

O who'd be a drunkard, when rapture like this,
To the poor aching heart yields a rich cup of bliss;

COME TEE-TOTALERS

BY C. F. TRUMPORE.—AIR—*Come Philanders*

Come tee-tot'lers, let's be marching,
Every one the rummers searching—
Raise your voices high with gladness,
Till we banish all their sadness.
Rum farewell, brandy farewell!
And we'll all be marching—rum farewell.

Come, it is on you we're calling,
While the tyrant now is falling,
Come and use your best endeavor
He will fall and that for ever.
Rum farewell, brandy farewell!
And we'll all be marching—rum farewell.

Come and keep that banner waving,
And the drunkard help be saving;
Bring them here, where all their mourning
Will to gladness be returning.
Rum farewell, brandy farewell!
And we'll all be marching—rum farewell.

O there is no joy excelling
The peace of a tee-tot'lers dwelling—
Then come, ye tipplers, be partaking
Of the joys this pledge is making.
Rum farewell, brandy farewell!
And we'll all be marching—rum farewell.

Though thousands still our cause are scorning
Unto them we say take warning!
O come while we are now inviting,
And against your *foe be fighting.*
Rum farewell, brandy farewell!
And we'll all be marching—rum farewell.

PARODY ON SOME LOVE TO R(

BY THE REV. DR. GILMAN.

AIR.—*" Some love to Roam."*

Some love to roam
Where the glasses foam,
And the poison's circle free;
But a chosen band
In a rescued land,
And a temperance life for me.
When morning beams
O'er the mountain streams,
Oh merrily forth we go,
To hallow our life,
With a glorious strife,
And to crush our country's foe.
Ho, ho, ho.

THE CURSE OF INTEMPER CE.

BY C. F. KING.

AIR—"*The days when we went gypseying.*"

There was a young and beauteous bride,
A long time ago,
About to leave her parents' side,
Her heart with joy did glow;
For he who'd won her gentle heart,
Had sworn that nought through life
Should make him act an unkind part
To her his own fond wife.
Each day brought nought but peace and bliss,
No sorrow did they know,
In the happy days of which I sing,
A long time ago.

The husband, in an evil hour,
Did taste the pois'nous cup;
And through its vile seductive power,
Too often would he sup;
No more at eve with lightsome glee
His fond wife he'd caress,
But from his home away would flee
And leave her in distress.
And O, she knew the cause, and felt
Nought left for her but wo,
In anguish deep for him she knelt,
A long time ago.

Long time that wife with aching breast,
The midnight lamp did burn;
In death's cold arms she's now at rest,
In heaven to dwell she's gone.

The husband died soon after her,
To alcohol a slave;
And none here was to shed a tear
Over the drunkard's grave.
Take warning—sign the sacred pledge,
And shun the drunkard's woe;
Beware, or fall like him that fell
A long time ago.

THE FIRM RESOLVE.

AIR—"*I would not live alway.*"

I will not drink alway; no, e're I depart,
I'll dash the vile cup that has maddened my heart;
O'er the past may oblivion throw her dark pall,
And hope cheer me onward from Alcohol's thrall.

I will not drink alway; the craving within,

OFT AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

AIR—"*Oft in the Stilly Night.*"

Oft in the midnight hour,
When all around are sleeping—
Tears fall in many a shower,
While I my watch am keeping!
Deserted—lone—I muse upon
The hours of joy departed—
When love's bright beams lit all my dreams,
Ere I was broken hearted!
Thus at the midnight hour,
When all around are sleeping,—
Tears fall in many a shower,
While I my watch am keeping!

Ah! he once loved me well,
And how his smiles did cheer me!
Oft have I heard him tell
'Twas bliss to be so near me!
His own fireside was once his pride—
With joy his eyes did glisten—
But love has fled—and now, with dread,
For coming steps I listen!
Thus at the midnight hour, &c.

How, like a lovely dream,
Have all my bright hopes faded!
Gone—like star-light's gleam,
By storm-clouds overshaded!
I love him still, though cold and chill;
And though the world may blame him;
I weep and sigh for days gone by,
And wish I could reclaim him!
Thus at the *midnight* hour, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY C. F. TRUMPORE.

AIR.—"*Rockaway.*"

Long may the temp'rance banner wave
Triumphant over this our land,
And may it many a drunkard save,
To join our ever happy band.
Unfurled for ever let it be,
A guide to bring the drunkards in,
That they may all their errors see,
And now for temperance begin.
Long may, &c.

When on that banner we do gaze,
Showing its beauties fair and bright—
While over us it proudly waves,

[redacted]

YOUNG TEE-TOTALERS!

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Come, all ye young tee-totalers—
Come with us while we go,
To fight with old king Alcohol,
A brave and mortal foe.
Then rouse, my lads—then rouse ye up;
Come forward, every one:
We'll banish [illegible]
Nor stop til[illegible]

A hard old enemy [illegible],
And brave and [illegible]n fight;
But labor hard—w[illegible]oon be free,
For God defend[illegible]e right.

But though he ma[illegible] and bold,
We'll show wha[illegible];
We're not the tem[illegible]n of old—
We go for something new.

"We touch not, taste not, handle not,"
What can intoxicate;
We'll live and die without a blot,
And shun the drunkard's fate.

Grog men may laugh and joke and sneer
They laugh and tremble too;
For when the boys take hold, they fear
There's something then to do.

And now, my boys, since we've began,
The cause must never fall;
And every man must bring a man,
And soon we'll have them all.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL.

Tune—"*Rosin the Bean.*"

Come all ye true friends of the nation,
Attend to humanity's call,
Come aid in your country's salvation,
And roll on the temperance ball,
And roll on the temperance ball,
And roll on the temperance ball,
Come aid in your country's salvation,
And roll on the temperance ball.

Ye democrats come to the rescue,
And help on the glorious cause,
And millions hereafter will bless you,
With heart-cheering song of applause.

With heart cheering song, &c.

Bright hope, in the bosom is burni
And on the pale cheek of the fa
The bloom of the rose is returning,
To banish the [illegible] of de[illegible]
T[illegible] the &c

The wife on her i[illegible]t is gazing,
But not now in [illegible].ow alone—
A husband her vir[illegible] is praising,
The dark cloud [illegible]f sorrow is gone.
The d[illegible]k cloud of sorrow, &c.

The maiden, now truly delighted,—
Her heart beating wildly with joy,—
Confides in the vow that is plighted,—
Her youth is a Washington boy.
Her youth is a Washington boy, &c.

The dandy with jealousy's eyeing,
His goblet of wine with a tear,—
The corpulent alderman's sighing,
Farewell to his muggin of beer.
Farewell to his muggin, &c.

The sot from society's creeping,
No more reeling boldly about,—
The old broken bottle is weeping,
The last drop of misery out.
The last drop of misery, &c.

How can you stand halting, while beauty
Is sweetly appealing to all,
To come to the standard of duty,
And roll on the temperance ball,
And roll on the temperance ball. &c.

THE LADY WASHINGTON
TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

TEE-TOTALER'S BATTLE S

TUNE—"*Bay of Biscay, O!*"

o! the Temperance banner floating
Free o'er our gallant band!
lark! the Temperance Legion shouting
Victory thro' the land!
n! to the battle on!
trike the fell monster down!
Fight! fight! fight!
Day and night
Gainst the tyrant Alcohol!

he Temperance cause is glorious,
And still is gaining ground;
'is spreading all victorious
To earth's remotest bound.
n! to the battle on!
trike the fell monster down!
And fight! fight!
Day and night
Gainst the tyrant Alcohol!

'e'll give no truce nor quarter,
But force the battle on,
nd still we'll cry "Cold Water,"
Until the victory's won.
n! to the battle field,
rasp banner, sword and shield,
And fight! fight!
and night
Alcohol!

LADY WASHINGTON SONGSTER.

YOUR GOBLETS FILL.

BY WILLIAM CRUSSEL.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

Sparkling and bright is the hallowed light
O'er our glorious banner beaming,
May virtue and peace with our flag increase,
While reform on its folds is gleaming.
Then your goblets fill from the gurgling rill,

HURRAH FOR THE TEMPE ANCE FLAG.

COMPOSED BY MRS. G. MILES,

AIR—"*Bonnets of Blue.*"

Genius of Temperance! to thee
We dedicate our future days,
Brave Washingtonians are we,
A band determined to be free,—
We fight and conquering, sing thy praise.

We come from the mountains afar,
From the forest, the valley and plain,
We rally beneath the bright Temperance Star,
Our freedom, our rights, to maintain.
We drink to the Baltimore Six,
We pledge them with hearty good cheer;
We drink to the Sons of the Ocean and fix
The Altar of Temperance here.
Then hurrah for the Temperance Flag!
Hurrah for the Temperance Flag!
Oh guard from dishonor our Stripes and Stars
Enwreathed with the Temperance Flag!

Here's a health to the friends that are here,
Here's a health to the signers so true!
A bumper we fill to our country so dear,
And Ladies, a health unto you.
We quaff the red wine cup no more—
Our chalice is filled from the fount;
'Tis sweet, 'tis refreshing—the rich and the poor,
Sweet Croton! thy virtues recount.
Then hurrah for the Temperance Flag, &c.

Then stay not, oh stay not to pause!
Our progress is onward and sure!
'Tis a holy, a just, and a glorious cause;
Come with us, and then sin no more.
We ask you no joys to give up,
We implore thee no wealth to bestow;
We say, hurl for ever the death dealing cup,
To its birth place, the regions below.
Then hurrah for the Temperance Flag!
Then hurrah for the Temperance Flag!
Oh guard then unsullied our Stripes and Stars,
And hurrah for the Temperance Flag.

THE BOYS OF COLD WATER.

WRITTEN BY EDWARD DOWNES CONNERY.

AIR—"*Boys of Kilkenny.*"

Oh! the boys of cold water are stout hearty

Oh! the boys of cold water how pers
speak,
The tales of their past life, which our
hearts ache—
How they excite our feelings, and make us resign
The quaffing of brandy, of beer, ale and wine,
And pledge us for ever to Temperance divine.

Oh! the boys of cold water are inspirited on
To the grand march of freedom, by the daughters of song,
Whose sweet intonations and bewitching strains,
Have converted the drunkard, and given him means,
To conquer old Alchy and dissunder his chains.

Then come up, my friends, to the altar of fame,
And there swear allegiance to the Goddess whose name
Is Temperance, which causes your body and mind
To be strengthen'd, and your pathway with pleasure entwin'd,
Sweet Temperance shed thy blessings o'er all mankind.

THERE IS JOY IN A THOUSAND HEARTS.

WRITTEN BY J. C. PARCELLS.

AIR—"*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*"

There is joy in a thousand hearts,
That wept but yester eve,
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends *no longer* grieve.

The temp'rance pledge appears,
The manual seal is set;
The hearts that sighed in tears
Will throb in their gladness y

CHORUS.

Then shout for the thousand he
That wept but yester eve,
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends no loger grie

The cup that we now cast by,
By a demon's hand was given
It is stain'd by tear and sigh,
Accurs'd by man and heav'n.
Abroad, on land, and sea
Our joyful shout is borne,
And our fearful enemy,

Then wreaths for the temp'rate's brow,
More bright than shine in glen,
For the temperance maids bring now
Their pledge to the temperance men:
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

DOWNFALL OF OLD KING ALCOHOL.

TUNE.—"*Female Auctioneer.*"

Well here am I, and what of that,
Methinks I hear them cry;
Old Rum is sick, and that's a fact,
King Alcohol must die.

For he is going, going, going,
For he's going cried he,
Who'll drink, who'll drink, who'll drink,
Who'll drink, who'll drink of me.

I used to rob your wives, and
Children of their bread,
I us'd to cause many a one,
Their father for to dread.
But I'm going, &c.

I've often caused the orphan,
And the widow for to weep,
Oh! it breaks my heart for to think,
This Temperance pledge you keep.
But I'm going, &c.

There is the cold water army,
These men I scarce could stand;
But the ladies too, have taken hold,
And joined in the van.
So I'm going, &c.

Long time have I bereft you,
Of your paternal home,
Long time I have caused you,
This unfriendly world to roam.
But I'm going, &c.

And when your money was all spent,
'Twas I would leave you too;
You'll find me, old King Alcohol,
If with me you have to do.
But I'm going, &c.

The New-York boys have all left me,
And will not drink a glass;
They turn their nose right or left,
When my rum mill they do pass.

THE TEMPERANCE FI .

The temperance flag! the temperan ıg!
It is the banner of the free!
The temperance fl ; temperance flag?
An emblem of o rty.
That flag proclaim is free from Rum,
A foe we never ll obey;
That flag invites a... men to come,
And join the cause without delay.

The temperance flag, the temperance flag,
It is the banner of the free,
The temperance flag, the temperance flag,
An emblem of our liberty.

That banner tells of sorrows past,
Of hope, that now prevails instead;
Of grief, when Rum did bind men fast
Of joy, now that their foe is fled.

No more that tyrant shall have sway,
And ruin those who serve him best;
Alluring men, 'till they obey
Each fierce command, each stern behest.
The temperance flag! &c. &c.

It tells of comfort to the poor,
Of peace and safety to the rich;
It brings contentment to the door
Where bitter strife and anguish dwelt.

Forever be that Flag displayed,
Through all our country far and wide;
Ne'er WASHINGTONIANS, be dismayed,
But still uphold it side by side.
The *temperance flag! &c. &c.*

THE RUMMER'S LAMENTATION.

AIR—"*Rockaway.*"

In rum-shop and in grocery store,
Many a dollar I've fool'd away,
Listening to some drunkard's snore—
Whose strains would fright the pigs away.
I've sat and drank before the fire,
And oftentimes my head got broke,
And with the pigs rolled in the mire,
Until I was by the watchman woke,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
In rum-shop and in grocery store,
Many a dollar I've fool'd away,
Listening to some drunkard's snore—
Whose strains would fright the pigs away.
Oh, how foolish 'tis to stroll

Oftimes I've laid where pigs do dwell,
And have not had the power to move,
While their unmeasured music swells,
To drive me fro[illegible] their sty they strove,
Oh [illegible] oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
In rum-shop and i[illegible]ery store,
Many a dollar I [illegible]ol'd away,
Listening to some drunkard's snore—
Whose strains would fright the pigs away.

ROCKAWAY.

AS SUNG BY MR. COVERT.

On old Long Island's sea girt shore,
Many an hour I've whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breakers roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway.
Transfix'd I've stood while nature's lyre,
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching it's promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
On old Long Island's sea girt shore,
Many an hour I've whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breakers roar,
That wash the beach of Rockaway,

Oh how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet;

But how truly dear
Whose warblings reminds us
gone,
When our forefathers bled for our social fireside,
Whose chivalrous acts are our glory and pride.

Rejoice, then, Columbia, brave land of the free,
The home of the stranger, where true liberty
Sheds its blessings on all regardless of station,
The prop of the poor man—the strength of the nation—
Who is always prepared to defend from aggression
Thy sons, and to free them from foreign oppression.
Rejoice, then, for all are to temperance united
With no stain or dishonor thy fame shall be blighted.

Proceed, then, ye minstrels! whose sweet dulcet tones
Have wafted such blessings to inebriates' homes,

'Twas a polluted hand
That brought it to our cot;
Young man, let it stand—
Thy lips shall touch it not.

When but an idle boy,
I placed it to my lips,
I knew not 'twould decoy,
To take those gentle sips.
But manhood came at length,
And with it came the bowl,
That stole away my strength,
And fain would have my soul.

That poison conquer'd those
Whose glory and renown
Was terror to their foes,
Or him of regal crown.
Young man forbear thy aim,
Break not thy earth bound ties
O that will you defame,
For death within it lies.

My heart-strings round it cling
Like the beach unto the sea,
And many bosoms ring—
So sure 'twill be with thee.
That cup will ruin bring,
Then young man leave the spot,
While I've a voice to sing,
Thy lips shall touch it not.

And a ten-pin alley so nicely laid—
Where does the hindrance lie?

I'm sure my bar looks as tasty too,
As it did in days of yore;
My glasses are polished so bright that you
Can see the reflected floor;
And my marble counter seems just as cool,
And my mirrors are burnished bright;
But where are the soakers, half knave, half fool,
That should crowd my hall to-night?

Hark! what are they singing across the way,
Where such crowds do throng the stairs!
I'll go and listen! there's the deuce to pay—
Pshaw! 'tis one of those temperance airs,
I wish those men had something to do,
Hard times are driving them mad—
Their wives these temp'rance meetings will rue,
Or I'm a mistaken lad.

They're "tapering off" for a while, yes, yes,
Their pockets are up to let;
But give them the chink, and I dare to guess,
They'll sing with another set.
Just then a manly voice rose high,

And aroused him from deep and lethargic slumber,
To partake of those blessings no language can number:
The joy, the contentment, the peace and delight,
Which cold water imparts, to her sons ever bright
In ideas, and language, so rich and refined
As to thrill every heart, and enlighten the mind.

Sweet Temperance! thou source of all our real bliss,
Impress upon mankind thy sweet perfumed kiss,
May thy fragrance float upon every breeze,
That our sons and our daughters thy virtues may seize,
That the drunkard no more may in revels delight,
Be thou his sheet anchor by day and by night,
Till a world reclaimed, presents the grand feature
Of virtue and Temperance ennobling man's nature.

THE LANDLORD'S SOLILOQUY.

Well, here I sit the live long day,
And hardly a soul comes in
To help a poor fellow his debts to pay,
Though I've brandy, and wine, and gin,
And cordials, and syrups, and lemonade,
Cakes, coffee, *oysters and pie*, 3C

TO PURE COLD WATER THEY COME.

What means all this great commotion, motion,
motion,
The country through?
Why 'tis the drunkards waking up,
To life anew and temperance too, (*Repeat.*)
And to pure cold water, they come, come, come,
And leave their rum,
And to clear cold water they come.
In Baltimore the reform begun, gun, gun,
In a grog-shop too;
Six drunkards pledged to turn from rum,
To life anew and temperance too,
To life anew and temperance too,
And to pure cold water they come, come, com
And leave their rum,

To life anew and temperance too,
pure cold water they come, come, come
And leave their rum,
to clear cold water they come.

a noble band were once the dupes, dupes
dupes,
Of this delusive foe;
March'd blindly forward in his cause,
Got awful blue and lik'd it too,
Got awful blue and lik'd it too,
But now to cold water they come, come, come
And leave their rum,
But now to cold water they come.

Now drunkards, just a friendly word, word
word,
We wish to say to you;
Come join with us, and one and all,
Will stand by you and temperance too
Will stand by you and temperance too
And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come
And leave our rum,
And to clear cold water we'll come.

Come, ladies we implore your help, help, help
Our reform to carry through;
If you will aid us heart and hand,
We'll strike for you and temperance too
40 We'll strike for you and temperance too

And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,
And leave our rum.
And to clear cold water we'll come.

To all rum-sellers in our land, land, land,
A long farewell to you;
Your poison please to take yourselves,
We're not so blue to buy it of you,
We're not so blue to buy it of you,
For to pure cold water we've come, come, come,
And left our rum,
For to clear cold water we've come.

AWAY, WITH WINE, AWAY!

AIR—"*Drink to me only.*"

Come pledge me in the cooling draught

CHEER UP MY LIVELY LADS.

TUNE—"*Cheer up lively lads.*"

what has made the grog men sigh,
And sadly hang so low their heads;
Their customers no more will buy,
And Alcohol is almost dead.
Then cheer up my lively lads,
In spite of rum's powers;
Cheer up my lively lads,
The victory'll soon be ours.

They say that every dog's his day,
And they've had theirs and more beside
I guess the sun forgot to pay
His visit round the other side.
Then cheer up my lively lads, &c.

But now I think we'll take our turn,
And as they often made us blue;
Their Brandy, Rum and Gin we'll burn,
And see if that won't look so too.
Then cheer up my lively lads, &c.

Hurrah my lads we're coming on,
They're shaking now within their shoes,
The rum heads now most all are gone,
They soon will have no more to lose.
Then cheer up my lively lads, &c.

We're building forts all round the town,
And guns in plenty we have got;
We'll batter all the rum holes down,
For only turn coats aim the shot.
Then cheer up my lively lads, &c. 42

Then shout my lads give three loud
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, away;
The rascal's dead, well shed some te
But that we'll do some other day,
Then cheer up my lively lads,

The ladies all will to a man,
Turn out and help us too;
And every one do all she can,
To help the cause quite through.
Then cheer up my lively lads, &

The grog men think that we are we
And that our bands are few,
In thunder tones we soon will speak
Ten thousand in a crew.
Then cheer up my lively lads,

They've stood their ground quite lo
Now corporal gin and captain ru

All its dreadful scourges end;
Great deliverance
To its captives, he will send.

Tempters, soon no more will trouble—
All thy wrong shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double—
In the nation's honor blest!
All thy trials
Ending in a glorious rest.

PARODY ON SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

BY CHARLES FISH

In liquid light the waters bright
In chrystal goblets gleaming:
With hue as clear as mercy's tear,
Where health and hope are beaming
Let us to-night, with glad delight,
The Temperance anthems pealing;
In virtue strong, the peal prolong—
The truth to all revealing.

See Temperance bright, with eagle's flight,
Soar o'er the earth's dominion!
Glad joy she brings on angel's wings,
And soars on mercy's pinions.
Let us to-night, with glad delight,
The Temperance anthems pealing;
In virtue strong, the peal prolong;
The truth to all revealing.

THE LANDLORD'S PET

AIR—"*There was a Jolly Mil*

I was once the landlord's pet
When I had money to spend,
For I spent it in drink, and did ver
It never would come to an end.
But now I've nothing but rags to
And my boots wont hide my toe
While the crown of my hat goes fla
And just twig my rum blossom

that I had nothing, &c.

Now I've got a sprinkling of sense,
I'll sign the pledge to abstain,
And old Harry may cook me up for a mess,
If I ever touch their trash again,
For I fain would get some clothes to my back,
And boots that would hide my toes,
And the crown of my hat shall no more go flip flap,
Nor rum discolor my nose.

THEN, BROTHERS, ON.

A Glee, written for the Union Temperance Glee Club.

AIR—"*Canadian Boat Song.*"

Faintly, at first, the temp'rance call
Was heard by a few, though 'twas meant for all,
But as the theme began to spread,
Soon all was joy, and misery fled.
Then, brothers, on, and sisters too,
Unceasing still urge, much remains to do.

Boldly go forth, ye noble band,
Your voices still raise through our much lov'd land,
And soon the world, with glad surprise,
Shall swell the loud shout, "the Tyrant dies!
Then, *brothers, on, and sisters* too,
Unceasing go on, much remains to do

THE TEMPERANCE MILLENIUM.

BY MISS REBECCA JENKINS.

Rejoice, rejoice, the temp'rance cause advances,
Rejoice, rejoice, its advocates are here;
The old, the young, all join in one
To aid the cause of temp'rance on:
Rejoice, rejoice, the temp'rance cause advances,
Rejoice, rejoice, its advocates are here:
Our cause is good and object pure,
Our ranks increasing more and more,
We soon shall banish from our land
The tyrant with his motley band.

Rejoice, rejoice, our number fast increases,
Rejoice, rejoice, the victory is ours;
[illegible] now can see,
[illegible] free:

SONS OF TEMPERANC

BY JAMES MACK.

Ye gallant Sons of ance,
In Friendship's c ined,
Whose cause is tha ...v'n and Earth—
Whose aim, to bl... mankind;
Up with your glorious standard,
Let vice its terrors know,
While ye stand
In a band,
That can never fear a foe!
Though Vice and Folly rage around,
We shall never fear a foe!

While brother beckons brothers
To honor and success,
And *each* can find a friend in *all*,
In danger and distress;
Long shall the Sons of Temp'rance
In fame and numbers grow,
While they stand
In a band,
That can never fear a foe!

COLD WATER'S THE DRINK FOR ME.

BY HENRY WILSON.

Cold water's the drink—the drink for me,
'Tis drink for the pure, the brave, the free;—
It cleanseth the heart—it cleanseth the soul
From the guilty *stain of the poisonous* bowl!

The crystal drops that fall from the sky
To the earth, give health when parch'd and dry;
To the parched grass—to the fevered lips—
'Tis the nectar that all creation sips!

When 'neath the fierce scorching sun we roam,
In the desert wild, far, far from home,—
When our limbs are faint, and our feet are sore,
Like water, what then can our strength restore?

The Indian, rude in his fancy, soars
To a Heaven where living water pours;—
To a spirit-land, where bright cascades play,
That shall wash all his earthly woes away.

Then water's the drink—the drink for me,
[illegible] drink for the pure, the brave the free;
[illegible] cleanseth the soul
[illegible]

The weakest of all earthly drinks
Doth make the strongest men;—
Doth make the st[illegible]ngest men [illegible]iends,
Doth make the [illegible]rong
Then let us take [illegible]at w[illegible];
And grow the [illegible]ong[illegible]

And as the bells of tulips turn
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds;—then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle?
What sweetens more than water pure,
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak *gets high!*
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups—
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

THE LOAFER'S LAMENT.

Air—"*The Public Robber.*"

Written and sung by Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD.

O dear, what 's the matter to-day,
Not a drop of *red eye* to be had sir,
We've got temparance chaps, they say,
Whose laws are most cursedly bad, sir.
Its neither with cash or with score
That we can get a small drop, on a Sunday;
For they have shut up each tavern and store;
And will keep them quite closed until Mon

Scarcely able to hold on our pins,
And as dry as an old rusty nail, sir.
Crying, O! Mister Mayor, forgive us our sins,
And feeling the torments of jail, sir.

And if they don't repeal this law,
We must die, and the public must pay, sir
For boxes to bury us, more
(And for digging the ground where we lay, si
Than the Washingtonians would get
For making us sober and steady—
By jingo, I'm getting a fit—
Going, going—gone already.

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We've got temparance chaps, they say,
Whose laws are most cursedly bad, sir.
Its neither with cash or with score
[illegible] get a small drop, on a Sunday;
[illegible] and store;

Scarcely able to hold on our pins,
And as dry as an old rusty nail, sir.
Crying, O! Mister [illegible] sins,
And feeling the [illegible]ents of

And if they don't [illegible]l this law,
We must die, a[illegible] public must pay, sir,
For boxes to bury us, more
(And for digging the ground where we lay, sir,)
Than the Washingtonians would get
For making us sober and steady—
By jingo, I'm getting a fit—
Going, going—gone already.

THE WOOD ROBIN.

STAY sweet enchanter of the grove,
Leave not so soon thy native tree,
O warble still those notes of love,
While my fond heart responds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly Autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as Spring enwreath'd with flow'rs
Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain;
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with those notes again.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The the[illegible]e heartless, the fr[illegible]e;
But there [illegible]; about the moon s ra
That is [illegible]... you and to me.
Oh! none [illegible]sure to be there,
For the[illegible]nly a moonlight I pr[illegible]te,
I care not [illegible]in the air,
If I wa[illegible]weet light of your eyes.
So meet n[illegible]moonlight alone.

FRIENDSHIP.

WORDS BY J. W. SMITH

Air—'Portant pour la Syrie.'

Last month I saw thee green, tree,
The lark sat on thy bough;
Thy friends then would not leave thee.
Alas, where are they now?
Neglected thou must stand, tree,
Till summer's sun shall dry
The waters that have bound thee—
Or, unregarded, die.

Thy friends prove false to thee, tree,
Nor heed the pelting storm;
They 're hous'd, nor think of thee, tree,
Content that they are warm.
When summer comes again, tree,
All eager to enjoy,
Surpris'd they 'll view thee cold, tree—
And wonder you could die.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SI

A Duet.—ARRANGED BY A. BRAHAM.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Till the sunbeams' genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION

FROM BAYLY'S MELODIES.—ARRANGED BY H

Oh, no! we never mention her
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile f
think that I forget.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright
And the willows wav'd in the silver light.
On a mossy bank by a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh, swells her gentle breast,
He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh,
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

[illegible]

The [illegible] of song has long forsaken,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Faint [illegible]
For thee, for thee, Maria!

SHE'S NUMBERED WITH THE DEAD

WRITTEN BY S. BURKE.

Air—'Alice Gray.

How sweet at evening's dewy hour,
To wander through the grove,
To breathe the odor of each flower
Along with those we love.
Alas! those happy days are gone,
Those blissful moments fled,
For Emma, who was once my own,
Is number'd with the dead.

Her slender form so neat arrayed,

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
And the willows wav'd in the silver light.
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh, swells her gentle breast,
He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh,
And triumph laughed in his sparkling eye.
So softly sweet was his tuneful lays,
He charm'd her tender soul to joys,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

WRITTEN BY [illegible].

The muse of song has long forsaken,
The breast by sorrow worn,
Her flight to happier bosoms taken,
That know not [illegible]

'Thou 'rt young! oh! would that youth unfading,
Might aye beam from thine eye,
Nor years, with care, thy bright brow shading,
Teach thee what 't is to sigh:
Alas! I feel the fond hope vain,
And check the too delusive strain,
For thee, for thee, Maria!

But why, the songster's art mistaking,
Who loves with joy to dwell,
Touch I upon a theme awaking
The thoughts I would dispel?
Nay cease, nay cease, thou gloomy pen!
Grief shall not taint its strains again,
For thee, for thee, Maria!

'In vain I try, no chord responding

THE FASHIONS.

Written by Master H. H. Paul, and sung by Messrs. Boyce and Lewis.—TUNE, "*Unhappy Jeremiah.*"

The fashions now are all the rage
O! as you all know, sirs,
The gallant *beaux* and sporting *belles*
Are dressed from top to toe, sirs.
We've coonskin *caps* to shed the rain
False *hair* and patent *bustles*,
And every thing that you can name,
With *laces* brought from Brussels.

Our ladies too, with gallants true,
Sport up and down the streets, sirs,
With *sunshades* small, and *feathers long*,
What handsome little creatures!
The *dandies* with their little canes,
And faces long and thin, sirs,
And huge *moustachios* on their lips—
With tails grown from their chin, sirs.

We've patent *corsets* used by all,
By lady and by dandy,
And for to draw you in a heap,
You'll find them very handy;
Pantalets too, are the go,
And bonnets trimmed with laces,
With *veils* a half a yard in length,
To hide their little faces.

O, broad shirt-collars are in vogue,
And plaited *pants* so fine, sirs,
With ruffled bosoms nicely starched,
Just for to suit the times, sirs;
And gaiters too, that fit so tight,
With straps full two feet long, sirs,
And by your kind permission now——
I will end my *song, sirs.*

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG

Written and sung by Mr. John Winans, at the principal Theatres in the United States with great applause

Tune:—"*I'm not such a fool as I look.*"

Money's scarce they say,
And very well we know it
Then surely the best way,
Is while you're young to *go it*,
The banks are all flat broke,
Their rags are good for naught,
The specie's all bespoke,
Then certainly you ought to—
Go it while you're young
For when you're old you *can't*
Let scandal hold her tongue
And bid dull care avaunt

Politics are below par,
And times are dull now quite
Office holders only want time,
And 'maybe they'll set things right
Santa Anna's ripe for a row,
And if in Texas he's caught,
They'll pay him in his own coin,
And you all know they ought to—
Go it while they're young, &c.

Money spent in the Florida war,
Was money thrown away,
The swamps are so healthy there,
You can't live a year and a day

Victoria's soldiers here,
  Their time would be as short,
They'd want to [illegible] at h[illegible]
  And certainly [illegible]hey ou[illegible] —
Go it while the[illegible] re your[illegible]

Now single men get wives,
  The states may soldiers need.
There's plenty to be had,
  If parties are agreed;
Learn them all to shoot,
  To them it will be sport,
Say you're fathers' fought before,
  Then certainly you ought to—
Go it while you're young, &c.

Youth's the time for pleasure,
  Life is but a span,
Gaiety's a treasure,
  Seize it while you can,
Old men could'nt go it,
  Were they to be hung,
Their looks and actions show it—
  Then *go it* while you're young, &c.

Encore Verses.

The Temperance cause is up,
  Liquor's bottle up and down,
For if you take too much,
  It flies right up into your crown.

Good liquor's a good thing,
And plenty can be bought,
Drink when you feel dry,
For certainly you ought to—
Go it while you're young, &c.

Last night I was out late,
The truth I must declare,
This morning I don't know how
But I was up before the Mayor,
Says he, you've had your fun,
And now you must pay for it,
Certainly, says I, mister Mayor,
Spoken. But then you know you ought to—
Ought to what, says he? Why, says I, you ought to
Go it while you're young, &c.

TUNE—*Merrily O.*

Then from mountain and from valley,
Tiddle de ho, tiddle de ho,
All the cow boys round me rally,
Tiddle de ho, tiddle de ho,
With ginger beer
Our hearts to cheer,
And lolly pops,
We treat our chops,
Tiddle de ho, tiddle de ho

TUNE—*Zurich's Waters*

With rum, gin, brandy, and water, how fat we get,
Though our cash it is wasting away,
Beware then of cocktails and shorters,
Because for them we do pay—varnette.

TUNE—*Thou reignst in this bosom.*

Do, do, like Mrs. Jackson, do, do, like Mrs. Finn
Do, do, wear a light flaxen wig, and shave your chin.
Ja, ja, jaja wear a wig and shave your chin.
Ja, ja, jaja wear a wig and shave your chin.

TUNE—*Swiss Drover Boy.*

I'm a real Vite Chapel German boy,
A minstrel brave and free,

THE BONNY BOAT.

Oh swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar;
Their toils are born with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age and help-mate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway

THE YANKEE GIR

Not England's daughters rosy ch
Nor Scotia's lasses fair;
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can
With the Yankee girls compare:
Though what they tell us of their charms
All very true may be,
They'll not compare with Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

Let Byron of Italian maids,
In glowing numbers sing,
And let the Turk his Georgian bride,
And black ey'd Houries bring;
Yet what they tell us of their charms,
All very true may be,
They can't compare with Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

Their faultless forms! their peerless eyes!
As bright as morning dew,
Their cheeks so fair! their spirits light!
Their hearts so warm and true!
They're chaste as fair, their minds unchain'd,
In thought an action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

Unto Columbia's daughters then,
We'll drain the goblet dry,
Naught can the universe produce,
With Yankee girls to vie;
O! they are the fairest of the fair,
And ever may they be,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

DEEP IN THE FOREST DELL.

[redacted]

THE LIGHT HOUS

The scene was more beautiful far ... eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean!

No longer the joy of the sailor boys breast,
Was heard in his wildy breath'd numbers:
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope
(And hush'd was the billows commotion)
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar;
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will the memory sometimes re-kindle the star,
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow,
In life's closing hour when the trembling soul flies
And death stills the hearts last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star *on eternity's* ocean!

THE INDIAN HUNTE

Let me go to my home that is far di
To the scenes of my youth that I lik
Where the tall cedars are and the bri
flow,
Where my parents will greet me: v
let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cata
Where oft I have sported in my boyi
There is my poor mother, whose
o'erflow
At the sight of her child: oh, there
Let me go to the hills and the vallies
Where oft I have breathed my own
air,
And there through the forest with

WOODLAND MARY.

With jet black eyes, and sloe-black hair;
With cheeks so red, and arms so bare;
And teeth so white, and dimpled chin;
And bosom fair and pure within;
And small straw hat so loosely tied,
And rushy basket at her side,
Quite full of berries red and blue,
And hether buds of many hue,
And steps as light as any fairy,
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you, sweet girl, will go with me,
My little serving maid to be,
And those soft notes you sweetly sung,
Repeat them to my nursling young!
And leave those hills so bleak and wild,
To watch and tend my darling child;
To cherish her I fondly love,
And tender, true and faithful prove
And o'er her infant steps be weary,
I'll treasure you, sweet Woodland Mary.

Oh, lady, listen to my tale,
And let my simple words prevail;
My mother's old, she's old and poor,
And scarce can totter to her door;
And me she loves, her only joy;
She has no other girl or boy;
Ah! while she lives, with her I'll stay,
But think of you when far away;
She says, the grave will rest the weary,
And then *I'll be your* Woodland Mary.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth bound ties;
[illegible] that aged oak
[illegible] the skies!

FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLU

The moon is beaming brightly, lo
Upon the deep blue sea;
A trusty crew is waiting near,
For thee, dear girl, for thee;
Then leave thy downy couch my love,
And with thy sailor flee,
His gallant bark shall bear thee safe
Far o'er the deep blue sea,
Far—o'er the blue sea;
Far o'er th' deep, th' deep, th' deep, blue
sea.

The storm-bird sleeps upon the rock,
No angry surges roar;
No sound disturbs the tranquil deep,
Not e'en the dipping oar:
No watchful eye is on thee now,
Come dearest hie with me,
And cheer a daring sailor's love
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Far o'er, &c.

She comes, she comes, with trembling steps,
Oh! happy shall we be,
When landed safe on other shores,
From every danger free:
Now speed ye on, my gallant bark,
Our hopes are all in thee,
Swift, bear us to our peaceful home,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Far o'er, &c.

THE GONDOLIER.

Row gently here, my Gondolier;
Softly wake the tide,

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, [mad;
Though father, and mother and all should go
Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
An' come na unless the back yett be a-jee,
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
An' come as ye war na comin to me.

Oh! whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gae by me as though you car'd na a flea,
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na a looking at me.

Oh! whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wiles your fancy frae me.

Oh! whistle, &c.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SIGH.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
Where the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flow'r appears,
Till the sun-beams genial ray,
Drooping wet with *morning* tears,
Chase the heavy dew away,

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man ne'er loved,
A love without decay;—
Oh! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight;
The hair is braided not for me,

wn when the sun g

est fades out;
ght on a wild midnight,
its branches shout,
ak, the brave old oak,
in this land so long;
e a hale green tree,
years are gone.
the Christmas chimes
to hear;
hall and the cottage

ın cheer;
rebeck gay,
ovesome swains.
re dead, in the church

cmaihs.
ı sing to the oak, &c.

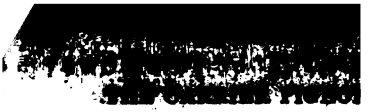
ABY.

ı the ocean,
er nigh,
n gentle motion,
ir Lullaby,
Lullaby, &c.

stuous blowing,
descry;
oon bestowing,
ir Lullaby,
Lullaby, &c

ARAB STEED.

O give me but my Arab steed, a shield and falchion bright,
[redacted] battle speed, to save him in
[redacted]



Come hither thou beautiful rover,
Thou wand'rer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover
And bringest him news of his fair.
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
Oh! perch on my hand dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine:
Tho' thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be nectar, when nerv'd by the wine:
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the color of true hearts, sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck,
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom,
There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,—
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?
Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me!
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me?
Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine,
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be mine.

UNDER THE TREE.

Under the tree, 'neath the merry green tree,
I'll spread a leaf couch for my bride and me,
And there while we're shadow'd by hawthorn and berry,
We'll love, and we'll laugh, and be right merry merry!

Our faces we'll strain
With the brown nut's sap,
And my elf locks she'd train,
As I lay in her lap.

My eyes shall bask in her black eyes bright,
And I love her forever with all my might,
I'll make the green forest her palace of pride,
Then who'll be the wandering gypsy's bride?

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young
to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to take me from
my mammy yet
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young
to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from
my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's airn bairn, nor of my hame
am weary yet;
And I would have you learn lads, that ye, for
me must tarry yet;
For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er
young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to take me from
my mammy yet.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young
to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from
my mammy yet,
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young
to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from
my mammy yet;
I hae had my ain way none dare to contradict
me yet,
So soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare not
venture yet,
For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er
young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a *sin* to take me from
my mammy yet.

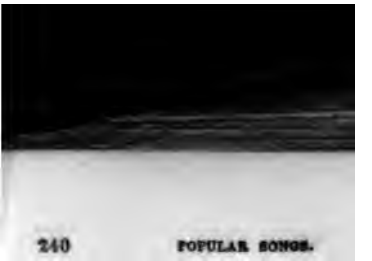
MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

My boyhood's home! I see thy hills—
I see thy valleys changeful green,
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,
Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've seen.

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,
I feel I am a boy again.

To the war-steed adieu—to the trumpet farev
To the pomp of the palace—the proud g
dome;
For the green scenes of childhood, I bi
farewell;
The soldier returns to his boyhood's
home.

My boyhood's home, &



THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

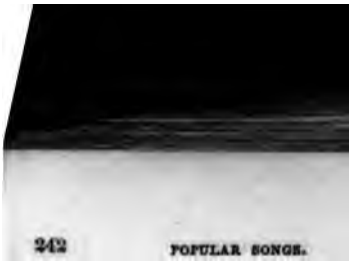
Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old head has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend—the huge oak tree,
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves;
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death hath been.
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decayed,
And nations have scattered been!
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creep on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

WHEN THE MORNING FIRST DAWNS.

When the morning first dawns, we will seek the
green hill,
Before the horn from the peak wakes the plain,
Before the thorn from he peak wakes the plain,
And list to the hum of the wild mountains rill,
Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thrilling
strain, [strain,
Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thrilling
The lark's thrilling strain, [strain,
Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thrilling
Hail, hail the fresh morn list the chirp of the
birds, [the herds,
Hark the pipe of the shepherd, hark the low of
While distant and dying sweet echo brings near,
The sound of the horn the village to cheer,
The sound of the horn the village to cheer.

When the first star of evening illumines the sky,
And herds from the hills seek their homes in
the vale, [the vale;
And herds from the hills seek their homes in
Hand and hand we will roam, the loan rivulet by
And list to the Nightingale's heart soothing tale
And list to the Nightingale's heart soothing tale
the Nightingale's tale. [tale;
And list to the Nightingale's heart soothing
Hail! hail! the calm eve, see each bird flies to
rest; [seeks his rest,
See the wife spreads the board, and the hind
While distant and dying sweet echo brings near,
The sound of the horn the village to cheer,
The sound of the horn the village to cheer.



MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,
How oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing;
When those mute looks have told the feeling
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak.
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear!

And now alas! I weep alone;
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown.
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear.

MY LUVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luve's like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I!
And I will luve thee still my dear,
Though a' the seas gang dry.

Though a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
Then fare thee weel, my only luve,
Then fare thee weel awhile!
And I will *come again my luve,*
*Though it were ten thou*sand miles.

OH! LISTEN, DEAREST.

Oh, listen dearest lady!
It is thine own one calls,
Pale stars are o'er thee shining
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, come, this heart awaits thee
My lady love, appear!
Come fly with me across the lake,
My barque is bounding near.

FALSE ONE I LOVE THEE

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.
Tho' some other swain may charm thee,
Ah! no other e'er can warm me,
Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
No, thou false one, no, no, I fondly love thee still.

See those looks so fraught with sadness,
Once my heart was filled with gladness,
Now 'tis driven into madness,
Made unhappy, made unhappy still by thee
Yes, some other swain may claim thee,
Still no other e'er can warm me,
Fear not then, I will not harm thee,
No, false one, no, I love thee still,
I love thee false one still.

Dost thou speak of me when dreaming!
Then a ray of light is beaming,
And thy innocence is gleaming.
Oh! I love thee, oh! I dearly love still.
Now no other swain can claim thee,
Thou my love shall ever warm me,
And I swear I will not harm thee,
Yes, dear one, yes, I love thee still,
I love thee, *dear one, still.*

D GRAY GOOSE AND DE GANDER.

As sung by all the Negro Minstrels.

When I war a single feller,
I lived in peace and pleasure,
But now I am a married man,
I'm troubled out of measure.

CHORUS

Den look here, den look dare
And look ober yander,
Don't you see dat old gray g
A smiling at de gander.

Ebery night when I go home,
She scolds, or it's a wonder,
And den she takes dat pewter mug
And beats my head asunder.
Den look,

My old wife war taken sick,
death came on her,

Saturday night my old wife died,
Sunday she war buried,
Monday was my courting day,
On Tuesday I got married.
Der

My old wife has gone abroad,
Some evil spirit guide her,
I know she has not gone to churc
For de devil can't abide her.
Der

I heard a rumblin in de sky,
It imitated thunder,
If my ole wife ain't back again,
It realy is a wonder,
Der

Sister Sally dreamt a dream,
Dreamt she went a gunnin,
Dreamt she eat a mushroom,
As big as any punkin,
Der

Sister Sal she climbs right well,
Can't climb as she uster,
Dare she sets, a pitching corn,
At our old bob-tail rooster.
Der

Composed by DAN D. EMMETT, and sung by him with unbounded applause in Howe's Amphitheatre at Republic, New-York.

I come to town de udder night,
I hear de noise den saw de sight,
De watchman dey were runnin roun,
Cryin Old Dan Tucker's come to town,
Git out ob de way! (banjo,)
Git out ob de way! (banjo,)
Git out ob de way old Dan Tucker,
Your too late to come to your supper

Tucker is a nice old man,
He use'd to ride our darby ram,
He sent him whizzin down de hil,
If he had'nt got up—he'd laid dar still.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Sheep an de hog walkin in de pastur,
Sheep sez "hog can't y'e go a little faster?"
Hush! hush hony! hear de wolf howlin!
Ah, ah, de lawd—ole bull dog growlin,
Git out ob de way, &c.

His nose so flat, his face so full,
De top ob his head like a bag ob wool.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Tucker went round hicory steeple,
Dar he met some colored people,
Some was black, an some was blacker,
Some was de color ob brown tobackur.
Git out ob de way, &c.

High-hold on de hol[illegible]r tree,
He poke his bill in [illegible] to see,
De lizzard couth 'im [illegible]y de snout,
He call old Tucker [illegible] pull 'im out.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Tucker he had cash a plenty,
Dressed to death—his old trunk empty,
To kiss de galls he thot was useless,
'Cept he kissed wid a sway-back-loosen[illegible].
Git out ob de way, &c.

Here's my razor in good order,
Magnum bonum—jis hab bought'er.
Sheep shell de oats, ole Tucker shell de corn,
I'll shabe you all when de water gets warm.
Git out ob de way, &c.

I went too meetin de oddur day,
To hear old Tucker preach an pray.
Dey all got drunk, but me alone,
I make ole Tucker—walk, jaw bone.
Git out ob de way, (banjo,)
Git out ob de way, (banjo,)
Git out ob de way you hard'ed sinner,
You come too late to come to your dinner.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

Written, and sung by F. S. Myers.

Did you ever hear tell of such times as these are,
The reign of *Shinplasters* was better by far;
The *Specie's* all gone and to remedy ills,
The city's o'erflooded with "One Dollar Bills;"
If meat you would buy, to pay them you offer
A *One Dollar Bill* fresh from the bank's coffer.
You must empty your pockets your insides to fill,
'Cause they'll never give change for a "One Dollar Bill."

'Tother night I felt sad, to a *tavern* did go,
To ease all my sorrows, to calm all my woe:
I took hold of the bottle my glass for to fill,
And gave to the man there my "One Dollar Bill."
The man seized the glass and then he instanter,
With the swiftness of lightning put away the de-
Say's he, I assure you you'll not get a gill, [canter
Of my liquor for your cursed "One Dollar Bill."

I was nearly heart-broken to think of my luck,
And thought the best way was to summon up pluck,
Saying, first I will drink of his liquor my fill,
And then I will hand him my "One Dollar Bill."
I tried it at once but I found 'twould not answer,
For the very first time I got hold of a man, sir,
He knocked me down flat, and near did me kill,
And all for my cursed old "One Dollar Bill."

To the *Theatre* next my course I did bend,
Determin'd this time my bill for to spend:
I got through the crowd with my usual skill,
And gave to the man there my "One Dollar Bill;"
Says I, give me a ticket I want to go in, sir.
Say's he, no I sha'n't your note's not worth a pin six,
I thought his objection would surely me kill,
And I wish he'd been choked with my "One
Dollar Bill."

To the *circus* and different amusements I went,
Where my bill was refused much to my discontent,
I thought their refusing would surely me kill,
And I was going to tear up my "One Dollar Bill;"
But I suddenly thought of the *Philadelphia Museum:*
Ah, that is the place where they'll never refuse 'em.
I went to the *museum* was cured of my ills—
Oh! they are the boys to change "One Dollar Bills."

MISS LUCY NEAL.

As Sung by Mr. Wm. B. Donaldson.

I left ole Virginia,
On last New-year's day,
I fetch'd my jaw tune wid me,
And now I'se gwan to play.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal,
To dear Lucy Neal,
Den if I had her by my side,
De lord how good I'd feel.

Away up in de mountains,
Among de rock and canes,
A nigger came a dellering,
An' rushing through de wanes.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal, &c,

Den I look'd right ober de riber,
An' de riber was berry high,
I said Miss Lucy Neal,
An' de tear was in her eye.

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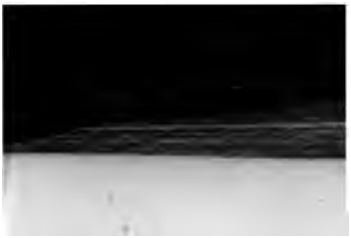

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BATTLE OF STONINGTON.

Three gallant ships from England came,
And freighted deep with fire and flame;
And other things we need not name,
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safe arrived—the work begun,
They thought to make the Yankees run;
And have a mighty deal of fun,
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A Yankee then popp'd up his head,
And parson Jones' sermon read:
In which the reverend doctor said,
That they must fight for Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze;
And put the old women in amaze,
Who fear'd the *loss of Stonington*.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,
And made as though they little car'd
For all their shot—though very hard,
They blazed away at Stonington.

The Ramilies began their attack,
And Nimrod made a mighty crack,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

The old fazee, with hot ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
A codfish flake did sadly maul,
About a mile from Stonington.

The bombs were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a man of all their crew,
(Though every one was full in view,)
Could kill a man of Stonington.

To have their turn, they thought but fair,
The Yankees brought two guns to bear;
And, lack a day! 'twould make you stare,
To see the smoke at Stonington.

They bored the Nimrod through and through
And kill'd and mangled half her crew;
When riddled, crippled, she withdrew,
And curs'd the boys of Stonington.

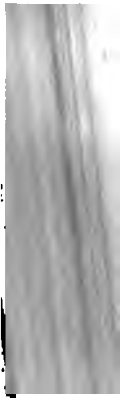
The Ramilies gave up their fray,
And with her comrades sneak'd away;
Such was the valour on that day,
Of British tars at Stonington.

But some assert on certain grounds,
Besides the damage and the wounds,
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched! were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in the air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there.
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.



That the ... sion,
A home and a country should
more?
Their blood has wash'd out their
pollution.
No refuge could save the hirelin
From the terror of flight or th
grave—
And the star-spangled bann
doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and
brave.

O! thus be it ever when freem
Between their lov'd home and
lation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, l
rescued land
Praise the power that hath m
us as a nation.
Then conquer we must, whe

PATRIOTIC DIGGERS.

Johnny Bull beware, keep at a proper distance,
Else we'll make you stare at our firm resistance,
Let alone the lads who are freedom tasting,
Recollect our dads gave you once a basting.

CHORUS.

Pick-axe, shovel, spade, crow-bar, hoe and bar row,
Better not invade, Yankees have the marrow.

To protect our rights, 'gainst your flints and triggers,
See on yonder heights our patriotic diggers,
Men of every age, colour, rank, profession,
Ardently engag'd, labour in succession.
Pick-axe, &c.

Grandeur leaves her towers, poverty her hovel,
Here to join their powers, with the hoe and shovel;
Here the Merchant toils, with the patriotic Sawyer,
There the Labourer smiles, near him sweats the Lawyer.
Pick-axe, &c.

Here the Mason builds freedom's shrine of glory,
While the Painter gilds the immortal story;
Blacksmiths catch the flame, Grocers feel the spirit,
Printers! share the fame and record their merit.
Pick-axe, &c.

Scholars leave their schools, with their patriot Teachers,
Farmers seize their tools, headed by their Preachers,
How they break the soil! Brewers, Butchers, Bakers,
Here the Doctors toil, their the Undertakers.
Pick-axe, &c.

Bright Apollo's sons leave their pipe and tabor,
Mid the roar of guns, join the martial labor;
Round the embattled plain in sweet concord rally,
And in Freedom's strain sing the foe's finale.
Pick-axe, &c.

Plumbers, Founders, Dyers, Tinmen, Turners

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,

That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear,
With equal skill and god-like power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united—let us be,

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

I often have been told, that the British seamen bold,
Could beat the tars of France, neat and handy O,
But they never found their match, till the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy O.

O, the Guerriere so bold, on the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee O,
With as choice a British crew as a rammer ever drew,
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one so handy O.

When this frigate hove in view, O said Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action, and be handy O;
On the weather guage we'll get her, and to make the men fight better
We will give to them gun-powder and good brandy O.

Now this boasting Britain cries make that Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty-minutes do it handy O,
Or in twenty-five I'm sure, if you'll do it in a score,
I will give you a double share of good brandy O.

When prisoners we've made them, with switches we will treat them,
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle dandy O,
O, the British balls flew hot, but the Yankees answer'd not,
Until they got a distance that was handy O.

O, cries Hull unto his crew, we will try what we can do,
If we beat those boasting Britons we're the dandy O;

The first broadside we pour'd, brought the mizen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy O

O Dacres he did sigh, and to his officers did cry,
O, I didn't think the Yankees were so handy O;
The second told so well, that the fore and mainmast fell,
That made this lofty frigate look quite handy O.

O, says Dacres we're undone, so he fires a lee gun,
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle dandy O;
When Dacres came on board, to deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it look'd so handy O

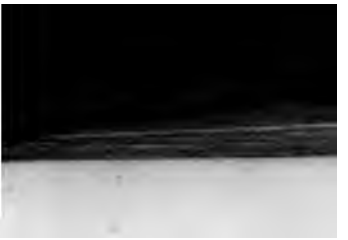
You may keep it, says brave Hull, what makes you look so dull,
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy O;
O Britons now be still, since we've hook'd you in the gill,
Don't boast upon your Dacres the grandee O,

Come fill your glasses full, and we'll drink to captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy O
John Bull may toast his fill, let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

OLD GRANNAU WEAL.

Old Grannau she arose in the morning so soon,
She put on her petticoat, apron and gown,
Saying very bad news last night came to me,
They are wronging my children that's over the sea.

Old Grannau set out with her gallant in rage,
And straight way for Dublin it was her first stage;
And as she was prancing it was up Dublin street,
She with lord Cornwall had a chance for to meet.



He says noble Grannau come tell me in haste,
Have you any good news from the East or West?
O bad news says Grannau that makes me complain,
They are wronging my children that's o'er the main.

That news is too true, lord Cornwall he said,
They will bring them to slavery soon I'm afraid,
There's lord North and Granville and infamous Bute,
That brought on the Tea Act that's now in dispute.

Old Grannau set out with her grand equipage,
And straightway for London it was her first stage,
And as she was prancing it was up London street,
Twas there with North, Granville and Bute she did meet.

You are three villians as I understand,
Who are wronging my children in yon foreign land;
And it is reported and told as a fact,
You are the three villians that made the Tea Act.

You are wrongly informed says these gentlemen,
To yield to your slavery we never intend,
That land is our king's we solemnly say,
And we will make laws and your sons must *obey!*

You are three arrant liars says Grannau in haste,
'Tis very well known from the East to the West,
My children they ventur'd their lives o'er the flood,
And purchased that land with the price of their blood.

They said noble Grannau do'nt give such a vent,
We'll cool your sons courage and make them repent!
With our great ships of war and our men in the field,
We'll cool your sons courage and make them to yield.

I would not have you think for to frighten my sons,
At Lexington battle they made your men run,
They are men of experience in every degree,
The'll turn your proud ships with a hell-a-ma-lee!

O says noble Grannau give me leave to tell,
Of a battle that was fought, it was nigh Bunker Hill,
Where twelve hundred Britons lay dead on the ground,
And five hundred more have since died of their wounds.

O Grannau do'nt tell us about Bunker Hill,
For in that battle we gained the field;
You once had a Warren but now he is slain,
You have no more Warren's now over the main.

Well, well, says Grannau, though Warren is dead,
A Washington lives, and our armies he'll head,
He'll handle your troops as polite as you please,
And pay them their trouble for crossing the seas.

We cannot deny but your Washington's brave,
Then only think of what armies we have,
We'll send over Bigsby old Derby and Graves,
Your sons must submit or we'll make them our slaves.

Well, well, says old Grannau, go on with your cause,
Our sons will never submit to your laws;
And when they've beat you and drove your troops home,
My son will be free and make laws of their own.

Too late you will see your desperate crimes,
And mourn and lament to the end of your times
That ever you sent your troops o'er the flood,
To spill my dear innocent children's blood,

I have millions of sons in America born,
To yield to your slavery they hold it in scorn,
They are men of experience in every respect,
They never will yield to your bloody Tea Act.

Sing wob-a-roo, bob-a-roo, says old Grannau Weal,
The fox is in the trap and he's caught by the tail:
They are men of experience and never will fail,
Success to our sons says old Grannau Weal,

A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW,

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea bird flew,
Singing hey! aloft and alow!
Her sails are spread to the fairy breeze,
The spray sparkling as thrown from her prow,
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
When homeward she's steering now.
A Yankee ship, &c.

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
With hearts aboard both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow.
The blackened sky and the whistling wind,
Foretell the approach of a gale;
And home and its joys flit over each mind,
Husbands, lovers, on deck there! a sail!
Distress is the word, God speed them through
Bear a hand aloft and alow!

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Tally hi ho! you know!
Freedom defends the land where it grew,
We're free aloft and alow!
Bearing down is a ship in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast-head;
She's wreck'd, and the one bears that floats alongside,
The stars and stripes that's to victory wed.
Ne'er strikes to a foe while the sky is blue,
Or a tar's aloft and alow.

THE LIBERTY TREE.

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came,
Ten thousand celestials illumin'd her way,
And order conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand the pledge of her love,
And the plant she call'd Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic stuck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish'd and bore,
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
For to search out its peaceable shore.
Unmindfull of names and distinctions they came
For freemen like brothers agree, [pursued,
With one spirit endued, they all friendship
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

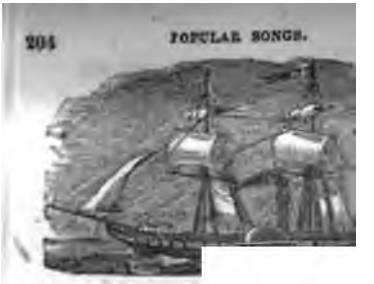
Beneath its fair branches the patriarchs of old,
Their bread with contentment did eat,
Unvext with the trouble of silver or gold,
Or the cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But give ear, O ye swains, to a tale most profane
How all these tyrannical powers,
Kings, commons and lords did together combine
To destroy this fine garden of flowers; [arms,
From the east to the west, blow the trumpet to
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee, [cheer
That the brave may all hear, and unite with a
In defence of their Liberty Tree

A bank was raised to hide our breasts,
Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to ..st,
Unless the game is flying.
Behind it stood our little band,
None wished to be greater;
The flow'r of old Kentucky's land,
Half Horse, half Alligator.

Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky.

They did not let our patience tire,
Before they showed their faces;
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places.
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop [illegible]



LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Come, citizens, of all degrees,
And lay your daily cares aside,
To hear of this calamity
Which did a noble ship betide.

A noble ship, a ship of fame,
As ever sailed upon the sea,
The President they called her name,
Before this sad catastrophe.

Her cabin it was solid oak;
Her timbers they were large and strong;
No ship that ever water broke,
So safe and sure did move along.

'Twas in the month of March so cold,
And on the eleventh day,
Her noble captain Roberts bold
Got up the steam and sailed away.

Oh, proudly she moved out to sea,
Like castle of the olden time,
With streamers flowing merrily,
And bound for England's happy clime.

To hear this awful tragedy.
But God who rules the ocean wide,
Has ordered that it should be so:
And his decrees we must abide,
And when he calls, we all must go.
This noble ship kept on her way,
And half the seas she crossed o'er,
Before a helpless wreck she lay;
This accident we all deplore.
It was one night, a dismal night,
The stormy winds began to blow;
The clouds were black, the waves w
And mariners were filled with wo.
The billows came in fury down
Upon this noble vessel's side;
She cared not for the tempest's frow
She stemm'd the torrents in her pride
But louder yet the storm arose,
And plunging through the raging sea
Like some wild monster chased by fo
This mighty [illegible]

No human force could check their fate,
For they were hurried to their doom;
And sad it pains me to relate,
That here they found a watery tomb.

The women shrieked in vain for aid,
As they beheld the foaming sheet
That round the noble vessel played,
As on she went the ice to meet.

The captain strove to still their fears,
A minister they had on board,
Who tried to cheek their falling tears,
And knelt to call upon the Lord.

But nought could save the gallant crew,
The ship was dashed to pieces, there
Their trembling souls to heaven flew,
And left their kindred in despair!

The noble form of Power is now
A floating carcase on the deep,
The lady with her lovely brow,
Sinks down in everlasting sleep!

That mighty ship we lately saw
Move from the wharf in all her pride,
Crushed by destruction's angry jaw,
In fragments floats upon the tide.

And we are left in grief and pain,
This dreadful shipwreck to deplore;
A victim to the raging main,
The steamer will be seen no more.

Friends and kindred do not weep
For the loss of those you did love,
Though their bodies are down in the deep,
Their souls we trust are above.

THE FLAUNTING FLAG OF LIBERTY

The flaunting flag of liberty,
Of Gallia's sons the boast;
Oh, never may a Briton see,
Upon the British coast!
The only flag that Freedom rears,
Her emblem on the seas,
Is the flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

THE HOUSE CARPENTER.

Come muster my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your s ws and your axes, your hammers and rules,
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine;
For our roof we'll raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm, and our citizens free.

'ome, up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,
ike the people at large they're the ground work of all,
ramine them well, and see that they're sound,
t *no rotten parts in* our building be found.
' *our roof we'll raise*, and our song it still
shall be
overnment firm, and our citizens free.

Now hand up the girder, lay each in his place,
Between them the joists must divide all the space,
Like assembly-men, these should be level along,
Like girders our senate prove level and strong;
For our roof we'll raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm, over citizens free.

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,
And drive your pins home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine;
For our roof we'll raise, and our song still

And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend;
For our roof we'll raise, and our song still shall be,
Combin'd in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins, and drive your pins through,
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true;
The purlins will bind all the rafters together,
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather;
For our roof we'll raise, and our song still shall be,
United as States, but as citizen free.

Come, rise up the turret, our glory and pride,
In the centre it stands o'er the whole to preside:
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight,
Its pillars and arches, and towering height.
Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,
A republican head, o'er people that's free.

Hurra! my brave boys our work is complete,
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat;
Its strength against tempests, and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof;
While we drain the deep bowl, our toast still *shall be,*
Our government firm, and our citizens free

HARRY BLUFF

When a boy Harry Bluff left his friends and
his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to
roam;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the
view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he
grew.
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they
were soft,
When the signal was given, he the first went
aloft;

HALIFAX STATION.

From Halifax station a bully there came,
To take or be taken, called Dacres by name;
But 'twas who but a Yankee he met on his way,
Says the Yankee to him, will you stop and take tea.

Then Dacres steps up, thus addressing his crew,
Don't you see that d—d flag, that is red, white and blue,
Let us drum all to quarters, prepare for to fight,
For in taking that ship boys, it will make me knight.

Then up to each mast head he straight sent a flag [ish brag;
Which shows on the ocean like a proud Brit-
But Hull being pleasant he sent up but one,
And told every seaman to stand true to his gun.

Then Hull like like a hero before them appears,
And with a short speech his sailors he cheers,
Saying, we'll batter their sides, and we'll do the next thing, [king.
We'll conquer their bully, and laugh at their
Then we'll off with our hats and give them three cheers, [man could steer,
Swore we'd stick by brave Hull, while a sea
And at it we went with mutual delight,
For to fight and to conquer, for a sailors free right.

Then we crowded all sail, and we ran along side,
And we well fed our bull-dogs with true Yan-*kee pride,*

HARRY BLUFF

When a boy Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was given, he the first went aloft;
The vetrans all cry'd, he'll one day lead the van,
For tho' rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out avast!
And Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
And he died like a true Yankee sailor.

LADY WASHINGTON'S LAMENTATION.

When Columbia's brave sons call'd my hero to lead 'em,
To vanquish their foes and establish their freedom,
I rejoic'd at his honours, my fears I dissembled,
At the thought of his danger, my heart how it trembled!
O my Washington! O my Washington!
O my Washington! all was hazardous!

The contest decided, with peace to the nation,
My hero retired, 'mid the loud acclamation
Of men without numbers, and praise without measure,
And my own heart exulted in transports of *pleasure,*
O my happiness! O my happiness!
O my happiness! how precarious!

'Twas broadside for broadside we on them did pour,
While cannons loud mouths at each other did roar.

Says Dacres, fight on and we'll have her in tow,
We will drink to Great Britain and the cans they shall flow,
So strike you d—d Yankee, or I'll make you with ease,
But the man they call Hull, says O don't if you please.

Then Dacres wore ship expecting to rake,
But being in a hurry he soon found his mistake;
For we luff'd round his bow boys and caught his jib-boom,
And in raking them aft, we soon gave him his doom.

Then Dacres look'd wild, and thus sheath'd his sword,
When he found that his masts had gone by the board,
And dropping a stern cries out to the steward,
Come up and be d—d, fire a gun to the leward.

Then we off with our hats, we gave them three

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O my happiness! how precarious!

Our freedom with order by faction rejected,
A new constitution our country erected,
My hero was raised to preside o'er the union,
And his cares intercepted our blissful communion,
O my happiness! &c. how precarious!

Declining the trust of his dignified station,
With joy to the seat of his dear estimation,
Surrounded with honours, he humbly retreated,
Sweet hope softly whisper'd my bliss was completed!
O my happiness! &c. how precarious!

When pangs of disease had faintly seiz'd him,
My heart would have yielded its life to have eased him.

When I left him in silence and darkness surrounded,
With what pangs of fresh anguish my bosom was wounded.
O, my Washington, &c. has forsaken us!

His aspect so noble, pale grave-clothes disfigure,
And his conquering arm is despoil'd of its vigour;
On those lips which dropt wisdom, is silence impos'd,
And those kind beaming eyes for ever are clos'd.
O, my Washington, &c. has forseken us!

When with tears of sweet music, I ponder the story,
Of his wars, and his labours, his virtue and glory,
I breathe out a prayer of sweet ardour of spirits,
Soon to join him in bliss, and united inherit,
Endless blessedness, &c. O, how glorious!

But why with my own single grief so confounded?
When my country's sad millions in sorrow are wounded;
Let me mingle the current, which flows from my bosom,
With my country's vast ocean tears and there lose them.
Though my Washington, &c. has forsaken us

AMERICAN STAR.

Come, strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey ;
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away ;

Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair!
Oh, no! from her hills the proud Eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave, the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspects serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing, they'll see us as they once have been;
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die, by the American Star.

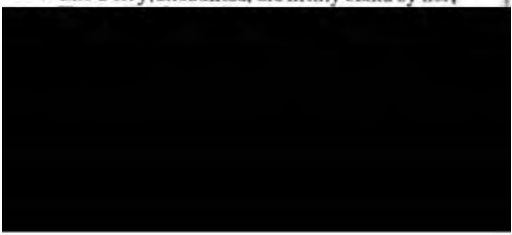
Your hands then, dear comrades, round Liberty's altar,
United we swear by the souls of the brave!
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the grave.
Then freemen fill up—Lo! the strip'd banner's flying,
The high bird of Liberty screams through the air;
Beneath her oppression and Tyranny dying—
Success to the *beaming* American Star.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry, where cannon did roar;
Your valour has gain'd you an immortal glory,
A fame that shall last till time is no more.
Columbian tars, are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft, when they fight on the deep;
On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caus'd many Britons to take their last sleep.

The tenth of September, let us all remember,
So long as the globe on her axis rolls round;
Our tars and marines, on Lake Erie was seen,
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down.
The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down,
Her guns they did roar with such terrific power,
That savages trembled at the dreadful sound.

The Lawrence sustain'd a most dreadful fire;
She fought three to one, for two glasses or more;
While Perry, undaunted, did firmly stand by her,



In this situation, the pride of our nation
Sure heaven had guarded unhurt all the while,
While many a hero, maintaining his station,
Fell close by his side, and was thrown on the pile.
But mark you, and wonder, when elements thunder,
When death and destruction are stalking all round;
His flag he did carry on board the Niagara;
Such valour on record was never yet found.

There is one gallant act of our noble commander,
While writing my song, I must notice with pride;
While launch'd in the boat, that carried the standard,
A ball whistled through her, just close by his side.
Says Perry, "the rascals intend for to drown us,
But push on, my brave boys, you never need fear!"
And with his own coat he plugg'd up the boat,
And through fire and sulphur away he did steer.

The famed Niagara, now proud of her Perry,
Display'd all her banners in gallant array;
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete,
The signal was given to break thro'h the line;

While starboard and larboard, and from every quarter,
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British Lion, roar'd out his last thunder,
When Perry attacked him close in the rear;
Columbia's Eagle soon made him crouch under,
And roar out for quarter, as soon you shall hear.
Oh, had you been there, I now do declare,
Such a sight as you never had seen before;
Six red bloody flags, that no longer could wag,
All lay at the feet of our brave Commodore.

Brave Elliot, whose valour must now be recorded,
On board the Niagara so well play'd his part;
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
We'll place him the second on Lake Erie's chart.
In the midst of the battle, when guns they did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, and the men 'most all slain;
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
And by this manœuvre the victory was gain'd.

Oh, had you but seen those noble commanders,
Embracing each other when the conflict was o'er;
And viewing all those invincible standards,
That never had yielded to any before.

Says Perry, "brave Elliot, give me your hand sir,
This day we have gain'd an immortal renown;
So long as Columbia, Lake Erie commands, sir,
Let brave Captain Elliot with laurels be crowned."

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all the whole crew;
But none in their glory have told such a story,
Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.
The whole British fleet was captured complete,
Not one single vessel from us got away;
And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wondered,
To see them all anchor'd and moor'd in our bay.

May heaven still smile on the shades of our heroes,
Who fought in that conflict, their country to save,
And check the proud spirit of those murdering bravoes,
That wish to divide us and make us all slaves.
Columbians sing, and make the woods ring,
We'll toast those brave heroes by sea and by land;
While Britains drink Cherry, Columbians Perry,
We'll toast him about with full glass in hand.

It was on the seventeenth, by break of day,
The Yankees did surprise us,
With their strong works they had thrown up,
To burn the town and drive us.

But soon we had an order come,
An order to defeat them;
Like rebels stout, they stood it out,
And thought we no'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day,
An order came for marching,
With three good flints, and sixty rounds,
Each man hop'd to discharge them.

We march'd down to the Long Wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embark'd,
Our ships kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were,
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had,
To oppose, who dare controul us.

And when our boats all filled were,
We row'd in line of battle,
Where showers of ball like hail did fly,
Our cannon loud did rattle.

There was Copps' hill battery near Charlestown
Our twenty-fours they played;
And the three frigates in the stream,
That very well behaved.

The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore,
All at the time of landing,
With her grape shot and cannon balls,
No Yankees e'er could stand them.

And when we landed on the shore,
We draw'd up all together;
The Yankees they all man'd their works,
And thought we'd ne'er come thither.
But soon they did perceive brave Howe,
Brave Howe, our bold commander;
With grenadiers, and infantry,
We made them to surrender.
Brave William Howe, on our right wing,
Cry'd boys, fight on like thunder;
You soon will see the rebels flee,
With great amaze and wonder.
Now some lay bleeding on the ground,
And some fell fast a running,
O'er hill and dales, and mountains high,
Crying, zounds! brave Howe's a coming.
Brave Howe is so considerate,
As to guard against all dangers;
He allow'd each half a gill this day,
To rum we were no strangers.
They began to play on our left wing,
Where Pigot he commanded;
But we return'd it back again,
With courage most undaunted.
To our grape shot and musket balls,
To which they were but strangers,
They thought to come with sword in hand,
But soon they found their danger.
And when the works were got into,
And put them to the flight, sir,
They pepper'd us, poor British elves,
And show'd us they could fight, sir.

And when their works we got into,
With some hard knocks and danger;
Their works we found both firm and strong,
Too strong for British Rangers.

But as for our Artillery,
They gave all way and run,
For while their ammunition held,
They gave us Yankee fun.

But our commander, he got broke,
For his misconduct, sure, sir;
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns,
Were made for twenty-fours, sir.

There's some in Boston, pleas'd to say,
As we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen,
While they their hay were making.

For such stout whigs I never saw,
To hang them all I'd rather;
By making hay with musket balls,
Lord Howe cursedly did bother.

Bad luck to him by land and sea,
For he's despis'd by many;
The name of Bunker Hill he dreads,
Where he was flogg'd most plainly.

And now my song is at an end,
And to conclude my ditty:
Tis only Britons ignorant,
That I most sincerely pity.

As for our King and William Howe,
And General Gage, if they're taken,
The Yankees will hang their heads up high,
On that fine Hill, call'd Beacon.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty-pudding

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep a house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a duced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As 'Siah's under-pinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so I streak'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankee doodle, &c.

But Captain Davis has a gun,
He kind of clap'd his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron,
Upon the little end on't;
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon it with little clubs
And call'd the folks together.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions,
Yankee doodle, &c.

The flaming ribbons in their hats,
They look'd so tearing fine, ah;
I wanted plaguily to get,
To give to my Jemima.
Yankee doodle, &c.

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me
Yankee doodle, &c.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stopp'd, as I remember;
Nor turn'd about till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.
Yankee doodle, &c.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

Gallants attend, and hear a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late befel,
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood, on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

Now up and down, throughout t
Most frantic scenes were acte
And some ran here and o
Like men almost distrac
Some fire cried, which some
But said the earth had qu
And girls and boys, with hi
Ran through the streets half n

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awakened by such a clatter;
First rubs his eyes, then boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside then he espied
Sir Erskine, at command, sir:
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.

Arise, arise, sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity!
Without a boat, are all afloat,
"And ranged before the city.

"The motely crew in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, sir,
"Packed up in bags, and wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, sir,

"Therefore, prepare for bloody war;
"These kegs must all be routed,
"Or surely we despised shall be,
"And British valour doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
On every slip, in every ship,
For to begin the fray, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales—the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked on every quarter;
Why sure, thought they the devil's to pay,
Among folks above the water.

SONGS.

TOM BOLIN.

Tom Bolin was a Scotchman born,
His shoes worn out, and his stockings were torn;
His jacket was short, his shirt was thin,
This is my summer dress, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no stockings to wear,
He got his mother to foot him a pair;
The calf of his leg came down to his shin,
I'm a delicate fellow, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no breeches to wear,
He bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair;
The flesh side out, and the wool side in,
They are charming and cool, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin had no boots to wear,
He bought him a goatskin to make him a pair;
The hair side out, and the flesh side in,
Look at my new boots, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin bought him an old grey mare,
Her back hump'd up, her bones were bare;
Her legs they were long, her belly was thin,
She's a villainsome jade, says Tom Bolin.

His saddle was made of an ox's tripe,
His bridle was made of a bull's windpipe;
His cap was made of a woodchuck's skin,
I'm a terrible fellow, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin mounted his old mare to ride,
With his sword and buckler by his side;
Away he rode, through thick and thin,
I'm going a courting, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin came to a Dutchman's hall,
And in he went among them all;
You impudent fellow, how dare you come in,
I'm come here a courting, says Tom Bolin.

Sit down, sit down, you're a welcome guest,
Which of my daughters do you like best?
For beauty, tho other for kin,
I'll marry them both, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife, and wife's mother,
All went over to the priest's together;
The door it was shut, and the string pull'd in,
A devil of no priest, says Tom Bolin.

The priest then look'd out of the door,
He saw three people, but saw no more;
Good morning, fair people, won't you come in,
I'm come to be married, says Tom Bolin.

After wedding, they must needs have a dinner,
Though nothing provided that's fit for a sinner;
Neither fish, flesh, nor any such thing,
But be of good cheer, says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin and his wife, and his wife's mother,
All went over the bridge together;
The bridge it broke, and they all fell in,
The devil go with you says Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin's wife being a very thick squat,
Out of the water soon she got:
Away she went through thick and thin,
Inquiring for delicate Tom Bolin.

Tom Bolin crept into an old hollow tree,
And very contented he seem'd for to be;
The wind did blow, the rain beat in,
The devil of no house, says Tom Bolin.

IF I HAD A DONKEY.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wollop him?—no, no, no!
But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hates all cruelty.
If all had been like me, in fact,
There'd been no occasion for Martin's hact,
Dumb animals to prevent getting crack'd
On the head;
For if I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him—no, no, no!
I'd give him some hay, and cry Gee wo!
And come up, Neddy!

Wot makes me mention this, this morn
I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
Whilst he was out a crying his greens,
His donkey wollop with all his means.
He hit him over his head and thighs,
He brought the tears up in his eyes;
At last my blood began to rise,
And I said—
If I had a donkey, &c

Bill turn'd and said to me, "Then, p'rhaps,
You're one of them 'ere Martin chaps,
Wot now is seeking for occasion,
All for to lay an information."
Though this I stoutly did deny,
Bill up and gave me a blow in the eye;
And I replied, as I let fly
At his head—
If I had a donkey, &c.

As Bill and I did break the peac
To us came up the New Police ;
And hiked us off as sure as fate
Befor the sitting magistrate.
I told his vorship all the spree,
And for to prove the veracity,
I wish'd he would the hanimal s
For I said—
If I had a donk

Bill's donkey was order'd into c
In which he caus'd a deal of spo
He cock'd his ears, and open'd
As if he wish'd to plead his cau
I prov'd I'd been uncommonly
The ass got a verdict.—Bill wa
For his worship and I were of
And he said—
If I had a donk

Bill said, "Your worship, it's v
But 'tisn't the fine wot I regard
But times are come to a pretty
When you mustn't beat a stubb
His worship said nothing, but s
So Billy off his donkey took ;
The same time giving me such
And I said—
If I had a donkey wot wouldn'
I never would wollop him,—no,
I'd give him some hay, and cry
And come up, Nedd

THE AGE OF INDIA RUBBER

Let steam and gas pursue their way,
For now it's my intention,
A word or two in praise to say
About a new invention;
No matter where you chance to be,
'Tis plain to wise and lubber,
This is, by every thing we see,
This is the age of India Rubber,
Oh, the Rubber, the India Rubber,
rub rub rubbing Rubber!

Our gents when drass'd once look'd as well
As we can e'er allow men,
No difficulty 'twas to tell
Their difference to the ploughmen;
But now our peasants, I declare,
The gentry beat by notches,
For they the Rubber smock-frocks wear,
And call them Mackintoshes!
Oh, the Rubber, the real India Rubber.

As stationery, you'll allow,
We once used to discern it,
But 'tis not stationary now,
To every thing they turn it;
Its former use now much declines,
With nobler things it copes,
Instead of rubbing out our lines,
They make it into ropes!

Oh, the Rubber, the wonderful India Rubber!

Each judge with India Rubber wig,
Is now much to be dreaded,
The article plays such a rig,
It makes them all light headed;
Our counsellors prefer it too,
When guilty culprits trouncing.

A cold from sleeping in damp sheets
You never need be dreading,
For nothing is there now that beats
The India Rubber bedding;
All those who have of children care,
To them my song confesses,
If they the Rubber apron wear,
They'll never spoil their dresses!

Oh, the Rubber, the water-proof Rubber!

Elastic belts our beaux prefer,
To shew off well their muscles,
Our belles who wish to make a stir,
Wear India Rubber bustles;
American demands are great,
The article they're fetching,
It suits them well, I needn't state,
They're noted so for stretching!

Oh, the Rubber, the stretching Rubber!

In Houses both of Parliament,
That are to be erected,
It is the ministers' intent,
Where they've their place selected,
On India Rubber seats to lean,
For they say it no disgrace is,
Which ever party they may screen
To vote for "Easy Places!"

Oh, the Rubber, the patent India ber!

TEE-TOTAL SOCIETY.

[redacted]

My aunt in the country had corns,
Was so lame she scarcely could ble,
I advised her to leave off her horns,
And gin and peppermint cease for to gobble.
But now of her corns she ar'nt one,
Besides she's a pattern of sobriety,
Can't you guess how all this was done,
Why? she's a member of the Martha Wash
ington 'siety.

There was our old sow and the pigs,
One morning I found 'em quite drunk,
Their sweet breath was tainted with beer,
My eyes! how the old crittur stunk.
They'd a feed of the brewers slops,
But their tails are now straight with sobriety,
Coffee and tea now fills their trough,
And each porker has joined our society.

Grog dealers poke fun at us fine,
But we never mind's their abuses,
We never touche's a drop, even of wine,
Except it be for—medicinal use's.
When you are wery, wery ill.
In brandy their arn't no impropriety,
But at a swallow don't take but a gill,
That's allowed by the Tee-total Society.

I am daily a preaching you see,
An I does it with werry dry lips,
"Washington Society" stands all the shot,
While I spouts on the wharves and slips.
But sailors they are a sad race,
And wont listen with any sobriety,
It's damn it, come *splice the main brace*
And blast on your Tee-total Society.

Folk's says my nose is red,
I knows it's redder than it orter,
It's blushing, I've often said,
At the slow progress of Croton water,
The corporation do nothing but dream,
They can't see the propriety,
To hasten along that stream,
And thereby aid the Tee-total Society.

And when I rails on their sins,
I catches a kick in the rump,
And once, Oh lord! how they did grin,
To see me get ducked at the pump.
Oh that the power was mine,
Of my wages I'd give a moity,
To make every one of 'em sign
The pledge of the Tee-total Society.

They say the great Brandreath pill,
Likewise Billy Pease's candy,
That mighty cureall of each ill,
Owe their virtues entirely to brandy.
Likewise Hunter's Red Drop,
And quack medicines in all their variety,
Take them no more—but stop
And join our Tee-total Society.

There was an old lady at Yorkville,
That drank beer like a great gorgan,
She did nothing but guzzle and swill,
But was cured by "Oliver's Organ."
You've listend I must say,
With very great propriety,
So go my lads this day,
And join the Tee-total Society.

THE BEAUTIFUL BO

It was now in the winter, a [illegible] norn,
When I, little innocent cr [illegible] n,
There was doctor, nurse, [illegible] more,
But none of them saw such a [illegible] .
They all swore I was like n [illegible]
Yes, and see there's the nos[illegible]
With a few alterations, oh, la,
We'll make him a beautiful boy.

To make him a beauty, cried out Mrs. Sneer,
We'll be troubled without the child has a sweet leer,
Then to give me this leer Mrs. Glazier arose,
And a piece of red putty stuck bang on my nose.
This made me wink and blink so,
The ladies know'd not what to think, oh,
At last it turn'd into a squint so,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

To make me accomplished they said I wanted one thing,
My mouth was too small for the dear child to sing,
Then to lug it and tug it they all of them tried,
Till they stretched my sweet mouth near half a yard wide.
Crying pull away now Mrs. Ryder,
It must be a little bit wider,
My dear mouth they split pretty nigh,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

Now being complete, I was next sent to school,
And to shew off my make was stuck on a high stool,
When the children went home they cried out with surprise,
"We've a new boy at school with such beautiful eyes,
He can look any way so handy,
Such a mouth he has got to suck candy,
And his legs are so preciously bandy,
And they call him a beautiful boy."

T'other day I was ask'd in the city to dine,
The ladies in raptures all thought me divine,
And all when observing my elegant grace,
Neglected their dinners to gaze on my face.
They cried I shall faint with surprise,

MY SON TOM.

My son's a youth of talents rare,
You really ought to know him;
But he blushes so when the people stare,
That he seldom lets me show him.
To school he never yet was sent,
Nor yet to Oxford college;
So all are in astonishment,
Where Tom pick'd up his knowledge.

But Tom's a minor, recollect,
But nineteen next November;
And so, of course, one can't expect
Big books he should remember.
With clever boys, if people force
Their minds, 'tis ruination;
So I let Nature take her course,—
A fig for education!

By instinct, Tom picks up at once
The things that others study;
My husband storms, and calls him dunce
He should not do so, should he?
Some talk about the books they've read,
And each is thought a wise one;
Tom makes, all out of his own head,
Remarks that quite surprise one!

Tom wears no stock, no long-tail'd coat
Unfit for boys of his age,
A jacket, and an open throat,
Best suits his form and visage.
Hereafter, when the fair and gay
My darling is pursuing;
I'm sure he will not fail to say,
"*'Twas my mother's* doing!"

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?

I am the laughing stock of all,
No rest nor peace have I;
The young, the old, the great and small,
All at me have a shy,
I think it's wery, wery hard,
And so would you no doubt,
If they cried, vhene'er you valk'd abroad,
"Does your mother know you're out?

My station is respectable,
There's nothing about me
In the slightest vay detectable
Of the apeing vain cockney.
My dresses vell,

From post to pillar I am chas'd,
And driven like a scout,
One to ask at every corner's plac'd,
'Does your mother know you're out?"

I vunce the nuisance to escape,
Vos fore'd a cab to call,
But the fellars out of spite did gape,
And vouldn't hear me bawl.
Then my pursuers tipt the vink,
The cabs set up a shout,—
(I felt so queer you cannot think)—
"Does your mother know you're out?"

For my part, nothing can I see
About my person flaring:
Vy they should push their fun at me,
And saucily be staring?
Tis shameful, and vith rage I burn,
That every stupid lout
Should cry, vhichever vay I turn—
"Does your mother know you're out?"

To a ball last night I vent,
And happy might have been,
A pleasant ev'ning there have spent
Vith a damsel—beauty's queen!
But as a valtz ve twisted,
She with an artful pout,
Ask'd, as not to be resisted,
"Does your mother know you're out?"

My mind's made up, I will not stay
In town, to be derided;
But to some silent glen away,
Vhere *my grief* can be subsided.

I'll seek some shelt'ring peaceful nook,
Where none can come and rout;
Or question me, vith fiendish look,—
"Does your mother know you're out?"

I NEVER NAME MY WIFE!

Oh no, I never name my wife,
But let her rest in peace;
Although she used to pull my nose
Whene'er I chanced to sneeze.
Each morn, for cash she'd worry me,
To purchase heavy wet;
And how she stagger'd home at eve,
I never shall forget!

MRS. MUGGINS'S MAID.

I knew Mrs. Muggins's maid,
  Who once liv'd in Waverly-place
But she was so mŏnstrŏus afraid,
  Her misses would see me go there.
We used for to make it all right,
  At the area gate often we'd be;
From her drawing-room window one night,
  Mrs. Muggins looked down and 'spied me.

Up the area one day, Betty flung
  Such a whacking love-letter for me;
Saying, "Billy, to-morrow night come,
  For missis is ax'd out to tea."
At half-arter seven I went,
  And tinkled the rails with delight,
So Betty she guess'd what it meant,
  And 'cortch'd me down stairs with a light.

Lots of grub from the larder she got,
  And made me have such a tuck out;
When her missis came home piping hot,
  Hobbled down stairs, and soon found me out!
She called the police in a rage—
  Then gave me in charge—the old jade!
So I got dragged off to the cage,
  All *through Mother* Muggins's maid.

Experience I have bought it,
And now to you have brought it,
Will you or not be taught it?—
L,A,W,—Law!
I sing the charms of law,
Which has such a deuce of a claw.

CHORUS.

If you're fond of pure vexation,
And sweet procrastination,
You're just in a situation
To enjoy a suit of Law

When your cause is first beginning,
You only think of winning,
Attornies slily grinning,
The while the cash they draw;
You cause goes on see-saw,
As long as your cash they draw!
With brief and consultation,
Bill and replication,
Latin and botheration,
While the counsel loudly jaw,
J,A,W,—Jaw,
Is a very great thing in Law!

Snail-like your cause is creeping,
It hinders you from sleeping,
Attorneys only reaping,
For still your cash they draw,
D,R,A,W,—Draw,
Is *the main spring* of the Law!

Misery, toil and trouble,
Make up the hubble-bubble,
Leave you nothing but stubble,
And make you a man of straw!
S,T,R,A,W,—Straw,
Divides the wheat from the straw.

And when your cause is ending,
Your case is no way mending,
Expence each step attending,
And then they find a flaw!
Then the judge, like my jackdaw,
Will lay down what is Law;
In a rotten stick your trust is,
You find the bubble burst is,
And though you don't get justice,
You're sure to get plenty of Law!
And L,A,W,—Law,
Leaves you not worth a straw.

So if life's all sugar and honey,
And Fortune has always been sunny,
And you want to get rid of your money
I'd advise you to go to Law;
Like ice in a rapid thaw,
Your cash will melt awa';
Comfort 'tis folly to care for,
Life's a lottery—therefore,
Without a why or a wherefore,
I'd advise you to go to Law;
And L,A,W,—Law,
Does like a blister draw!

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

If pity dwell within your breast,
Some sympathy pray spare;
Of love, that breaks young ladies' rest,
Indeed I've had my share.
His form is ever in my sight,
Forget I never can;
I'm haunted by him day and night—
He was such a nice young man!

'Twas at a ball held at the west,
On me he first did glance;
So gently he my fingers prest,
And asked me out to dance.
I blushed, and whispered—No, no, no!
Then, smiling, dropt my fan;
For how could I refuse to dance?—
He was such a nice young man!

The dance now o'er, my hand he took,
And led me to a seat;
And, sighing, gave me such a look,
I'd ne'er seen one so sweet.
Refreshments begged of me to take,
I did the dainties scan;
Alas! I'd lost my appetite,—
He was such a nice young man!

When growing late, about to leave,
It rain'd in torrents fast;
Said he, "Dear Miss, I really grieve,
I fear that it will last."
Then quick he hurried from the room,
And for a coach he ran;
His kindness quite o'erpowered me,—
He was such a nice young man!

As thro' the hall we went along,
He begg'd for my address;
I gave him it, not thinking wrong,
He was in such distress.
His card, embossed, he handed me,
With "Captain, Miss, I am,"
My stars, thought I, Oh! here's a chance!
He was such a nice young man!

Next morning drest, and breakfast done,
Heart beating with desire,
The hall-bell was loudly rang,
Enough to break the wire.
I thought I should have died with fright,
Up came our servant Ann;
A gentleman, Miss, waits below,—
He is such a nice young man

Almost I'd sunk, 'twixt hope and fear,
I wished I was afar;
Guess my surprise, him now to hear,
Conversing with mamma!
Such language elegant he used,
He did her heart trepan;
She said, she no objection had,—
He was such a nice young man!

"Now stop to dine with us, you must,
I will take no denial,"
"Excuse me, Ma'am, this visit first
Is far too great a trial."
"Well, call again, whene'er you please,
For visit here you can;"
"I'll call again to-morrow, Ma'am,"
Said my very nice young man.

From house he scarce was out of sight,
When, from the lower rooms,
The servant maid came in a fright,
And cried, "He's stole the spoons!"
"Ah! fetch him back," Mamma she cries,
Off went our footman Dan,
Who brought him back—we found the spoons
Yes, upon the nice young man!

A caution, ladies, give I must
The moral I well know;
'Tis never the appearance trust
Of any dashing beau.
For this is what I should have done,
When to notice he began;
But who'd have thought he was a thief?—
He was such a nice young man!

'Twas a going of my rounds in the streets I first did meet her,
I thought she vos a hangel just come down from the sky;

[Spoken.] She'd a nice wegetable countenance—turn-up nose, red-ish cheeks, and carrot-y hair.

And I never heard a woice more louder or more sweeter,
When she cried, "Buy my primrose, my primroses come buy;"

[Spoken.] Here's your fine collyflow-vers! All round my hat, &c.

Oh, my love she vos fair, my love she vos kind too,
And cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love to try;

[Spoken.] Here's your precious turn-ups!

For thieving vos a thing she never vos inclined to,
But he sent my love across the seas, far, far away!

[Spoken.] Here's your hard-hearted cabbages! All round my hat, &c.

For seven long years my love and I are parted,
For seven long years my love is bound to stay;

[Spoken.] It's a precious long time afore a does any trade to-day!

But look that 'ere chap vot 'ud ever be false-hearted,
Oh, I'll love my love for ever, tho' she's far, far away!

[Spoken.] Here's your nice heads o' salary!
All round my hat, &c.

There is some young men so preciously deceitful,
A coaxing of the young girls they vish to lead astray;

[Spoken.] Here's your valnuts; crack 'em and try 'em, a shilling a hundred!

As soon as they deceive 'em, so cruelly they leave 'em,
And they never sighs nor sorrows when they're far, far away!

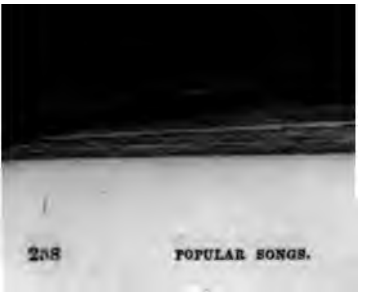
[Spoken.] Do you vant any hingons to-day, marm?
All round my hat, &c.

Oh, I bought my love a ring on the wery day she started,
Vhich I gave her as a token all to remember me;

[Spoken.] Bless her hyes!

And when she does come back, oh, we'll never more be parted,
But we'll marry and be happy—oh, for ever and a day.

[Spoken.] Here's your fine spring radishes.
All round my hat, &c.



WERRY PECOOLIAR.

If you'll list, a story to you I'll develope,
Yet my heart to think on't, like a bushel will
swell up;
My courtship and woes, to you I'll disclose,
Likewise its beginning and kurrious close;
I'll tell how I love the charming Miss Julia,
And how I thought her so werry peccooliar.

[Spoken.] I saw'd her von day, and I thought her such a sweet simpering slut, so I sighed and simpered, and said summat—and

In short I thought her so werry pecooliar.

I met her one Sunday—so sweet and so sightly,
Her cheeks look'd red and her eyes look'd so
brightly;
I felt so queer, I sigh'd then, oh, dear!
Like a statty I stood, betwixt hope and fear;
She soon saw'd me sighing, the charming Miss
Julia,
I dare say we look'd so werry pecooliar!

[Spoken.] I felt such a sensation come over my senses, and somehow, for the soul of me, I could not speak to her; my tongue stuck to my mouth, my knees shook'd, my heart went like a blacksmith's hammer, up and down. So—

***I'm sure we look'd* both so werry pecooliar!**

But I soon conker'd fear, my mind out I spoke, sir,
For when love is hot the ice is soon broke, sir
She'd laugh, and she'd hoax, I'd talk, and I'd coax,
In short, we had plenty of jeering and jokes;
I thought she lov'd me, as I did Miss Julia,
There was summat about her so werry pecoo-liar.

[Spoken.] She had a small turn up nose you could hang a pot on, without coming off; nice carrotty hair, and grey eyes;—in short

She had summat about her so werry pecooliar!

For a seat in the playhouse I often did book her,
To dances and routs I've many time took her;
But once at a dance—sad unlucky chance!
She cut me, and off with another did prance;
A chap he comes up, and took hold of Miss Julia,—
There was summat about him so werry pecoo-liar!

[Spoken.] She had on a sarsenet and satin dress with a satin sash, and sandals on, I thought there was summat kurissar than common about her, for as cool as a kukumber she look'd at me and danc'd with him. So I thought

There was summat about her so werry pecoo-liar!

Experience I have bought it,
And now to you have brought it,
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Comfort 'tis folly to care for,
Life's a lottery—therefore,
Without a why or a wherefore,
I'd advise you to go to Law;
And L,A,W,—Law,
Does like a blister draw!

They'll make you hot, or make you cold, do all but pay your bills,
If you'd be rich, and wish for gold, take "The Vegetable Pills!"

The folks of Dartford now no longer evils need forbode,
No matter if the Powder-mills should happen to explode;
If blown to atoms, they may be united at their wills,
And every particle replaced by "The Vegetable Pills!"

Young married folks may now rejoice, and discord set at rest,
For if for little ones they sigh, "The Pills" will make 'em blest;
An heir or heiress they may have, as inclination wills,
If dear mamma will only take "The Vegetable Pills!"

In short the blind may gain their sight, the dumb may find a tongue,
The lame may quickly run a race,—the old again be young;
One dose will make you laugh or cry, the hungry belly fills,
In fact, if you would never die, take "The Vegetable Pills!"

THE LADIES' MAN.

I'm quite a ladies' man, in fact, the belles they all declare,
They never had a beau before who walked so militaire;
My whiskers and mustachios, resist their charms who can,
It is their fascinations makes me quite a ladies' man,
I'm partial to a moonlight walk, I like a morning ride
With Lady Mary Cavendish, in all her youth and pride;
I love to visit the Bazaar, the trifles there to scan,
I never go to Crockford's now, I'm quite a ladies' man.
'Tis pleasant when the heart is free, to watch the maiden's smile,
To mark her eyes' bewitching glance the youthful heart beguile:
But I can gaze on beauty bright, and I'd much rather than
Peru's rich mines were mine to boast, be quite a ladies' man.
Once I could live on balmy sighs—'twas foolish—I was young,
I spoke the language of the eyes, but now I've found my tongue;
I was a simple lover then— now I've a better plan,
I flatter, swear, write sonnets and—I'm quite a ladies' man!

BILLY BARLOW.

ow ladies and gentlemen, how d'ye you do?
come out before you with one boot and shoe;
don't know how 'tis, but some how 'tis so,
ow isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow?

Do show me some boarding house where I c
stay,-
I'm so hungry and sleepy, I've eat nothing
day,
They'll not let me in at Astor's, I very w
know,
But a market stall's vacant for Billy Barlow

I'm a member of a crack boat club,
You ought once to see me row,
I'm real salt river up to the hub,
Where's the match for Billy Barlow!
When first I came to New-York,
Where to sleep I didn't well know,
But the corporation went to work,
Fitting up the Battery for Billy Barlow!

I fell from the top of Brooklyn hills,
Broke my neck and smashed my toe,
But a box of Brandreth's Pills,
Quite made a new man of Billy Barlow!
I had the molligrubs, was full of bile,
And awful sick I did grow,
But a bottle of Evans' Camomile,
Soon did the business for Billy Barlow!

As I went down the street the other fine day
I met two fair ladies just coming this way;
Says one,—now that chap isn't slow,
I guess not, says the other, that's Mr. Barlow
I'm told there's a show coming into the town
Red lions, and monkeys, and porcupines brow
But if they should show, I shall beat them a
know,
For they've never a varmint like Billy Barlo

I went to the races on Long Island so gay,
The man at the gate he ask'd me to pay;
What, pay, says I, and I looked at him so,
Pass on sir, I know you, you're Mr. Barlow!

I had been on the track but a minute or two,
Before the people flocked round me, what I tell is true;
Whose that little fat gentleman, does any one know,
Yes, says a young lady, that's Mr. Barlow!

There's a niggar been here, who they call'd Jim Crow,
But he cleared out the moment I come, you must know,
If you doubt what I say, I can prove it is so,
Just look at the rigging of Billy Barlow!

I wish, in my soul I could find a good wife;
O dear, but I'm tired of this kind of a life,
If there's any young lady in want of a beau,
Let her fly to the arms of sweet Billy Barlow!

O when I was born, says old Mother Goose,
He is a fine boy, but he is of no use;
My father he said that to church I should go,
And there they had me christened Billy Barlow!

My father he said that I come from good breed,
So he sent me to school for to learn to read

But going along, I brea[k]
And when I got home what a wopp[ing]

As I walked [a]long the streets I can't tell for wh[at]
The boys they [p]oint at me, saying—"There g[o]
a gay [m]an!"
'Twas only last night, very grell I rememb[er]
They said that they'd burn me next fifth of
vember!

As I walk along the girls as I pass,
O how they look at me, and cock up a gl[ance]
And then they cry out, both one and all,
There goes the great fool that's got noth[ing]
all!

One morn I got up not thinking of har[m]
So I took a walk in the fields, they sa[id]
warm,
I went to the new river all for to catch
But my foot gave a slip, so I fell into
O then there's my brother, I did him
He gave me soup to eat, and said it w[ould]
He gave me [s]oup to eat, and said it w[ould]
[w]hen he had done it, he call'd it [a]
[f]or poor Billy

THE TONGO ISLANDS.

I sailed from port one summer's day,
And to the South Seas made my way,
I got wreck'd in No Bottom Bay,
All in the Tongo Islands.
The king he made a chief of me,
They called me Koora Kira Kee,
We got as thick as thick could be,
And every night drank strong Bashee,—
Says he, will you be my son-in-law,
And marry the princess Wowski Faw?
Says I, your majesty, hold your jaw,
I do accept the princess' paw,
Swango, Tongo, Hokey, Pokey; Hingere-Chingeree,
Souki, Woaki, all in the Tongo Islands!

We'd at our wedding scores of guests,

Which sowed him down so he was dumb;
We thought he'd gone to kingdom come,
Which made the queen look precious glum.
Swango, Tongo, &c.

My bride was kind as kind could be,
And we lived in great harmony,
Till the chiefs they jealous grew of me,
All in the Tongo Islands.
They swore they'd eat me up like pork,
And eat me without knife or fork,
Says I to myself, this is precious work,
So off my body I'd better walk,
So one fair day, to show my wit,
Not being ready for the spit,
To cut and run I did think fit,
So instead of biting they were bit,
Swango, Tongo, &c.

So now thank heaven I'm safe and sound,
Once more upon my native ground,
And never more I will be found,
All in the Tongo Islands.
For what's the use of being chief,
When you can't mutton get nor beef,
Nor a glass of grog to give relief,
To raise your spirits or drown your grief?
For though the lawyers here we need,
Who eat us up alive 'tis said,
But there they knock you on the head,
And swallow you up after you're dead.
Oh! Swango, Tongo, &c.

THE BLUE TAIL'D FLY.

A hungry fish once chanced to spy,
Fal de ral, &c.
A little wicked blue tail'd fly,
Fal de ral, &c.
This fly unto the fish did say,
As in the flood he saw him play,
If you can bite my tail you may,
Fal de ral, &c.

This hungry fish then made a spring,
Fal de ral, &c.
But he could not catch this blue tail'd thing,
Fal de ral, &c.
So like the fox he lost his treat,
For the fish the fly could not eat,
So says she, your nasty tail's not sweet,

Then on a hook this fly hung,
And in the river this blue thing flung,
Where death soon stopped his wicked tongue,
Fal de ral, &c.

This hungry fish saw the blue tail'd fly fall,
Fal de ral, &c.
I'll eat says she his body and all,
Fal de ral, &c
My hungry belly you shall fill,
The fly I'll eat against his will,
He bit—but the hook stuck in his gill,
Fal de ral, &c.

This little man drew him on land,
Fal de ral, &c.
And took this hungry fish in hand,
Fal de ral, &c.
Then on a twig did him suspend,
For to eat the fish he did intend,
So my song good folks is at an end.

MORAL.

If the fish and fly had not said that there,
Fal de ral, &c.
Which proved the cause of all their care,
Fal de ral, &c.
But have let each other quietly pass,
And not have given so much sauce,
They would not have been caught alas,
Fal de ral, &c.

THE PUBLIC ROBBER.

A story I heard t'other day,
If its false I ask pardon from all, sir,
A man in New-York, they say,
Ran away with the Masonic Hall, sir.
Then off like a colt scampered he,
The watchmen they miss'd it and follow'd it,
So lest he detected should be,
He made but one gulp and he swallow'd it.
Sing ri tol, &c.

For this thief sure there ne'er was a match,
In his pocket he put without scruple, O,
The famous town clock for a watch,
To which for a seal hung the steeple, O.
Sing ri tol, &c.

They took him before a grand court,
Who ask'd him what he'd got to say to it,
Facts were of so glaring a sort,
He hadn't the face to say nay to it.
So resolved to gain freedom from all,
Scape the justice, who was in a great fury,
He spit out the Masonic Hall,
Which knocked down the judge and the jury.
Sing ri tol, &c.

Then going down Chatham-street home,
He met the citizens' coach full of passengers.

KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great,
If you have not, 'tis in my pate,
The king of the Cannibal Islands,
He was so tall, near six feet six;
He had a head like Mister Nick's,
His palace was like dirty Dick's;
'Twas built of mud for want of brick;
And his name was Poonoowinkewang,
Flibeedee flobeedee buskeebang,
And a lot of Indians swore they would hang.
Hokee, pokee, wongee, fum,
Putte, po, pee, kabula, cum,
Tongeree, wongree, ching, ring, wum,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had in one hut,
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a doble smut,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.
So just one hundred wives he had,
And every week he was a dad,
Upon my word it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him mad;
There was Hunkee, Munkee, short and tall,
With Tuzzee, Muzzee, and Keeko Pall,
And some of them swore they would have all.

Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left;
He said with them he would make a shift,
So for a gorge they set off swift.
The fifty wives were roasted soon,
And all demolished before the noon,
And a lot of chief's vowed to have soon,
The king of the Cannibal Islands.
When they had done and bones picked clean,
They all began to dance I ween;
The fifty wives slipped out unseen,
From the king of the Cannibal Islands.
He turning round misses them all,
So for his wives began to bawl,
But not one answered to his call,
He sprung out through the muddy wall:

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE.

I sing, I sing of good times older,
When men and women were the bolder,
When bills were short, and credit shorter,
And when from malt they brewed their porter,
When lawyers were too proud to pillage,
And this city was quite a village;
Christmas had its Christmas carols,
And ladies sides were hooped like barrels
Sing hey, Sing ho! I can but grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

When drinking ale made strong men stronger,
And doctors made folks live the longer;
When our grand dads brew'd gobs of porter,
And thought it a sin to go to bed sober;
Then was the time for games and gambols,

When all young men they acted wise in,
Getting up to see the lark rising;
And could, unless I'm much mistaken,
Eat for breakfast eight pounds of bacon,
But now our Tom and Jerry's gay, sir,
See larks by night and not by day, sir;
Get in rows, and have long parlies,
And, to save their bacon floor the charlies.
Sing hey, Sing ho! I can but grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

When this very place that's now cover'd over,
Was a field of wheat or perhaps of clover;
Two or three trees for the cattle to get under,
Out of the way of lightning and thunder;
No sound was heard but the sweet birds singing,
Except sometimes the cow bells ringing;
But now the birds far away have fled, sirs,
And we are the birds *wat* sings instead, *sir*.
Sing hey, Sing ho! I can but grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

But now the progress of civilization,
Makes things so high you can't get nothing;
[illegible]t is riz and I am told it will be *rizzer*,
But 'tis as it is and it can't be no *tizer;*
Butter's high, and bread ain't low, sir,
So people must eat po-ta-toes, sirs;
Coal's very high, but the wind is higher,
So the poor have to cook without any fire.
Sing hey, Sing ho! I can but grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

From a child I've been subject to strife,
My unlucky form seems to fit ill;
For I never could get me a wife,
Because I'm so ugly and little!
I'm one of those unthriving roots,
Such a poor little bandy-legg'd skinny thing,
That I'm scarcely four feet in my boots,
And they say—I'm too little for any thing!

As I walk thro' the streets ev'ry one
Is quizzing, and hoaxing, and jeering me,
And the ladies at me poke their fun,
All the time they are winking and leering me.
Each damsel my joy does oppose,
Tho' they into trouble will many bring,
They one and all turn up their nose,
And say—I'm too little for any thing!

I courted a lass six feet high,
But their fun folks at me would be pitching;
They said that she was in the sky,
While I was below in the kitchen;

I vex'd her, she'd wop me, oh lord!
Cross her knees, my poor hide she would tan again,
And I dared not to her say a word,
Because I'm too little for any thing.

For a soldier poor me she forsook,
For he well knew the way how to flatter her,
Then a courting I went to a cook,
As tall as a giant, and fatterer,—
In nine months she'd got—what a go!
A poor little dumpy and skinny thing!
Said I was its father, although,
You know I'm too little for any thing.

She vow'd that I for it should pay,
Her words did me really agitate;
So the Beadle came to me next day,
And hiked me away to the magistrate;
Says his worship, "Your words, Miss, give o'er,
From this youth your tricks will not a penny wring,
He can't be its father, I'm sure,
Because he's too little for any thing!"

So single I fear I must go,
Scorn'd by the young and the beautiful;
Would some lady pity my wo;
I'd ever be tender and dutiful—
When married—what joy 'twould impart,
When around us time youngsters should many bring,
For I vow that I'll e'er do my part,
Although I'm too little for any thing.

SONGS.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney!
She lives on the banks of Killarney:
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn:
He was bold as a hawk, and she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do *that* was to *teaze*.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye:
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am; and why not, to be sure?
For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"

And bright morning will give [illegible]ght th
block lis;
And 'tis plased that I am; and why not to b
sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ror
O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaze
me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grime
and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself, drinking your health
quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste.
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round he
neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck
And he look'd in her eyes, that were beamin
with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—Don't you think
he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me n

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
His heart is good-humour'd—'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck:
He goes to a tent and spends half a crown,
He meets with a friend—and for love knocks him down,
With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

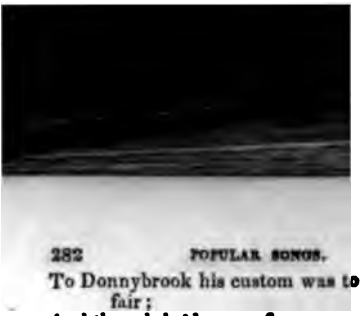
At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while—
To the priest then they go—and, nine months after that,
A fine baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a cannon:
United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,

THE RAAL OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a dacent song, that was made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a raal ould Irish gentleman, who had a fine estate;
Whose mansion, it was made of mud, with thatch and all complate—
With a hole at top, through which the smoke so graceful did retrate,
Hurrah for the ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

His walls so cold were cover'd wid the devil a thing for show,
Except an old shellelah, which had knock'd down many a foe.
And there old Barney sat at ease, without shoes or hose,
And quaff'd his noggin of potteen, to warm his big red nose,
Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.



To Donnybrook his custom was to go to every fair;
And though he'd seen a few score years, he still was young when there;
And while the rich they feasted him, he still, among the poor,
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the spalpeens roar,
Like a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

But, och, mavrone! once, at a row, ould Barney got a knock,
And one that kilt him, 'cause he couldn't get o'er the shock.
They laid him out so beautiful, and then they set up a groan,
"Och! Barney, darlint, jewel dear—why did you die? och, honey!"
Then they waked this Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

Though all things in their course must change, and seasons pass away,
Yet the Irish heart of oulden time were just as at this day;
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man,
To serve a friend and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal ould Irish gintleman, the boy of the oulden time.

THE IRISH HUSSAR.

In times not very old,
There lived a baron bold,
Who kept a lovely daughter under bolt and bar
He was naturally mild,
Till he found his only child
Had been bother'd and beguiled
By an Irish hussar.

His castle wall was steep,
And the foss both wide and deep,
And the lady's tower was lofty, as most ladies' towers are;
But what foss or rampart stout,
E'er yet held young love out,
Or ever put to rout
A true Irish hussar?

On one wild and stormy night,
In that tower shone a light—
'Twas Love's own beacon bright, high o'er the elemental war.
Each sentry sought his box
Trusting all to wall and locks,
Little *dreaming* what a fox
Was an Irish hussar.

To the turret light, so true
A pebble lightly flew,
When the wakeful maiden knew that her lover was not far:
Back o'er the rampart wall
She flung a silken ball,
Knowing well that it must fall
Near her Irish hussar.

Soon, according to her hope,
She drew back a stair of rope

Though the turret rose so high,
The true lover soon drew nigh,
When the maiden gave a sigh, to see the groo
so far:
'Now my love, come down with me!
'But,' says she 'love, where's your key
'Hanging by my side,' cries he,
Like an Irish hussar.

This light laugh soothed her fears:
Soon she dried her maiden tears,
Knowing well that a faint heart would now her
fortune mar.
Soon beneath that tower they stood,
Where he found his charger good,
That would face both fire and blood
With an Irish hussar.

Now mount dear girl with me.
'O, la! sweet love,' cries she,
'I looked, at least, to see a coach or jaunting
car.'
'Up! *ma coleen gra*,' he cried,
'Your sweet self must learn to ride,
If you look to be the bride
Of an Irish hussar.'

The maiden made no more ado,
But *en croupe* full lightly flew—
And now good steed, be true in love as you
have in war:
Your soft arms around me throw,
My own girl,' he cried, 'just so;
Now, one kiss—and off you go—whoo!
Like an Irish hussar.'

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan
Of myself—to be sure I'm a nate Irishman,
There is neither sultana nor foreign ma'mozelle
That has charms to please me, or can coax me so well
As the sweet Irish girl, so charming to see:
Och! a tight Irish girl is the darling for me.
And sing filliloo, fire away, frisky she'll be,
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.
For she's pretty,
She's witty,
She's hoaxing,
And coaxing,
She's smiling,
Beguiling to see, to see;
She rattles,
She prattles,
She dances,
And prances,
Och! a sweet Irish girl, is the darling for me.

Now, some girls they are little, and some they are so tall,
Och, others are big, sure, and others are small;
And some that are teazing, are bandy, I tell;
Still none can please me, or can coax me so well
As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see;
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me:
For she's pretty, &c.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are sweet roving blades;
When they get into company with pretty fair maids:
They kiss them, and clap them, and trate them so free—
Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.
Oh, mush, fal la, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a swate stream, [dame;
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty
Her lips are like roses, her cheeks much the same, [in cream.
Like a dish of sweet strawberries smother'd
Oh, mush, fal la, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal;
Which through my poor bosom has burnt a big hole: [pure;
Her mind like its waters—clear, simple, and
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I am sure—
Oh, mush fal la, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands, [warms:
And the more I think of it, the more my heart
For if I was at Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home, [none.
For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get
Oh, mush fal la, &c.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The Groves of Blarney they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks,

'Tis lady Jeffrey's that owns this station,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation,
For regulation could with her compare.
Such walls around her that no nine pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength,
'Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pumwell,
Made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers are for ever heard,
And moss'd by nature makes it completer,
Than a coach and six or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in the verdant mud,
Besides the leeches and the groves of beeches,
Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are great walks there for recreation,
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon,
There's Biddy Murphy the farmer's daughter,
A washing praties before the door,
With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet Killarney
All blood relations of lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing that noble mansion,
All heathen gods and goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus,
All standing in the open air.
So now to finish this bold narration,
That my poor genius could not entwine,
But were I a Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
In every feature I'd make it shine.

FROLICKSOME IRISHMAN.

'Bout nine months ago I was digging the land,
With my clogs on my feet and my spade in my hand,
Thought I to myself it's a pity to see,
Such a genius as I digging here by the way.
Sing tu di ah, &c.

He gave me two guineas, for he had no more,
If I'd go to his quarters, he'd give me a score,
No quarters, no quarters, O serjeant says I,
So shew'd my shillelah and wished him good bye.
Sing tu di ah, &c.

So early next morning to drill I was sent,
By my soul but my poor heart began to relent,
O serjeant, O serjeant, pray let me alone,
For I've got both legs and arms of my own.
Sing tu di ah, &c.

Our general reviewed us, and gave us great thanks,
He ordered us all to march into the ranks,
With my right and my left, and my face to the tree,
Och, old Harry may take all the wheeling for me.
Sing tu di ah, &c.

At Vinegar Hill, I had very good luck,
My clogs full of stones in a battle of muck,
The smoke was so thick and the battle so hot,
By my soul I can't fire for fear of being shot.
Sing tu di ah, &c.

Success to old England, let Ireland remain,
Since I am got home to dig murphys again,
Success to old England, and God save the king,
If the wars were all over I would go again
Sing tu di ah, &c.

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin,
Appear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rocky shore.
Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets,
And heedless she gaz'd on the dread surges roar;
Loud rung her harp in wild tones of despairing

The time pass'd away with the present comparing,
And in soul thrilling strains deepest sorrow declaring,
She sung Erin's woes and her
Emmet's no more.

O Erin, my country! your glory's departed,
For tyrants and traitors have stabb'd thy heart's core,
Thy daughters have lay'd in the streams of affliction,
Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretch'd in their gore:
From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken,
The screams of thy females no pity awaken,
Alas my poor country!
Your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit yet mild as the Bramin,
His heart bled in anguish for the wrong of the poor;
To relieve their hard sufferings he brav'd every danger;
The vengeance of tyrants he undauntedly bore.
E'en before him the proud little villians in power,
Were seen though in ermine, in terror to cower,
But alas, he is gone! He's fallen a young flower,
They've murdered my Emmet.
My Emmet's no more.

THE WAKE OF TEDDY

And every night he made a plan,
To go and visit Judy Cann.
At her cabin amongst the bogs,
Where Patrick banished toads and frogs,
Grunting and squeaking were the hogs,
All night at Teddy the Tiler.
Phillilooo! hubadoo! whack! hurrah!
Tear away! fight away! Erin go Bragh.
There was a great potatoe war,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.

One morning Teddy went with Tiles,
To tile the house of Paddy Miles,
Who won Miss Judy Cann with smiles
For the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
As Paddy up the ladder trod,
With mortar in Pat Murphy's hod,
Miss Judy Cann began to nod,
And called him one of the awkward squad.
She then kissed Paddy Miles and found
Poor Teddy lifeless on the ground,
A coroner's inquest soon them bound,
To the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phillilooo.

On a shutter home they carried Ted,
And laid him out upon his bed,
A large red night-cap topt his head,
At the Wake of Teddy the Tiler.
A howling then they did agree,
That Teddy died felo de se,
Case Judy Cann false hearted she,
Kissed Paddy Miles upon his knee.

The female ladies all began,
To black the eyes of Judy Cann,
And swore she should'nt boast a man,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phillilloo.

For love and whisky some would yield,
While others for a row soon peeled,
And marched off to a tarter field,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Potatoes in a field that grew,
To make the Paddys Irish stew,
Up in the air some thousands flew,
Like shots and balls at Waterloo,
A kidney tater such a size,
Met Paddy Flinn athirst the eyes,
And sent him into one of his styes,
At the wake of Teddy the Tiler.
Phillilloo.

While they were fighting all that day
A lurker stole poor Ted away,
And then there was the devil to pay,
At the Wake of Teddy the Tiler
To find poor Ted some did engage,
Some put each other in a rage,
Police were sent for to assuage,
And some were shoved into the cage.
Miss Judy Cann run in to roost,
But cracked her head against a post,
And so the fool gave up the ghost,
At the *Wake of Teddy* the Tiler.
Phillilloo

THE ROVING IRISHMAN.

I am a roving Irishman,
I roved my country round,
Oh then I was resolved
To view some other ground.
Myself I did make ready,
And thought it my best plan,
To go over into America
And view that handsome land.
When I came to Philadelphia,
The girls all laughed for joy,
The one says to the other
There's a handsome Irish boy.
They invited me to dine with them,
They held me by the hand,
The toast it did fly merrily—
Success to the Irishman.

I had not been in Philadelphia,
Not more than days two or three,
Before I was resolved,
Some other land to see;
Stern foremost on my horse,
His tail clench'd in my hand,
I rode up through Philadelphia,
Like a roving Irishman,
I went up to Bucks county,
'Twas there among the Dutch,
And as for conversation,
Of course I couldn't have much,
But I saw such signs and signals made,
Gave the girls to understand,
That courage and good nature,
Was in this Irishman.

I went into a
And there a
The landlady'
Of me was
She hugg'd an
She held me
She whisper'd
I love this Iri
O daughter, dea
What do you
To rove your co
With a man y
O mamma, deare
Do the best and
For I mean to rov
With this young

Then I went over
The girls all dre
They're handsome
Their kisses are
There's handsome J
And fair young B
And all along with o
I'll rove my count
Faith, she shall ride
And I will ride bef
And in spite of foes,
I always will adore
I will embrace her lat
And I'll do the best
I'll cause her to bless t
She wed with the Iri

BOLD IRISHMAN.

I am a bold Irishman just come to town,
To view London city of fame and renown,
I went to the place where they used to walk,
The name that they gave it was sporting Hyde Park.

I was in a hurry until I got there,
By my soul you'd have thought I was going to a fair,
For when I came there they were making a rout,
About two naked bullies were boxing it out.

There was a great fencing, but devil a stroke,
Thinks I to myself, this is all but a joke,
I said my brave bullies leave off with your tricks
For its my country fashion to fight with two sticks.

A big headed bully with a head like a Turk,
Says, you're welcome from Ireland sweet Paddy from Cork,
Arra! turn round Pat, I would have you be kind,
For I never yet saw a coat button behind.

A beef headed butcher was there standing by,
Cried Paddy you rogue I'll bung up your eye.

Such blustering words made my [illegible]
ashe,
I was in such grief not a word could I speak.

I looked all around me expecting to see,
A comrade there from my own country,
A brave Irish lad tapped me on the back,
Saying, howl up shillelagh and cudgel shelagh.

As soon as he gave me the word of command,
I took my shillelagh right fast in my hand,
I hit these two bullies right over the head,
By my soul you'd have thought they'd been seven years dead.

The bully that threatened to bung up my eye,
I tipped him a grinder as I passed him by,
I let him to know as he lay in his gore,
That an Irishman's coat it was buttoned before.

In less than five minutes the green was quite clear,
O, the devil a bully was there to appear,
Says one to another I'd have you be quick,
Don't you see the wild Irishman with his big stick.

Now I being up to the rigs of the city,
To kiss pretty maids I thought it no pity,
Such blustering words made them all for to stare,
And they all said that I was the boy for the fair

THE IRISH GIRL.

)ne evening as I strayed down by a river side,
Looking around me an Irish girl I espied,
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And so fine were the robes that my Irish girl did wear.

Her shoes of Spanish leather bound round with spangles high,
The tears came down her chrystal eyes and she began to cry,
Saying, och hone and alas, store areen macree,
Why should you go and leave me, and slight your Molly.

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very bad,
All the request I asked was, that she might tie
[illegible] head, [illegible] I could ever mend

She's the primrose of this country Venus in the air,
And let her go where'er she will, she's my joy and only dear.

Be it so or be it not, of her I'll take my chance,
The first time that I saw my love, she struck me in a trance,
Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have bewitched me,
That were I king of Ireland, she queen of it should be.

I wish I were a butterfly, on my love's breast I'd lie,
Or were I but a linnet how I would sing and fly,
Or if I were a corn creak, I'd sing till morning clear,
I would sit and sing for Molly, for once I lov'd her dear.

If my love was a red rose, in yonder garden fair,
And I to be the gardener, of her I would take care,
There's not a month throughout the year, but my love I would renew,
With flowers fine I'd garnish, with sweet William, thyme and rue.

If I were in Managhan and sitting on the grass,
And in my hand a bottle, and on my knee a lass,
I'd call for liquors plenty, and I'd pay before I'd go,
Come on they say, my brave boys let the wind blow high or low.

WAKE OF TEDDY ROWE

In Dublin, that city, a city of fame,
A fishmonger died, Teddy Rowe was h
The neighbors all griev'd, poor and ri
and low,
And to the wake of Teddy resolved we

[Spoken.] 'Here, Dougherty,' s
Judy, 'bring your coach, mon, get
coach load of quality, all going to the
poor Teddy Rowe, who has gone dead
poor soul, how long has Teddy be
dead, Judy? 'Why I believe if he
'tull last week, he wud have gone

fortnight.' But who is going in my coach to the wake of poor Teddy, Judy? .' Why, mon, I'm going in your coach.' You call yourself quality? 'To-be-shure, I am the best of quality.' Who else is going in my coach, Judy? 'Why, these, to-be-shure,

Mr. Lady, Mr. Blady, Mrs. Lady and Mrs. Lowe,
Who are all going in your coach to the wake of Teddy Rowe.'

Now all be drived home, in their best Sunday clothes,
The dame slily peeps at the pedlar's red nose;
They arriv'd at old Pat's, where they'd oft been before,
And Dougherty, he gave a loud whack at the door.

[Spoken.] 'The Lord presarve your soul! what are you kicking up all this row about? You've come to see Teddy, I suppose?'—'Suppose,' 'yes, that's what we have, and brought a whole coach load of quality.' 'Arrah! Judy come down that elegant ladder, run up that other ladder; stick him up, his back against the wall! put a clean night-cap on, put a clean sugar-tit in his mouth, and be shure you make him look clean and dacent, for here's a

Mr. Lady, Mr. Blady, Mrs. Lady and Mrs. Lowe,
Who are all going in your coach to the wake of Teddy Rowe.'

ow the whisky went round, and they could
not agree,
Of which of them the shurest or the finest
Paddy should be,
Then from words unto blows (like Donald) to
prove all fair:
And among them poor Teddy came in for his
share.

[Spoken.] 'Get off the poor soul, I say.' Are they hurting you Teddy? Och, a devil a word did he spake. 'Lay hold of his leg, Judy.' 'Oh! no, no, no, don't stir a peg, for I be hanged if they hav'nt given the corpse a pair of black eyes.' 'O! ye bog-trotting rascals, may the grass grow before your doors, for behaving in so clandestine a manner, before a
... Lady, Mr. Blady, Mrs. Lady and Mrs. ... to the wake of

help you out as fast as I can cot[illegible]
for God's sake don't stand about [illegible]
hanged but the mud is running i[illegible]
like hot whisky punch.' 'Lay h[illegible]ger, Judy; och, here I have you, as close as a pig's whistle; but where's the quality?' 'Oh! here they are, and I never saw such a set of mud-larks in all my life, here is a

Mr. Lady, Mr. Blady, Mrs. Lady and Mrs. Lowe,
Who have all come in a coach to the wake of Teddy Rowe.'

Now, all be-muddled without and whisky within,
They arrived at old Dougherty's, and there tumbled in:
Such figures of fun would be seen for their sake,
And never before have returned from a wake.

[Spoken.] 'Whew! Whew! Dougherty, I say, Whew! Doughety, what the deyil mon —Whew! are you been bringing home in your coach?' 'Quality, to be shure.' 'Whew! Whew! Well, I be hanged, if I ever smelt of such quality on all my life before; what must I do with them?' 'Why, you must vash and scrape and put to bed the beautiful and accomplished

Mr. Lady, Mr. Blady, Mrs. Lady and Mrs. Lowe,
Who have all come from a coach to the wake of Teddy Rowe.'

BARNEY BRALLAGH

'Twas on a windy night, about tw
the morning,
An Irish lad so tight, all wind
scorning;
At Judy Callaghan's door, sitti
pailing,
His love tale he did pour, and this
wailing,
Only say—you'll be Mistress B
Dont say nay—charming Judy
Oh! list to what I say, charms y
Venus,
Own your love you may, for the

A Sunday hose and coat, an old gr[illegible] ma[illegible]
ride on,
A saddle and bridle to boot, that you may ride
astride on.
If you'll say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, and I've got a sty
to keep 'em,
A calf and a brindle cow, and I've a cabin to
sleep 'em,
I've got some gooseberry wine, the trees they
grew no riper on.
When you say, &c.

You've got a charming eye, you've got some
spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel
breeding,
You're rich and fair and young, as every body's
knowing,
And you've got a decent tongue whenever you
set it a going.
Then do say, &c.

Oh! for a wife till death, I am willing to take
you,
But oh! I spend my breath, the devil himself
can't wake you,
'Tis just beginning to rain—so I'll get under
cover,
I'll come to-morrow again to be your constant
lover.
If you'll say, &c.

THE IRISHMAN.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PRAISE OF IRISHMEN, AS SUNG AT THE PUBLIC DINNERS IN IRELAND.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air,
And well may Erin's sons adore
The land that nature formed so fair;
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon's great pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm.
Nor none forgive with nobler pri
He may be duped but won't be dare
Fitter to practice than to plan,
He dearly earns a poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishma

If poor or strange, for you he'
And guide you where you

If you're a stranger while you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee,
His utmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er he says he dares to do,
Try him with bribe it won't prevail,
Put him to fire you'll find him true.
He seeks no safety in his post,
Whate'er he may in danger's van,
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

He's stout and bold, won't be control'd,
No force of arms can make him yield,
A terror to his enemies,
When opposition takes the field:
The female race do him embrace,
On every island where he lands,
Their heart and purse they do unlock,
And grant them to an Irishman.

Erin's lov'd land from age to age,
Be thou more bless'd, more fam'd, and free,
May peace be yours, and should you wage
Defensive wars, cheap victory!
May plenty bloom in every field,
And gentle breezes gently fan,
And generous smiles serenely guide,
The breast of every Irishman.

THE BELFAST LASS.

It was on a morning fair and clear,
As walking up by Garick Hill,
The sunny beams was shinning bright,
As passing down by York-street mill,
This effect appeared so nice,
Where crowds of people there did pass,
But one of them she stole my heart,
She is my charming Belfast lass.

As I stepped up to this fair maid,
And unto her these words did say,
"Fair maid you have my heart betrayed;
You're fairer than the queen of May,
Will you go to yon rural plain,
Where you and I will have a glass,
There I'll reveal my love sick tale,
To you, my charming Belfast lass."

She gave consent, away we went
Unto a crystal river clear,
There we both sat down upon the ground,
That no one but ourselves should hear.
It's to my breast I closely prest
This fair maid on the flow'ry grass,
No king could be more blest than we,
Me and my charming Belfast lass.

Our talk of love was all sincere,
Whilst on the flowery bank we lay,
Hoping for ever to be blest,
And to appoint the wedding day.
In anguish from us quickly past,
The golden hours o'er us pass.
In hymen's bands we long to join,
Me and my charming Belfast lass.

Straight up to church next day we went,
To nuptial marriage tied,

PADDY'S LAND.

One morning very early,
  Seated in my easy chair,
In a cottage of my own,
  Being free from strife and care;
A genius came up to me,
  And pressed me gently by the hand,
And begged for a verse or two,
  In praises of Paddy's land.

The people of that nation
Are of a free and open mind,
And always unto strangers,
'Tis well known they do prove kind;
But should any dare impose on them,
Such orders they'd soon countermand,
And would make them smell shillelah,
Its a plant that grows in Paddy's land.

There's nothing there that's venomous,
But all of the sweetest scent,
The air is pure and healthy,
Their girls are shining with content,
For modesty and beauty bright,
No nation can them withstand,
They're the roses of all Europe,
The pretty girls of Paddy's land.

There's some will contradict this,
That are of another race,
And ask me what's the reason
So many leave so fine a place.
But I can quickly give to them
The answer I have at hand;
'Tis because they took the trade
From that lovely place call'd Paddy's land.

So now my jovial souls,
Let's push about the flowing quart,
In honor of brave Wellington,
And all of such noble heart;
Not forgetting colonel Doyle,
At the head of his martial band,
And all such valiant heroes,
That *volunteer*'d from Paddy's land.

BOLD KELLY.

Oh, here is Bold Kelly, a roving young lad,
Oh, it is many sweet kisses from the girls he has had;
He goes courting and kissing the chief of his darling,
Is a courting all night and a going home the next morning.

Oh, it's I've been a rover for seven long years,
And the like of my darling I never have seen,
And when I came to her, she said I'd been a drinking,
Inclining to drink, for that was my failing.

Oh, if girls give me money, pray where is the harm,
I'll go to the tavern, I'll drink a small dram,
I'll call for a bumper, I'll rap on the table,
Saying score it, landlady, I'll pay when I'm able.

So here is Bold Kelly, who has acted his part,
For to think of his drinking it almost breaks my heart,
For to think of his drinking it sets me almost crazy;
I have spent all my money, boys, now I'll live easy.

PADDY CAREY.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen
That sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey,
A cleaner boy was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
His brawny shoulders four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping potatoes,
His legs would make a chairman stare,
And Pat was loved by all the ladies.
Old and young, grave or sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting
Light, brisk and airy,

All the sweet-faces at Limerick races,
From Mullenavat to Mugherafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
And sowls would cry,
And look so shy,
Ogh! Cushlamacree, did you never see,
The jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies toy!
Nimble footed, black ey'd, rosy cheek'd
Curly-headed Paddy Carey!
Ogh, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy, nate little,
tight little Paddy Carey.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
His tongue was tipt with a bit of the brogue,
But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney!
Now sergeant Snap, so sly and keen,
While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
A shilling slipt so nate and clean,
By the powers he listed Paddy Carey,
Tight and sound strong and light,
Cheeks so round, eyes so bright,
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight and airy,
All the sweet faces, &c.

The sowls wept loud, the crowd was great,
When waddling forth came widow Leary
Though she was crippled in her gate,
Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey;
Ogh! Pat, she cried, go buy the ring,
Here's cash galore my darling honey,
Says Pat, your sowl, I'll do that thing,

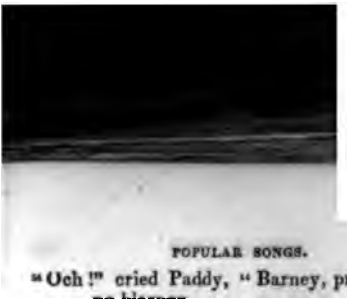
Leering, tittring, jeering, flirting
Sweet widow Leary.
All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
He press'd the lips of mistress Leary,
And mounting straight a large cockade,
In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey;
He grateful praised her shape, her back
To others like a dromedary;
Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
Were Cupid's darts to captain Carey!
Nate and sweet—no alloy,
All complete—love and joy,
Ranting, roaring, soft, adoring,
Dear widow Leary!
All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Mullenavat to Mugherafelt,
At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt!
The sowls all cry, as the groom struts by,
Ogh, Cushlamachree, thou art lost to me!
The jolly boy! the darling boy!

IRELAND, THE LAND OF SHELA-LAGH LAW.

Och! Ireland the place is for Grecians and graces,
For sweetest of faces the world ever saw;
For fighting genteelly and drinking too freely,
Potatoes so mealy, and sweet usquebaugh.
Och! the Paddies are rare ones, the ladies are fair ones,
And no one there dare once to say they are not.
If Barney were by now, his cudgel would ply now,
And make him soon fly now, as quick as a shot,
For he's of the nation of civilization,
Of sweet botheration, and shelalagh law;
Och! a good tough skull-breaker's the best of all speakers—
Sing filliloo! hubbubboo! Erin go braugh!

Sweet Judy O'Connor, a maid of true honor,
So neatly I won her at Donnybrook fair,
From Paddy M'Fingal, an Ulsterman single,
Who came in a jingle, and sported her there.
"Och! Judy," I cried now, "how can you ride now,
And have at your side now, such a bandy-legged knave?"



"Och!" cried Paddy, "Barney, pray give us no blarney,
Or, faith! I'll soon learn ye now how to behave.
To the sprig of the nation," &c.

Pat's cudgel was handy, and though he was handy,
He was quite the dandy in love or a fight;
He gave me a topper—I gave him a whopper,
It was such a stopper—it stopp'd his mouth quite.

His courage was all out—he murder did bawl out,
"An' why did we fall out, sweet Barney, my joy?"
"Och! if you'd know why now, for Judy I'd die now,
Take that in your eye, now, dear Paddy, my boy.
For I'm of the nation," &c.

So, Judy I caught her, but very soon after
She did die a martyr to whisky so strong;
There was a grand making at sweet Judy's waking—
Lights, whisky, and cake in galore the night long.

As Judy did lie now, her friends all did cry now—
"Och! why did you die now, and leave us to-night?"
Till with liquor o'ertaken, we got to heads breaking,
And finished the wake in—a row and a fight.
For we're of the nation, &c.

LARRY O'GAFF.

Near a bog in old Ireland, and sure I was born,
Right well I remember what a bright muddy morn,
My daddy, poor man cried out, what a green horn!
Three months scarcely married, hurra how they'll laugh,
Says he to my mother, and troth Judy I'm off
With my Didrewhack,
I'm off in a crack,
None of your blarney,
By the powers I wont tarry,
So he left little Larry,
And I ne'er saw more my daddy O'Gaff.
Och its there I grew up and a sweet-looking chick,
Always the devil for handling the stick,
But somehow or other my numscull was so thick,
Go where I would all the folks they did laugh.
I at length rambled to England where I met with a squad,
They got me promoted to carry the hod,
I crept up the ladder like a cat newly shod,
A steep way to riches says Larry O'Gaff.
With my Didrewhack in and out,
My head turning about,
Ladder crack, brake back,
Tumble down, crack my crown,
Dear Mr. Larry this hod but disgraces,
The shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

They made me a servant, then I dressed like a fop,
Bran new and span new, from the bottom to the top;
But the old fellow popt in as I was taking a drop,
Says he Mr. Larry you bog-trotting calf,
Get out of my house, or I'll lea . his about your back,
With a twig in his hand like th mast of a herring smack,
Over my napper he made the switch for to crack,
So he turns off Mr. Larry O'Gaff.
With my Didrewhack hub, dub, bo,
Drums beating row, dow, dow;
O dols my life plays the fife,
St. Patrick's day, fire away,
In the army so frisky,
We'll tickle the whisky,
With a whack for old Ireland,
And Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier, but oh how genteel,
Scarlet and tapes from the neck to the heel.
Larry says I, when brought into the field,

HENRY MUNRO.

My name is George Clockley, my age is sixteen,
And in many a skirmish and battle I've been,
And many a danger I did undergo,
Commanded by Clockley and Henry Munro.
We're you at the battle of Vinegar Hill,
Where they all ran away, but Munroe who
stood still,
They fled o'er hills and mountains, as bear did
say,
And into a pig house they did him betray.
Here's my watch and ten guineas, they're all I
have,
I'll freely give you if my life you'll save
Soon as they got the money they were tempted
so,
They sent for the cavalry and took hold Munro
As they were taking Munro all alone,
The birds from the sprays sang a pitiful tone,
Saying, Munro you're taken, and you are be-
trayed,
By a false hearted woman who has you be-
trayed.
It is not with this world I'm loath to part,
But some of my croppies will sure break their
heart,
And all my relations their tears will let flow,
To hear the death of bold Henry Munro.
They said they'd liberate and soon set me free,
If I would inform upon the other three,
I'd rather be hang'd upon the gallows tree,
Than be call'd an informer in my own country.

LONG TAIL BLUE.

I've just dropt in to see you all,
An ax you how you do?
I'll sing you a song it's not very long,
It's about my long tail blue.
Just look at my long tail blue,
Oh, how do you like my blue!
I'll sing you a song it's not very long,
It's about my long tail blue.

Some niggas they have but one coat
But I you see got two,
I wears a jacket all de week,
And a Sunday my long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c.

I stopt some time at Wurginny springs
And at Baltimore city too.
But I guess I made de niggas squat,
When they saw my long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c

Jim Crow was courtin a brown gal,
And de white folks call her Sue,
But I guess she let de nigga drop.
When she saw my long tail blue.
Just look at my, &c.

I went to de city of Washington,
To see what I could do,
I stop'd at one of Jackson's levees,
And swung my long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c

Old Jackson he came up to me,
Said he, sir, how you do,
He treated me to some champain,
For to swing my long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c.

I thought it high time to be off,
Pray stop a day or two,
So he offered me a handsome price,
For a pattern of my long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c.

So comin off soon after that,
A thinkin about my Sue,
Major Downing followed me straight out,
For to speak with de long tail blue,
Just look at my long, &c.

The General's dander's up I hear,
Come I will go with you,
And like all nature stop his wrath,
When I shew your long tail blue.
Just look at my long, &c.

The cabinet cried out in grief,
Oh, Lerd! what shall we do,
This fellow beats the Majority

JINNY GIT YOUR HOE CAKE DONE

Ole massa and misse gone away,
Dey left home one morning jist about day,
An den you here dat nigger say,
Gi me down de banjo an let de nigger play,
O Jinny git your hoe cake done my dear

Ole massa an misses promest me
When dey died dey'd set me free,
But now dey both are dead an gone,
An here is ole Sambo hillin up corn.
O Jinny git, &c.

You eat my sugar and drink my tea,
And run round de field an talk about me ;

Dar was a nigga in de gutter and he turn'd right about,
An up stept Joe and got his tuth nocked out.
O Jenny git, &c.

Forty weight of gingerbread and fifty weight of cheese,
A great big punkin an a bandbox of peas,
An indian pudding an a punkin pie—
De white cat kicked out de grey cat's eye.
O Jinny git, &c.

Dare was a bull-frog jump'd out de spring,
It was so cold he could not sing,
He tied his tail to a hickory stump,
He rared an pitched but he couldn't make a jump.
O Jinny git, &c.

De ole hen an chickens at de stack,
An ole hawk flew down amongst de pack,
An struck de hen whack in de middle of de back,
An I really do believe dat 'tis a fact.
O Jinny git, &c.

Now white folks, I'd hab you to know,
Dare is no music like de old banjo,
And if you want to hear it ring,
Jist watch dis finger on de string.
O Jinny git, &c.

An alligator cum from Tuscaloe,
All for to fight with the Kangaroo,
Dey fought till they claw'd their bodies down,
And wid their tails took another round.
O Jinny git, &c.

CLAR DE KITCHEN.

In ole Kentucky, in de arternoon,
We sweep de floor wid a bran new broom,
And arter dat we form a ring,
And dis is de song dat we do sing,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Wurginny neber tire.

I cum to a creek, an I couldn't get across,
So I gib two dollars for a Canada horse,
I hitched dis horse to a poplar limb,
An he begin to cut the pigeon wing.
So clar, &c.

A jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
He wink'd at me and I wink'd at him,
I up wid a stone and hit him on de shin,
And dats de way I suck'd him in.
So clar, &c.

A bull frog dressed in soger's clothes,
Went into de corn field to drill some crows,
His first lieutenant was a wood chuck,
Who had more metal than Colonel Pluck.
So clar, &c.

I hab a sweetheart in dis town,
Who dresses in a blue silk gown,
As she walks de street all round,
De hollo ob her fut make a hole in de ground.
So clar, &c.

Lub is a ticklish thing you know,
It make de fair sex feel all ober so,
Dar's squash head Sambo who lubs black Rose
Wants to cum possom ober Dinah I 'spose.
An clar, &c.

One day as walk'd in Lumber-street,
My lubly Dinah I did meet,
I wink'd, she blushed like a bag ob nut,
Rolled de white ob her eye and gib a great strut
To clear, &c.

Dis lubly creature one day I did see,
Drinking a julap sangaree,
An seated on a tarter hill,
Eating up a whip-poo-will.
Now clar, &c.

GINGER BLUE.

Oh, my name's Ginger Blue, what I tell you
is mighty true;
I come from the Tennessee Mountains:
My paragraph is short, and my life is sweet,
As the water that flows from the fountain:
The first ting I said when I raised this nigga
head
To the darkies on the plantation,

CHORUS.

Walk, chalk, Ginger Blue, git over double
trouble,
And old Varginny never tire.

One night Pete Williams was goin to give a
dance
To the niggas what lived in that quarter;
Says he, Ginger Blue, I want you to come,
And then you shall have my daughter.
He'd no sooner said the word than I was up
like a bird,
And my feelings 'gan to jangleate.

[Spoken.] Says I, look here, [illegible]
like to be [illegible]

te, [illegible]
if de nigga course [illegible]
be dam if I don't make him
Walk, chalk, Ginger Blue, etc.

When I got to the dance, the first thing stru
my eye
Was Clum Grum the consequential nigga
Oh, he had the damdest heels you ever did se
And I see caus I was a better figure.
He was much surprised when he opened
eye
And see this nigga stand right before hi
[Spoken.] I golly he had to
Walk, chalk, Ginger Blue,

When the dance was done, we gin to l
home;
Between you and me we made a splut
[illegible]ed for all the world jis like a fl

WHO DARE.

Come all you jolly niggars,
To you the truth I tell, ah!
Neber lib wid white folks,
For dey neber use you well, ah
Dingee I otten dotten,
Ballio otten dotten,
Dingee I otten dotten,
WHO DARE?

Cold frosty mornin,
Niggar bery good, ah!
With he axe on his shoulder,
He go to cut the wood, ah!
Dingee, &c

Come home to breakfast,
Get something to eat, ah!
An dey set before him,
A little stinking meet, ah!
Dingee, &c

Den at noontide come,
He come home to dine, ah!
An dey take him in de corn field,
An gib him sweet thirty-nine, ah!
Dingee, &c.

Den de night cum on,
An dey cum home to supper, ah!
An dey nock down an break down,
An hop ober Juber, ah!
Dingee, &c.

Den a little cold pancake,
An a little hog fat, ah!
An dey grumble like de debil,
If you can eat too much of dat, ah!
Dingee, &c.

Den massa he tell him,
For to go to bed, ah!
He up wid a broom-stick,
An hit him ober de head, ah!
Dingee, &c.

Den dey go up stairs,
An he take off he shoe, ah!
An he cut out de back,
Like oder niggas do, ah!
Dingee, &c.

Go down to momo Dinah's,
Why yu tink we do, ah!
We play upon de banjo,
An dance a jig a bou, ah!
Dingee, &c.

CHING A RING CHAW.

Brodor, let us lebe Buckra lan for Hayt-e,
Dar we receibed grand as La-Fayett-e,
Make a mighty show, fine as eber you'll see—
I'll be all de go, you like Gubbenor Washy.
Ching a ring, ring ching, chaw,
Ho ah, ding a, ding cum darkee,
Ching a ring, ring ching, chaw,
Ho ah, ding cum darkee.

O dat equal sod, we shall happy libb-e,
No more tote de hod, no more clean de prib-e,
No more oyster ope, for de white man goo-e,
No more stretch de rope, no more saw-e wood-e,
Ching a ring rhaw.

No more carry bag, and wid nail and tick-e,
Nasty dirty rag, out ob de gutt-e pick-e,
No more barrow weel which sa mighty jark su,
No more blige to teal den put in work hous-e
Ching a ring chaw.

Dar we fine no more sharp and cross like Bob-e,
To fritten our lubly fair and make-e em sob-e,
Dar our wives be grand and in diamonds shin-e,
An ebery cullered man hab belly full of wine-e.
Ching a ring chaw.

Smoke de best segers, fetch from Haven-e,
While our darters fair play on de pian-e,
No more cry bake pears or de corn all hot-e,
But walk de lubly lawn or res in shady grot-e.
Ching a ring chaw.

At night to dance a jig what white man call cotill-un,
In hall so mighty big he hold a half a mill-un,
Dar perhaps your son-e may rise in splendour.
An be like Washington-e the country's great defender
Ching a ring chaw.

JIM ALONG JOSEY.

I lighted on these York diggins
War dancin 's all de go,
I practice de double shuffle jiggins,
To de physic of Jim along Joe.
Heigh Jim along, git along Josey,
Ho get along, Jim along Joe.

Dutch gal, ole Fan Essler,
at straddlebug Jim Crow,
neider am a circumstance
is 'ere child—Heigh Jim along Joe.
Heigh, etc.

Take your time nigger, dey cant cum dat ne
v dey fix em. Dat am a genewine leg, an
mistake, sticken rite in de middle ob de fut
lendicalar artis for de toe an heel spicala.
n.

p in Broadway de hard cider chaps
ied log cabin to de hickory stump,
)en dey sent for dis ere genus
ist to larn em de skyintific jump.
Heigh, etc.

Dey larfed and cried, roared an screamed,
" Dar, jist let dat Chapman crow !"
For our guests is de man, and chap
De ginewine do git along Joe.
Heigh, etc.

Dat am a fac, but dey couldnt fool dis nigga.

De snappin turtle larnt de peacock to sing,
But dis I call de real gosden ting.
Heigh, etc.

I totted to quiltin frolic
By de rail road to Yorkville,
An when de cowtillions war all ober
De toe nails did a bushel fill.
Heigh, etc.

Dey hoed it down mity strong,
Up an down an in de middle—
An ole horse radish coffy Jim,
Sawed right through his fiddle.
Heigh, etc.

If you hab de rheumatism,
An you want to ile your jints,
Gis practise at our 'sembly ball,
What we hab at de five pints.
Heigh, etc.

I'se from Louisiana, whar I spose you know
That Jim along Josey is all de go.
De niggas all rise when de bell does ring,
An dis is de song dat dey do sing.
Heigh, etc.

On a huntin expedition I went one night,
An gwan to de woods I see'd a sight,
Dare was two or three possums an six or eight coon
Sittin on a log an singin dis tune.
Heigh, etc.

A bull-frog come from de bottom ob de well,
An he had strange stories for to tell,

His mouth was full of powder an head full ob chaff,
An de Lord bless Moses how de bull-frog laugh.
Heigh, etc.

At Newark camp meetin I heard a darkey preach,
An accordin too, I heard de she nigga screech,
Wat most did my attention draw
War forty-leben wenches all in de straw.
Heigh, etc.

Over de hills an a great way off,
A jay bird died wid de hookin cough,
An away down in a big muddy pon,
Oh! dis jay bird died wid his breeches on.
Heigh, etc.

I am a nigga that's right up an down,
I dont meddle myself wid de politics ob de nation,
Nor wid Massa Price and Swartout's defalcation.
Heigh, etc.

Oh I'm gwane to hab a dandy coat, an dat very soon,
Besides a pair of tight-kneed trowserloons,
An I'll cut up such a swell wid dear Susana,
Dat white folks would think I was Santa Anna.
Heigh, etc.

Gineral Jackson writes dese warses,
An ELTON sells de song,
Up at 18 Division-street,
He tries to heigh git along.
Heigh, etc.

JIM BROWN.

I am a seience nigga, my name is Jim Brown,
I am one dat plays de music all about de town,
It aint de common niggas I would deign to gib
my hand,
Because I am de leader ob de fam'd black band.
I play upon de fife—I play upon de fiddle,
I'm opposed to de bank, an do'nt like Biddle.

De wenches in de city dey all run arter me,
Cause I lite on dere fections like a possom on a
flea,
But dey can't suck in dis child, I do'nt know
how it can be,
For nothing less than white galls eber cum to
tea.
I play upon de simbles, an make de handsome
sound,
An I'm de high musician dey call Jim Brown.

De way I cum to play de fife and carry ob de
sword,
I practised on de banjo sugar in de gourd,
De niggas dey all dance when I begin to play,
Dey dance from de mornin to the close ob de
day.
I play upon de banjo in de country,
I'm a clear grit nigga, from the elbow to de
knee

I was born on Long Island, close to Oyster Bay,
I work upon de farm for two shillings a day.
But de genius ob dis nigga was sure to be dis-
kiver,
I jump aboard de sloop and cum down de ribber.
I land at Fulton Market wid my muzic in
my hand,
Den quick dey make dis nigga de leader ob
de band.

Den I learn to play de simbles an play upon de
drum,
An all de fancy tunes dis nigga he could cum,
I went to de opera to see de music dere,
But wid dis nigga dey notin could compare.
Dey may talk about dere Opera, de Gazza
Racka Ria,
But neber cum to tea wid old Wurginny
neber tire.

So since music in de city, it is all de rage,
My friends dey did swade me to sing upon de
stage,
So since I have appeared and get de plause from
you,
I don't mind de constable nor fear de Bug
Boo.
And if I get encouraged by de people ob d
town,
Take de eberlastin blessin ob de nigga J
Brown.

SICH A GITTIN UP STAIRS.

On a Suskehanna raft I cum down de hay,
An I danc'd, an I frolick'd, an I fiddled all de way.
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see,
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see.

Trike he toe an heel, cut de pigeon wing,
Scratch gravel, slap de foot, dat's just de ting.
Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

I went to de play an I seed Jim Crow,
Oh! nigga Isam den swell, for Jim was no go.
Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

I look him in de face, until I make him grin,
An den I trow a backa quid an hit him on de chin.
Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

Oh, I is dat boy dat knows how to preach sarmon,
'Bout temperance, and "seven up," an all dat kin of varmin.
Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

Niggas held a meetin 'bout de clonization,
And dere I spoke a speech about amalgamation
Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

To Washington I go, dere I cut a swell,

Says I "you see dat door? just mossy nigga Joe,"
For I'm a Suskehanna boy wot knows a ting or two.

Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

And den I show my science—prenez garde vous,
Bung he eye, break he shin, split he nose in two.

Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

Sall beller out—den she jump up between us,
But I guess he no forgot de day when I sam show he genius.

Sich a gittin up stairs, etc.

Den big Joe went out, he gwan to take de law,
But he no fool de possom—I cut stick for Baltimore.

THE RACOON HUNT.

As I walk out by de light ob de moon,
So merrily singing dis same ole tune,
I cum across a big racoon,
  A sittin on a rail, sittin on a rail, (repeat,)
An sleepin bery sound.

I at de racoon take a peep,
An den so softly to him creep,
I foun de racoon fast asleep,
  An pull him off de rail, (repeat,)
An fling him on de ground.

De racoon gan to scratch an bite,
I hit him once wid all my might,
I bung him eye an spoil him sight,
  Oh, I am de child for fight. (repeat,)
An beat de banjo too.

I tell de racoon gin to pray,
While on de ground de racoon lay,
But up he jump an run away,
An soon he out ob sight.

[Spoken.] De racoon gib me de slip dat time, but I play de berry devil wid him de next time I cotch him

Sittin on a rail, (repeat.)

My ole massa dead and gone,
A dose ob poison help him on,
De debil say he funeral song,
Oh, bress him let him go, (repeat.)
An joy go wid him too.

Ole massa always lub de gin,
De way he drink it was a sin,
And dat how he cum to tumble in,
A hole about six feet deep.

[Spoken.] You see ole massa lubs gin to extraction, and one mornin just fore de brake ob day, he wake an find himself dead an sometime when I gwaine through de wood I see de ole mans ghost

MAMSELL GE MARY

Upon de Ohio bluff, dar's war I used to lib,
A shert account ob my life I'm now gwan to gib,
I'll tell you ob de trubbles dat I did undergo,
How my ole massa did use to whip me so.
Mamsell Ge Mary, lebuncum sa,
Mamsell Ge Mary, lebuncum sa.

Come all you Wurginny Gals, come listen to my noise,
Neber do you wed wid Carolina boys,

And [illegible]
Hoe cake and [illegible] Mamsell Ge [illegible]

Buckskins and mocksins to a high degre
Den you go a courtin de party gals to see,
De first word ob courtship wen you sit do
Look to de Johnny Cake, its bakin mo
brown.
Mamse'l Ge Mary, &c.

Some got de mocksins, some aint got
But dem dat's got de polish boot thi
selves a chum.
He jump ou his horse an fotch him su
Dat he trabelled ober de ground like
maple stick.
Mamsell Ge Mary, &

Dey take you a place yo onu Jackn
[illegible] you work contrary

JIM CROW.

Come listen all you gals and boys,
I's jist from Tuckyhoe,
I'se gwain to sing a leetle song,
My name is Jim Crow.
Weel about, and turn about, and do jis so,
Eb'ry time I weel about, I jump Jim Crow.

Oh! I's a roarer on de fiddle,
And down in Old Virginny,
They say I play de skyentific
Like Massa Paganinni.

I went down to de riber,
I didn't mean to stay,
But dere I see so many gals,
I couldn't git away.

I git 'pon a flat boat,
I cotch de Uncle Sam,
Den I went to see de place
Whar dey kilt Packingham.

And den I got to Orleans,
An feel so full of fight,
Dey put me in de Calaboose,
And keep me dar all night.

When I got out I hit a man,
His name I now forgot,

I sit upon a hornet's nest,
I dance upon my head,
I tie a wiper round my neck,
And den I goes to bed.

Dar's possum up de gum tree,
An racoon in de hollow,
Wake snakes for June-bugs,
Stole my half a dollar.

A ring-tailed monkey,
An a rib-nosed baboon,
Went out de oder day
To spend de arternoon.

Oh! de way dey bake de hoe-cake,
In Old Virginny neber tire,
Dey put de dough upon de foot,
An hol' it to de fire.

Oh! by trade I am a carpenter,
But be it understood,
De way I git my libin is
Sawin' de tick ob wood.

I'm a full-blooded niggar,
Ob de ral ol' stock,
An wid my head an shoulder
Can split a horse-block.

I struck a Jarzey niggar,
In de street de oder day,
An I hope I neber stir,
If he didn't turn gray.

I's bery much afraid of late,
Dis jumpin 'll be no good,
For while de Crows are dancin
De Whites will saw de wood.

But if dey get honest
By sawin wood like slaves,
Dar's an end to de bus'ness
Ob our friend Massa Hays.

I met a Phillidelphy niggar,
Dress'd up quite nice and clean,
But de way he bused de Yorkers
I thought was quite mean.

So I knock'd down dis Sambo
An shut up his light,
For I's jist about as sasse
As if I was half white.

But he soon jump'd up again,
An gan for me to feel,
Says I, "go way, you niggar,
Or I'll skin you like an eel"

I's so glad dat I's a niggar,
And don't you wish you was so,
For den you'd gain popularity,
By jumpin Jim Crow.

Now my broder niggars,
I do not think it right,
Dat you should laugh at all dem
What happen to be white.

Kase it is deir misfortin
An dey's spend dery dollar,

What stuff it is in dem,
To make de debil black,
I'll prove dat he is white
In de twinklin oh a crack.
For you see lobed broders,
As true as he hab tail,
It is his bery wickedness,
What make him turn pale.

I went to Hoboken,
To hab a promenade,
And dar I see de pretty gals
Drinkin de lemonade.
Dat sour and dat sweet,
Is bery good by gum,
But de best ob lemonade is made
By adding de old rum.

At de Swan Cottage,
Is de place I tink,
Whar dey make dis delicious
An toxicating drink.
Some go to Weehawk,
An some to Brooklyn height,
But dey'd better stay at home,
If dey want to see de sight.

To go to de museum,
I's sure it is deir duty,
If for notin else,
Jist to see de Sleepin Beauty.
An dar is daddy Lambert,
An a skeleton on he hunkies,
An likeness of a Broadway dandy,
In a glass case of monkies.

ZIP COON,

ON THE GO-AHEAD PRINCIPLE.

I went down Sandy hollar t'tother arternoon,
I went down Sandy hollar t'tother arternoon,
I went down Sandy hollar t'tother arternoon,
An de first man I chanced to meet was Ole Zip Coon.

Ole Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,
Old Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,
Old Zip Coon he is a natty scholar,
For he plays upon de banjo "Cooney in th hollar,"
Tudle tadle, tudle tadle, taudellel dump,
O, tuadellel, tuadellel, tuadellel dump,

O, tuadellel, tuadellel, tuadellel dump,
Ri tum tuadellel tuadelleldee.

Cooney in a hollar an racoon up a stump,
Cooney in a hollar an racoon up a stump,
An all dese ticklar tunes Zip used to jump
Oh, de buffo Dixon he beat Tom Rice,
Oh, de buffo Dixon he beat Tom Rice,
And he walk into Jim Crow a little too nice.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Ole Sukey Bluskin she's in love wid me,
Ole Sukey Bluskin she's in love wid me,
An I went to Sukey's house all for to drink tea.
An what do you think Suke an I had for supper.
An what do you think Suke an I had for supper.
Why possum fat an hominy widout any butter.
Tudle tadle, &c.

My ole missus she mad wid me,
My old missus she mad wid me,
Kase I wouldn't go wid her into Tennessee.
Massa build a barn and put in de fodder,
Massa build a barn and put in de fodder,
'Twas dis ting an dat ting, one ting or odder.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Did you eber see de wild goose sailin on de ocean,
Did you eber see de wild goose sailin on de ocean,
De wild goose motion is a mighty pretty notion
De wild goose wink an he beckon to de swal-low,

De wild goose wink an he beckon to de swallow,
An de wild goose hollar, google, google, gollar.
Tudle tadle, &c.

I spose you heard ob de battle New Orleans,
I spose you heard ob de battle New Orleans,
War old Gineral Jackson gib de British beans.
Dare de Yankee boys do de job so slick,
Dare de Yankee boys do de job so slick,
For dey cotch Packenham, an row'd him up de creek.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Now away down South, close to de moon,
Now away down South, close to de moon,
Dar libs de ole rogue wot dey calls Calhoun.
Now a long time past he has been tryin,
Now a long time past he has been tryin,
Dat sassy trick wot dey call Nulliffiin.
Tudle tadle, &c.

He try to run ole Hickory down,
He try to run ole Hickory down,
But he strike a snag an run aground.
Dis snag by gum he war a wapper,
Dis snag by gum he war a wapper,
An sent him into dock to get new copper.
Tudle tadle, &c.

In Phil a del fie is ole Biddle's bank,
In Phil a del fie is ole Biddle's bank,
Ole Hickory zamined him an found him rather crank,

He tells Nick to go an not make a muss,
He tells Nick to go an not make a muss,
So hurra for Jackson, he's de boy for us.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Possum on a log an he playin wid him toes,
Possum on a log an he playin wid him toes,
Up comes a guinea hog an off ho goes.
Buffalo in a cane break, an ole owl in a hush.
Buffalo in a cane break, an ole owl in a hush,
Lafin at de blacksnake tryin to eat mush.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Nice corn's a growin, an Sukey loves gin,
Nice corn's a growin, an Sukey loves gin,
Rooster's done crowin at ole niggar's shin.
Oh, Coone's in de hollar an possum's in de stubble,
Oh, Coone's in de hollar an possum's in de stubble,
An it's walk, chalk, ginger blue, jump double trouble.
Tudle tadle, &c.

Oh, a bull frog sot an watch an alligator,
Oh, a bull frog sot an watch an alligator,
An jump upon a stump an offer him a tater.
De alligator grin'd an tried for to blush,
An de bull frog laughed and cried "Oh, Hush!"
Tudle tadle, &c.

DINAH CROW.

O gentlemen and ladies,
I'd hab you all to know,
Dat here is Miss Dinah Crow,
A full sister to Jim Crow.
I wink and smile,
And play just so,
And ebery one dat see me
Admire Miss Crow.

All de niggers,
Are full ob dere stuff,
But dat Jersay nigger,
I tink they call him Cuff.
I wink, etc.

He cum next Sunday,
To wait on me to church,
But I went off wid Sambo,
And left him in de lurch.
I wink, etc

Sambo is a nice man,
And dresses so neat,
You'd take him for a gemman,
If you meet him in de street.
I wink, etc.

He hab no profession,
An not like de dandies,
You can see him in Market-street,
Selling ob de candies.
I wink, etc.

He's got a little table,
An he sits on a stump,
An he sell to de boy,
De sweet lasses lump.
I wink, etc.

[redacted]

When a little nigger born,
(For dey sure enough to cum,)
Den we mean to treat our friends
Wid a pint of nigger rum.
I wink, etc

I hab a mighty trouble,
An dats my broder Jim,
For he's so bery ill bred,
I can do nothing wid him.
I wink, etc

I went to Catherine market,
To buy a marrow bone,
Den de butcher fall in lub,
An want to see me home.
I wink, etc

An when we arrive dere,
An he lay down de meat,
He bery politely ax,
If I warnt going to treat.
I wink, etc.

I give him a glass,
An he took two or three sips,
An den he wanted to kiss,
My lubly pouting lips.
I wink, etc.

But I soon axed no,
An said he'd better hop,
For if granted that favor,
He would'nt know where to stop,
I wink, etc.

De Broadway gals,
Wear dere petticoats so high,
Dat too much is exposed,
Unto de naked eye.
I wink, etc.

Wid white paint and red,
An salve for de lips,
An a sham bishop behind,
An a false pair ob hips.
I wink, etc.

I seed a fellow peeping down,
An ax'd him what he were arter
Says he, I only want to see,
Where dat gal ties her garter.
I wink, etc.

If de gals wear de frock,
Up to de moon,
I would advise dem,
To wear de trouseloon.
I wink, etc

Oder day I was walking,
An lemonading in de street,
Wid my shoe strings dangling,
All round my feet.
I wink, etc

Pompey says to me,
De politest ting I can do,
Is to ax de lady in de street,
If I may tie her shoe,
I wink, etc.

When he fingured the strings,
His ideas began to creep,
And de white he tied de shoe,
His eyes began to peep.
I wink, etc.

Says I, you nasty nigger,
What de debbil are you arter,
What make you want to know,
Where a lady tie her garter.
I wink, etc.

O its slippery and wet,
An I dont know what to do,
I can't raise de dollar,
To buy de India rubber shoe.
I wink, etc.

Dey are made for niggers,
An I like dem a deal,
Kase dey stretch so,
To fit de Cuffy's heel.
I wink, etc.

Between de white an de brack,
I'm sure is no kin,
White's tender place is on de head,
Nigger's on de shin.
I wink, etc.

Lord bress dem handsome niggers,
What lib in Chapel-street,
Though dey go to pray'r meeting,
How slick and sly dey cheat.
I wink, etc.

When de meetin it is out,
Den homeward dey do run,
Dey soon doff dere bonnets off,
To hab of fun.
I wink, etc.

But dem ob Anthony and Church
I had amose forgot,
Dey eber take a stranger in,
And dere corn em berry hot.
I wink, etc.

I see a great dandy nigger,
On de theatre steps he stood,
I cotch him next morning early
Sawing a load ob wood.
I wink, etc.

Mean to get married,
And make a mighty fuss,
For dere's nothin can be sweeter,
Than to hug, squeeze and buss.
I wink, etc.

I'd like to hab a man,
Wid neat and curly locks,

WHAR DID YOU CUM FROM?

Some folks say a nigger won't steal,
But I cotch one in my corn field,
So I ask him about dat corn an he call me a liar,
So I up wid my foot and I kick him in de fire.
Oh, whar did you cum from, knock a nigger down?
Oh, whar did you cum from, &c.

I went for to mow down in de field,
A black snake bit me 'pon my heel;
To cut my dirt den I tought it best,
So I ran slap up 'gainst a hornet's nest.
Oh, whar, &c.

Oh, my red striped shirt, and red cravat,
Oh, hand me down my leghorn hat,

I was asked out one night for to dine,
But none come back till de clock strike nine.
Oh, whar, &c.

I cum from ole Wirginny one bery fine day,
De riber was froze and I skate all de way,
I hab de banjo under my arm playin in dis tune
Dat de niggas used to dance by de light ob de moon.
Oh, whar, &c.

As your young Wag'ner jus begun
You'll quickly find you'll hab no fun,
Den you crack de whip and you crack so loud,
Dat you jar de nigger's head like a thunder cloud.
Oh, whar, &c.

As I look'd ober on yonder hill
Dare I saw my uncle Bill,
Says I, uncle Bill, how do you do?
Says he, I'm well, and how is you?
Oh, whar, &c.

Wid a stiff shirt collar, wid three rows of stitches,
Tight kneed boots and square toe breeches,
De rain cum wet, de sun cum dry me,
Go 'way black man don't cum nigh me.
Oh, whar, &c.

De alligator cum from Tuscaloo,
All for to fight de Kangaroo,
Dey fight till dey smash their nose down,
Den up agin and take another round.
Oh, whar, &c.

WHO'S DAT NIGGA DAR A PEEPIN'?

Written and sung by Mr. J. H. White, the Ethiopian Extravaganza Singer, with the most unbounded applause, at the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Southern Theatres.

[Spoken.] But first ob all, fore I spress my self on de kashin, I shud like to know—

Who's dat nigga dar a peepin',
Who's dat nigga dat I see,
Who's dat nigga dar dat's peepin,'
Say, who's dat nigga dat I see.

Oh, I fell in lub wid Miss Dinah Crow,
And her teeth was like de clar grit snow;
An her eyes like beams dat shine from de moon,
Sharper den de teef ob de possum or de koon.

[Spoken.] Yes, you see dis nigga first exprised herself by seeing her promulgating herself up and down Broadway, persipitating dat foot ob her's up so high dat when it drupt it war death to all creepin insects, and den wid de poet I sclaimed—

Who dat nigga dar a peepin', &c.

Oh, I went dar one ebening kording to rule,
And dar I was exprised to see a nigga squatting pon de stool;
Dar was Massa Zip Coon squatting down by de fire,
Singing dat song ob "Ole Vurginny neber tire."

[Spoken.] Yes, indeed, dare de nigga was,

Oh, he bit me 'pon de arm and tore my close,
I fotch him a lick, and broke Miss Dinah's nose.

[Spoken.] Den, says I, jist look at here Miss Dinah, dat's de fects ob your habbin more dan one nigga dressing himself to you at one time; and now den, Miss Dinah, I shall leave you for de present; but next time I see any gemmen ob kulor sept myself, I shant be under de discumgreeable necessity ob axing you—

Who's dat nigga dar a peepin', &c.

Oh, de next morning dey took dem fore de mare,
Who taught dey had not acted fair,
So he sent dem down jist thirty days apiece,
For kickin up a row, and brakin de police.

[Spoken.] Oh, Lord, lova, lova, ha, ha! Hush, honey, hush. De fus ting I knew in de morning, dere Massa Zip was poking he ugly mug out ob Black Maria, and den you ort to hear dis child flying out to him, and ax—

Who's dat nigga dar a peepin', &c.

Now ladies and gemmen my song is sung,
And I hope you all hab sum fun.
If you want to hear a song dat will keep you from sleepin,
Hear "Who dat nigga dar dat's peepin'?"

[Spoken.] Yes, indeed, dares so much perciptation in it, dat it probilates de promulgation ob all oder sentimations, and de only spression dat you hear is—

Who's dat nigga dar a peepin'? &c.

LUCY LONG.

Oh, I jist come out afore you,
To sing a little song,
I plays it on de banjo,
And dey calls it Lucy Long.
Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long.

Miss Lucy she is handsome,
And Miss Lucy she is tall,
And de way she spreads her ancles
Is death to de niggers all
Oh, take your, &c

Oh Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,
Just like an ear ob corn,
And her eyes dey look so winning,
I wish I ne'er was born.
Oh, take your, &c.

Oh Miss Lucy when she trabbles,
She always lebes a mark,
Ob her footsteps on de grabble,
You can see dem in de dark.
Oh, take your, &c.

My mother's sick abed, ah!
My daddy's got de gout,
Good morning, Mr. Jenkins,
"Does your mother know you're out?"
Oh, take your, &c.

My daddy is a baker,
My mother kneeds the dough,
My brother plays de fiddle,
And I de banjo.
Oh, take your time, &c.

If I had a scolding wife,
I'd lick her sure as I'm born;
I'd take her down to New Orleans,
And trade her off for corn.
Oh, take your time, &c.

—

DE RALE LUCY LONG.

AN ETHIOPIAN DUET.

As sung with great applause by the celebrated

John Smith, and de pupil of his white eye, Picaninny Coleman.

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, white folks, you'se heard ob lubly Lucy Long,
She was born n Philadelphia, and de subjec ob my song.

SECOND VOICE.

Oh, she is a fair darkey, ob de rale fust stock,
And wid her head and shoulders she could split a

SECOND VOICE.

Miss Lucy;

FIRST VOICE.

Rock de cradle—

SECOND VOICE.

Lucy Long. [*Repeat and dan*

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, dar was a lub-sick darkey, about dat nigg
size,
Dat fell in lub, and broke his nose, wid my swe
Lucy's eyes;

SECOND VOICE.

Don't make dem sinivatious, or I'll smash yo
pumpkin head,
And dislocate the organ whar you stow away yo
bread!

FIRST VOICE.

Sing take your time—

SECOND VOICE.

Miss Lucy Long

SECOND VOICE.

Oh, she said, "Sweet Jim Along," you are distin-
guish man,
And you'se set dis heart a frying like a shad widin
a pan.

FIRST VOICE.

Sing, take your time—

SECOND VOICE.

Miss Lucy;

FIRST VOICE.

Rock de cradle—

SECOND VOICE.

Lucy Long. [*Repeat and dance*

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, I kotch you todder morning, hanging by an
nigh rope,
Because Miss Lucy cut you like a cake o' brown
soap.

SECOND VOICE.

I'll soap you to de eyes, for dem *he*-billious sayings,
And I'll give you de magnetic shock dat folks call
Clar-away-ance

FIRST VOICE.

Sing, take your time—

SECOND VOICE.

Miss Lucy;

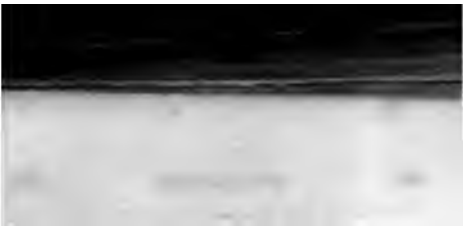
FIRST VOICE.

NEGRO PARODY.

WRITTEN BY E. HARPER, THE AMERICAN COMEDIAN.

Lubliest Rosa! Sambo now cum,
From dy dark window hear my tum, tum;
The watchmen are gone,
And de white folks asleep.
So forth from dy window,
Lubly Rosa now creep,
Since de night ob de ball,
Dy charms are to me,
Sweet as de rose, from de lubliest tree.
Den listen, dear Rosa,
Ah listen to me,
De way dat I lub you,
Is a caution to de.

I quit de boot blacking,
I set up a shop,
Comb de hair ob de white folks,
I sells ginger pop.
All dat I wants lubly Rosa ob de,
Is to make you my wife,
Den my heart is gwain free.
So forth from dy window,
Let me hear de blest strain,
Dat you hab me.
Den I am happy again,
Den lubley Rosa, I go back to my shop,
For de smoke it is coming,
From de chimney top.



SONGS.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

Down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,
Down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam,
By his friends he was deserted, he looked so dejected,
Cries the poor little fisherman, so far away from home.

Oh! where is my cot, oh! where is my father?
Alas! they are gone, and caused me to roam,
My mother died on the pillow, my father sunk in the billow,
Cries the poor little fisherman, so far away from home.

Bitter was the night, and loud roared the thunder,
The lightning did flash, and our ship was overthrown,

I waited on the beach, right round me roared the water,
I waited on the beach, but alas, no father came,
It's now I'm forced to range, exposed to every danger,
Cries the poor little fisherman, so far away from home.

A lady when she heard him, she opened her window,
In the kindest manner desired him to come,
Tears fell from her eyes as she heard his mournful cries,
Cries the poor little fisherman, so far away from home.

She begged of her father to find him some employment,
She begged of her father no more to let him roam,
Her father said, don't grieve me, this boy shall never leave me,
Poor boy I will relieve thee, so far away from home.

Many years he labored to serve his noble master,
Many years he labored, till he a man became,
It's now I'll tell each stranger, the hardships and the danger,
Of a poor little fisherman's boy, far, far away from home.

THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Oh! come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be
Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep, deep sea!
There are jewels rich and rare.
In the caverns of the deep;
And to braid thy raven hair,
Where the pearl treasures sleep,
In a tiny man of war,
Thou shall stem the ocean wide;
Or in crystal car,
Like a queen in all her pride.
Oh, come with me, &c.

Oh! believe that love may dwell,
Where the coral branches twine;
And that every wreath'd shell
Breathe a tune as soft as thine;
Hope, as fond as thou would prove,
Truth as bright as e'er was told,
Hearts as warm as these above,
Dwell under the waters cold.
Oh, come with me, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery;
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie,
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they longest tarry;
For there they took the last farewel,
O, my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel's wings,
Flew o'er me, and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my friend sae early,
Now green's the sod, and cauld the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I oft hae kissed so fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly!

Ah! mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highlan[illegible].

REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night,
I ever shall remember,
When every star shone twinkling bright,
In frosty, cold December;
When at the window, tap, tap, tap,
I heard a certain well known rap,
And with it breathed these words most clear,
'Remember ten o'clock, my dear,—
Remember, love, remember.'

My mother dozed before the fire,
My dad his pipe was smoking;
I dared not for the world retire,
Now was not that provoking?
At length the old folks fast asleep,
I flew my promised word to keep;
And sure his absence to denote,
As on the window shutter wrote,
'Remember, love, remember.'

And did I heed a hint so sweet?
O yes—for mark the warning,
Which said at church we were to meet,
At ten o'clock next morning.
An there we met, no more to part,
To twine for ever hand and heart;
And since that day in wedlock joined,
The window shutter brings to mind,
'Remember, love, remember.'

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best,
Were dress'd from top to toe.
We danced and sung the jocund strain,
Upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around us could be seen.
And thus we passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

All hearts were light and eyes were bright
While Nature's face was gay,
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfumes fill'd sweet May.
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note,
Steal softly through the air,
While every scene around us look'd
More beautiful and fair.
And thus, &c.

We filled a glass to every lass,
And friends we loved most dear,
We wish'd them many a happy day
And many a happy year.
To friends away we turned our thoughts,
With feelings kind and free,
An oh, we wish'd them with us there,
Beneath the forest tree.
And thus, &c.

THE IVY LEAF.

Here's to the green old Ivy leaf,
That leaf that ne'er is grey;
That smiling thro' the wreck of time,
Bids tower and tree decay;
And still thy leaf is fresh and green,
Around thy ancient wall!
The bold and gothic ruin'd arch,
And isolated hall.
Where once the sound of revelry,
And soft strains swept,
Long thro' the ruin'd cloister'd aisle,
Thy verdant leaf hath crept.
Then here's to the green old Ivy leaf,
That leaf that ne'er is grey:
That smiling thro' the wreck of time,
Bids tower and tree decay.
Where gallant knights held tournament,
And lovely forms were seen,
Time's withering hand hath mouldering laid,
Amid thy tendrils green!
And thou hast seen the forest oak,
Thro' many a joyful May
Hath seen it leafless branches fall,
And blighted trunk decay.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

She wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met, [yet;
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of
Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown: [now,
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her
With the wreath of summer flowers upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers when next we met she wore,
The expression of her features was more thoughtful than before,
And standing by her side was one who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home she ne'er might view again; [now,
I saw her but a moment, but methinks I see her
With the wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow, no bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals her once luxuriant hair; [near
She weeps in silent solitude, and there is no one
To press her hand within his own, and wipe the fallen tear! [now,
I see her broken hearted, and methinks I see her
In the pride of youth and beauty, with a wreath upon her brow.

OFT THOU'ST TOLD ME MOTHER DEAR.

Oft thou'st told me, mother dear,
Subtle man I'd cause to fear,
Thou a saint in yonder skies,
Still thy warning voice I praise,
But if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do?
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame,

Sadly beats my breaking heart,
From a form so loved to part;
Oh, how hard my lonely lot,
Still to live by him forgot.
Though remembrance wake a sigh,
Though pale sorrow dim mine eye—
Let my silent tears proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame.

MEET ME IN THE WILLOW GLEN.

Meet me in the willow glen,
When the silver moon is beaming,
Songs of love I'll sing thee then
When all the world is dreaming.
No prying eye shall come,
No stranger foot be seen,
And the distant village hum, love,
Shall echo through the glen.
Meet me in the willow glen,
When the silver moon is beaming,
Songs of love I'll sing you then,
If you'll meet me in the willow glen.

THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;

And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean's child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With health to spend and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights have fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but me departed.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking sir, she said;
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
It's just as you please, kind sir, she said,
What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said,
Then I will marry you, my pretty maid,
It's not as you please, kind sir, she said,
What is you fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid:
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

THE HARP OF LOVE.

The harp of love, when first I heard
Its song beneath the moonlight tree,
Was echoed by his plighted word,
And ah! how dear its song to me.
But wail'd the hour will ever be,
When the air, the bugle gave
To hush the lover's gentle minstrelsy,
The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
And he hath broken the plighted vow,
He breathed to me and love alone.
That harp hath lost its wonted tone,
No more its strings his fingers move,
Ah! would that he had only known
That music of the harp of love.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind they say,—
O never, nay!
Can words love's grace impart?
The fancy weak
The tongue may speak;
But eyes alone the heart:
In one soft look what language lies,
O yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
O, never I
On pinions love to soar.
Deceivers rove
But never love;
Attached, he roves no more.
Can he have wings who never flies?
Ah! yet, believe me, love has eyes.

FISHERMAN'S GIRL.

It was down in the country, a poor girl was weeping, [did mourn,
It was down in the country poor Mary Ann
She belongs to this nation, I have lost each dear relation,
Cries a poor little fisherman's girl—
My friends are dead and gone.

Oh, once I'd enjoyment, my friends they rear'd me tender, [and morn,
I passed with my brother each happy night
But death has made a slaughter, poor father's in the water,
Cried a poor little fisherman's girl—
My friends are dead and gone.

So fast falls the snow and I cannot find a shelter,
So fast falls the snow and I must hasten to the thorn, [rushes,
For my covering is the bushes, my bed is the
Cried the poor little fisherman's girl—
My friends are dead and gone.

It happened as she passed by a very noble cottage, [did burn,
A gentleman he heard her, his breast for her
Crying, come in poor lonely creature,
He viewed each drooping feature,
Of a poor little fisherman's girl—
Whose friends are dead and gone.

He took her to the fire, and when he'd warm'd and fed her, [forlorn,
The tears began to fall, he fell on her breast

Crying, live with me for ever, we part again, no never,
You are my dearest sister!—
Our friends are dead and gone.

So now she's got a home, she's living with her brother, [does scorn,
Now she's got a home, and the needy ne'er
For God was her protector, likewise her kind conductor,
The poor little fisherman's girl—
When her friends were dead and gone.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily fair,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle creeps,

DRAW THE SWORD SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland,
Over moor and mountain hath passed the war sign:
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing!
Wha heeds not its summons is nae son o' thine!
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering! [by lea!
The clans they are gathering by loch and
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying, that lead to victory!
Then draw the sword, Scotland, &c.
Charge as you have charg'd in days lang syne!
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset!
He who now falters is nae son o' thine!
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, &c.
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine;
Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing!
And whae kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine!
The struggle is over, over, over!
The struggle is over, the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen, &c.
And glory to all who their duty have done.
Then sheathe the sword, Scotland, &c.
With thy lov'd thistle new laurels entwine;
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them!
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine!

ON THE LAKE WHERE DROOPS THE WILLOW.

On the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow—
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bird and bee, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know
While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low—
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd,
Long time ago!

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the moor doth tire me;
With heavy thoughts my mind doth fill,
Since first I parted, Betsy.
In search of some one fine and gay,
Several doth remind me,
Of the bless'd hours I pass'd away,
With the girl I left behind me.

The hours I do remember well,
When recollection takes me,
A pain within my breast I feel,
Since first she own'd she lov'd me.
But now I'm going to cross the sea,
The heaven's above may guide me
And send me safe home back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining;
Her slender waist, her carriage chaste,
Left me, poor swain, a pining.
But let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and rainy,
I will return safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me

For when I'm standing on parade
Either asleep or waking,
I long to see my love again,
For her, my heart is breaking.

When I think of the vow of love,
The tears do fall and blind me,
When I think of the virtuous grace,
Of the girl I left behind me.

I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW.

As I walked last night
By the dim twilight,
Some one whispered soft and low,
'What a pretty maid is she!
I wish she would fancy me,'
Whoever that could be,
I should very much like to know,
I should, &c.

Last Valentine's day
Came a letter so gay,
With hearts above, around and below,
'I love thee, dearest maid,
But to tell thee so I'm afraid,'
Whoever it was so said,
I should very much like to know,
I should, &c.

A gipsy in the wood
Said she'd tell me something good,
For his name began with an O!
And he'd surely marry me,
For it was his destiny,
Whoever this can be,
I should very much like to know,
Whose name begins with O!
I should, &c.

MERRY SWISS BOY.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave
Swiss boy! (Repeat.)
Take thy pail and to labor away!
The sun is up with ruddy beam;
The kine are thronging to the stream.
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss
boy,
Take thy pail and to labor away.
Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountain away!
For there a shepherd maiden dear,
Awaits my song with listening ear,
Am not I, &c.
Then at night! then at night—Oh! a gay
Swiss boy!
I'm away to my comrades, away!
The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd
In friendship round, until at last,
With good night! and good night! goes the
happy Swiss boy
To his home and his slumbers away.

THE MERRY SWISS GIRL.

Away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl,
To the fields bright with dew lightly stray.
Arise thee, arise thee, my merry Swiss girl,
To the dance on the green, come away.
Come away then, away then, &c.
Come arise thee, arise thee, my merry Swiss girl,
To the dance on the green come away.

The hinds are tending now their sheep,
The fowler climbs the mountain steep.
Come away then, away then, &c.
Trip away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl
And the queen of the dance you shall be,
Be blithe till day light's gentle close,
Once more brings the Swiss maid—
The Swiss maid repose.
Come away then, away then. &c.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks on her child;
She looks on that moon from her own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my low thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voice keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Uttawas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over the surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our pray'r,
Grant us cool heavens, and favoring air.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
While we ourselves such a structure mig
raise,
Thus then combining hands and hearts joinl
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring unity and joy,
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
Glee and good humor our hours employ;
Thus then combining hands and hearts joinl
Long may continue our unity and joy!

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

Oh, leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests green,
Beneath the silent night,
Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,
Which shine from every star,
I'll sing a song of happier days,
And strike the light guitar.

I'll tell thee how a maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain,
And how her broken spirits slept,
And never woke again.
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left its lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When weary an lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door,—
Saying, can you tell me, if any there be
Can give to me employ,
For to plough, for to mow, for to reap, for to sow,
For to be a farmer's boy.

My father is dead, my mother is left
With her five children small,
And what is worse, for mother still,
I'm the eldest of them all,
Though small I am, I fear no work,
If you will give me employ,
For to plough, &c.

If you cannot me employ, one favor yet I ask,
That is to shelter me this one night
From the cold winter's blast,
At the break of day,
I will trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ.
For to plough, &c.

The farmer says we will try the lad,
No further let him seek,
Oh! yes, dear father, his daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek,

For him that can labor it is har[illegible]vant,
Or elsewhere to seek employ,
For to [illegible]ugh, &c.

At length of years this boy grew up,
This good old farmer died,
He left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride;
The boy that was, is a farmer now,
And he oft times thinks with joy,
On the happy, happy day, he came that way,
For to be a farmer's boy,
For to plough, &c.

BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

When the glow worm gildst the elfin flow'r,
That clings round the ruin'd shrine,
Where first we met, where first we lov'd,
And I confess'd me thine.
'Tis there I'd fly to meet thee still,
At sound of vesper bell,
In the starry light of a summer night,
On the banks of the Blue Moselle,
In the starry, &c.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes in our native bowers;
My lute and heart might best accord,
To tell of happier hours;
Yes, there I'll sooth thy griefs to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell;
In the starry light of a summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle,
In the starry, &c.

ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far o'er the wide raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling,
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And cried, "Dermot darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
Oh! blessed be that warning,
My child thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them safely my babe with me;
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

The dawn of the morning,
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy the babe's father to see,
And closely caressing,
The child with a blessing,
Said, I knew that the angels were whispering to thee.

THE BONNY BOAT.

Oh swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar;
Their toils are born with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age and help-mate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly on the tide:
And happy prove its daily lot,
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.
We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
No water sprite nor eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm;
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore
Its homeward prow to hail.
We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

THE YANKEE GIRLS.

Not England's daughters rosy cheek'd
  Nor Scotia's lasses fair;
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can
  With the Yankee girls compare:
Though what they tell us of their charms
  All very true may be,
They'll not compare with Yankee girls.
  The Yankee girls for me.

Let Byron of Italian maids,
  In glowing numbers sing,
And let the Turk his Georgian bride,
  And black ey'd Houries bring;
Yet what they tell us of their charms,
  All very true may be,
They can't compare with Yankee girls,
  The Yankee girls for me.

Their faultless forms! their peerless eyes!
  As bright as morning dew,
Their cheeks so fair! their spirits light!
  Their hearts so warm and true!
They're chaste as fair, their minds unchain'd,
  In thought an action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
  The Yankee girls for me.

Unto Columbia's daughters then,
  We'll drain the goblet dry,
Naught can the universe produce,
  With Yankee girls to vie;
O! they are the fairest of the fair,
  And ever may they be,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
  The Yankee girls for me.

DEEP IN THE FOREST DELL.

Deep in the forest dell,
The Sylphide loves to dwell,
With the timid fawn,
Sporting at early dawn:
Or near some limpid stream,
Shunning the noontide beam,
Revels in shady bow'r,
Enamoured of each leaf and flow'r.

Oft with the lark I soar,

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
  Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
  Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
  On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire blaz'd
  Like a star in the midst of the ocean!

No longer the joy of the sailor boys breast,
  Was heard in his wildy breath'd numbers:
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
  The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope
  (And hush'd was the billows commotion)
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
  That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar;
  Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will the memory sometimes re-kindle the star,
  That blaz'd on the breast of the billow,
In life's closing hour when the trembling soul flies
  And death stills the hearts last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
  Like a star on eternity's ocean!

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Let me go to my home that is far distant west
To the scenes of my youth that I like the best,
Where the tall cedars are and the bright waters
flow,
Where my parents will greet me: white man
let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,
There is my poor mother, whose heart will
o'erflow
At the sight of her child: oh, there let me go!

Let me go to the hills and the vallies so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain
air,
And there through the forest with quiver and
bow,
I have chased the wild deer: oh, there let me go!

Let me go to my father, by whose vailiant side,
I have sported so oft in the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,
To my father that chieftain: oh, there let me go!

And oh, let me go to my dark eyed maid,
Who taught me love beneath the willow shade,
Whose heart's like the fawn's, and as pure as
the snow,
And she loves her dear Indian: to her let me go!

And oh, let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam,
And there let my body in ashes lie low:
To that scene in the forest: white man let me
go!

WOODLAND MARY.

With jet black eyes, and sloe-black hair;
With cheeks so red, and arms so bare;
And teeth so white, and dimpled chin;
And bosom fair and pure within;
And small straw hat so loosely tied,
And rushy basket at her side,
Quite full of berries red and blue,
And hether buds of many hue,
And steps as light as any fairy,
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you, sweet girl, will go with me,
My little serving maid to be,
And those soft notes you sweetly sung,
Repeat them to my nursling young!
And leave those hills so bleak and wild,
To watch and tend my darling child;
To cherish her I fondly love,
And tender, true and faithful prove
And o'er her infant steps be wnary.
I'll treasure you, sweet Woodland Mary.

Oh, lady, listen to my tale,
And let my simple words prevail;
My mother's old, she's old and poor,
And scarce can totter to her door;
And me she loves, her only joy;
She has no other girl or boy;
Ah! while she lives, with her I'll stay,
But think of you when far away;
She says, the grave will rest the weary,
And then I'll be your Woodland Mary.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand
That plac'd it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it dow
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd,
My mother kissed me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee clin
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storms still brave
And, woodman, leave the spot
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The moon is beaming brightly, love,
Upon the deep blue sea;
A trusty crew is waiting near,
For thee, dear girl, for thee;
Then leave thy downy couch my love,
And with thy sailor flee,
His gallant bark shall bear thee safe
Far o'er the deep blue sea,
Far—o'er the blue sea;
Far o'er th' deep, th' deep, th' deep, blue sea.

The storm-bird sleeps upon the rock,
No angry surges roar;
No sound disturbs the tranquil deep,
Not e'en the dipping oar:
No watchful eye is on thee now,
Come dearest hie with me,
And cheer a daring sailor's love
Far o'er the deep blue sea.
Far o'er, &c.

She comes, she comes, with trembling steps,
Oh! happy shall we be,
When landed safe on other shores,
From every danger free:
Now speed ye on, my gallant bark,
Our hopes are all in thee,
Swift, bear us to our peaceful home,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.
Far o'er, &c.

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man ne'er love
A love without decay;—
Oh! my heart—my heart is b ig
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight;
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflicts past,
And when the green sod wraps my gra
May pity haply say,
"Oh his heart—his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray."

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood lon
Here's health and renown to his broad
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, [mad:
Though father, and mother and all should go
Oh! whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
An' come na unless the back yett be a-jee,
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye war na comin to me.
Oh! whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gae by me as though you car'd na a flea,
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na a looking at me.
Oh! whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wiles your fancy frae me.
Oh! whistle, &c.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SIGH.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
Where the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flow'r appears,
Till the sun-beams genial ray,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Chase the heavy dew away,

Thers is fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through its branches shout.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long;
And still flourish he a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

He saw the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear;
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were full of American cheer;
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains.
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree he still remains.
Then sing to the oak, &c.

LULLABY.

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their Lullaby,
Lullaby, &c.

Tho' the storm's tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothe them with their Lullaby,
Lullaby, &c

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE O

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom,
There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,—
Am I not fondly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thin
Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me!
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, lo
Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish
Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine,
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be

UNDER THE TREE.

Under the tree, 'neath the merry green
I'll spread a leaf couch for my bride and
And there while we're shadow'd by ha
and berry,
We'll love, and we'll laugh, and be right
merry!
Our facas we'll strain
With the brown nut'
And my elf locks she'd
As I lay in her lap.
My eyes shall bask in her black eyes bri
And I love her forever with all my mig
I'll make the green forest her palace of
Then who'll be the wandering gypsy's b

THE CARRIER PIGEO

Come hither thou beautiful rover,
Thou wand'rer of earth and of ai
Who bearest the sighs of the lover
And bringest him news of his fai
Bend hither thy light waving pinio
And show me the gloss of thy nec
Oh! perch on my hand dearest mic
And turn up thy bright eye and p

Here is bread of the whitest and sw
And there is a sip of red wine:
Tho' thy wing is the lightest and fl
'Twill be nectar, when nerv'd by

Am I not fondly thine own?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own
Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
Say, say, wilt thou love me!
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
Say wilt thou cherish for me?
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for m
Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine,
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be min

UNDER THE TREE.

Under the tree, 'neath the merry green tree,
I'll spread a leaf couch for my bride and me
And there while we're shadow'd by hawth
and berry,
We'll love, and we'll laugh, and be right me
merry!
Our facas we'll strain
With the brown nut's sa

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's airn bairn, nor of my hame am weary yet;
And I would have you learn lads, that ye, for me must tarry yet;
For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from my mammy yet,
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin, to take me from my mammy yet;
I hae had my ain way none dare to contradict me yet,
So soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare not venture yet,
For I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

My boyhood's home! I see thy hills—
I see thy valleys changeful green,
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,
Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've seen.

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,
I feel I am a boy again.

To the war-steed adieu—to the trumpet farew
To the gloom of the palace—the proud gi

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings
And a staunch old head has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend—the huge oak tree,
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves;
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decayed,
And nations have scattered been!
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creep on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

OH! LISTEN, DEAREST.

h, listen dearest lady!
It is thine own one calls,
'ale stars are o'er thee shining
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, come, this heart awaits thee!
My lady love, appear!
Come fly with me across the lake,
My league is bounding near.

MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,
How oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing;
When those mute looks have told the feelin
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak.
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear!

And now alas! I weep alone;
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown.
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee—my sister dear.

MY LUVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

Oh, my luve's like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I!
And I will luve thee still my dear,
Though a' the seas gang dry.

Though a' the seas gang dry, my dear
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
Then fare thee weel, my only luve,
Then fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

OH! LISTEN, DEAREST

Oh, listen dearest lady!
It is thine own one calls,
Pale stars are o'er thee shining
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, come, this heart awaits th
My lady love, appear!
Come fly with me across the lak
My barque is bounding near.

Oh, hasten, dearest lady!
As o'er yon tide we rove,
Each silver wave shall echo
Sweet notes of minstrel love;
And vows of truth I'll breathe to
I'll kiss away each tear,
Come fly with me across the lak
My barque is bounding near.

FALSE ONE I LO

Still so gently o'er me
Mem'ry will bring bac
Spite of all my grief re
That I love thee, that I
Tho' some other swain
Ah! no other e'er can
Yet ne'er fear, I will n
No, thou false one, no
still.

See those looks so fra

Republic, New-York.

I come to town de udder night,
I hear de noise den saw de sight,
De watchman dey were runnin roun,
Cryin Old Dan Tucker's come to town.
Git out ob de way! (banjo.)
Git out ob de way! (banjo.)
Git out ob de way old Dan Tucker.
You too late to come to your supper

Tucker is a nice old man,
He use'd to ride our darby ram,
He sent him whizzin down de hil,
If he had'nt got up—he'd laid dar still
Git out ob de way, &c.

Sheep an de hog walkin in de pastur,
Sheep sez "hog can't y'e go a little faster?"
Hush! hush hony! hear de wolf howlin!
Ah, ah, de lawd—ole bull dog growlin.
Git out ob de way, &c.

Jay-bird in de martins' nest,
To make his soul he got no rest.

His nose so flat, his face so
De top ob his head like a b
Git out ob de

Tucker went round hicory
Dar he met some colored p
Some was black, an some
Some was de color ob brow
Git out ob de

High-hold on de holler tree
He poke his bill in for to s
De lizzard cotch 'im by de
He call old Tucker to pull
Git out ob de

NIGGA B

BOATMAN'S D

With additional verses by

pring ob de year hab come
le fishin time hab gone an p
'our an twenty boatman all
lettin on de sea-side, peckin
O daunce
O daunce
)aunce all night, till brod da
And go home wid de galls ir

De boatman daunce, de boa
De boatman up to ebery tin
When de boatman gits on s
He spends his money, den v
O daun

De oyster boat should keep
De fishin smack should ve
De schooner sails before d
De steamboat letts a streal
O dau

went on board de udd
To hear what de boatm

To the *circus* and different amusements I went,
Where my bill was refused much to my discomfo
I thought their refusing would surely me kill,
And I was going to tear up my "One Dollar Bill
But I suddenly thought of the *Philadelp*
Museum:
Ah, that is the place where they'll never refuse 'e
I went to the *museum* was cured of my ills—
Oh! they are the boys to change "One Dol
Bills."

MISS LUCY NEAL.

As Sung by Mr. Wm. B. Donaldson.

I left ole Virginia,
On last New-year's day,
I fetch'd my jaw bone wid me,
And now I'se gwan to play.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal,
To dear Lucy Neal,
Den if I had her by my side,
De lord how good I'd feel.

Away up in de mountains,
Among de rock and canes,
A nigger came a dellering,
An' rushing through de wanes.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal, &c,

Den I look'd right ober de riber,
An' de riber was berry high,
I said Miss Lucy Neal,
An' de tear was in her eye.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal, &c.

Den I look'd right over yander,
On de top ob dat big tree,
I seed de ship a sailing,
Dat had gist cum in from sea.
Den O Miss Lucy Neal, &c.

OLD GRAY GOOSE AND DE

As sung by all the Negro M

When I war a single feller,
I lived in peace and pleasure
But now I am a married man,
I' m troubled out of measur

CHORUS

Den look here, der
And look ober ye
Don't you see dat o
A smiling at de g

Ebery night when I go home,
She scolds, or it's a wonder
And den she takes dat pewter
And beats my head asunder
]

My old wife war taken sick,
De pain ob death came on h
Some did cry, but I did laugh,
To see de breff go from her
]

Dar I let my passion loose.
Dey crammed me in de callaboose.
O daunce the boat

I've come dis time, I'll come no mor
Let me loose—I'll go on shoar,
Sez dey old boss we're a bully crew,
Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too,
O daunce de boatm

When you go to de boatman's ball,
Dance wid my wife or don't dance at
Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat.
Look out my boys for de nine tail ca
O daunce de boatm

De boatman is a lucky man.
Dar's none can do as de boatman can
I neber seen a purty gal in my life,
But dat she was de boatman's wife.
O daunce de boatm

When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out old man your hog is gone,
He cotch my sheep—he cotch my sh
Den put 'em in de bag and toat 'um

OLD GRAY GOOSE AND DE GANDER.

As sung by all the Negro Minstrels.

When I war a single feller,
I lived in peace and pleasure,
But now I am a married man,
I' m troubled out of measure.

CHORUS

Den look here, den look dare
And look ober yander,
Don't you see dat old gray goos ,
A smiling at de gander.

Ebery night when I go home,
She scolds, or it's a wonder,
And den she takes dat pewter mug
And beats my head asunder.

Den look, &c.

My old wife war taken sick,
De pain ob death came on her,
Some did cry, but I did laugh,
To see de breff go from her.

Den look, &c.

Saturday night my old wife died,
Sunday she war buried,
Monday was my courting day,
On Tuesday I got married.
Den look

My old wife has gone abroad,
Some evil spirit guide her,
I know she has not gone to church,
For de devil can't abide her,
Den look

I heard a rumblin in de sky,
It imitated thunder,
If my ole wife ain't back again,
It realy is a wonder,
Den look

Sister Sally dreamt a dream,
Dreamt she went a gunnin,
Dreamt she eat a mushroom,
As big as any punkin,
Den look

Sister Sal she climbs right well,
Can't climb as she uster,
Dare she sets, a pitching corn,
At our old bob-tail rooster.
Den look

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where scattered waters rage,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore;
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift gliding craft,
Farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We find on the sea.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN.

1.

'Twas autumn, and round me the leaves were descending,
And lonely the woodpecker pecked on the tree,
Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were defending,
The din of their arms sounded dismal to me;
For Sandy, my love, was engag'd in the action,
Without him I valued the world not a fraction,
His death would have ended my life in distraction,
As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

2.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
My elbow I leaned on a rock near the shore,
The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings asunder,

I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more;
But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,
My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,
My shepherd was safe, and country defended,
By freedom's brave sons, on the banks of Champlain.

3.

I wiped from my eyes the big tear that had started,
And hastened the news to my parents to bear,
Who sighed for the loss of relations departed,
And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care.
The cannon now ceased, the drums still were beating,
The foes of our country far north were retreating,
The neighbouring damsels each other were greeting,
With the songs of delight on the banks of Champlain.

For then no wi
alarm us,
Nor worse British
minions to harn
But nature and art
charm us,
While happy we live o
Champlain.

BANKS OF BRANDY

1.

One morning, very early, i
sant month of May,
As I walked forth to take t
nature being gay,
The moon had not yet veil'd
but through the trees di
As I wandered for amusemen
banks of Brandywine.

2.

By many rough and craggy ro
bushes of small growth,
By many lofty, ancient tree
leaves were putting forth
wandered up along those
where murm'ring streams d

4.

Our squadron triumphant, our a
victorious,
With laurels unfaded, our Spartan
turned,
My eyes never dwelt on a scene
so glorious,
My heart with such rapture be
never burned:
But Sandy, my darling, that mon
appearing,
His presence to every countena
cheering,
Was rendered to me more doubly
dearing
By the feats he performed on
banks of Champlain.

5.

But should smiling peace, with
blessings and treasures

For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,
Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,
But nature and art will continue to charm us,
While happy we live on the banks of Champlain.

BANKS OF BRANDYWINE

1.

One morning, very early, in the pleasant month of May,
As I walked forth to take the air, all nature being gay,
The moon had not yet veil'd her face, but through the trees did shine,
As I wandered for amusement, on the banks of Brandywine.

2.

By many rough and craggy rocks an' bushes of small growth

The pleasant groves and rural sh
were witness to her pains,
How often has he promised me in
men's chains to join,
Now I'm a maid forsaken, on the b
of Brandywine.

9.

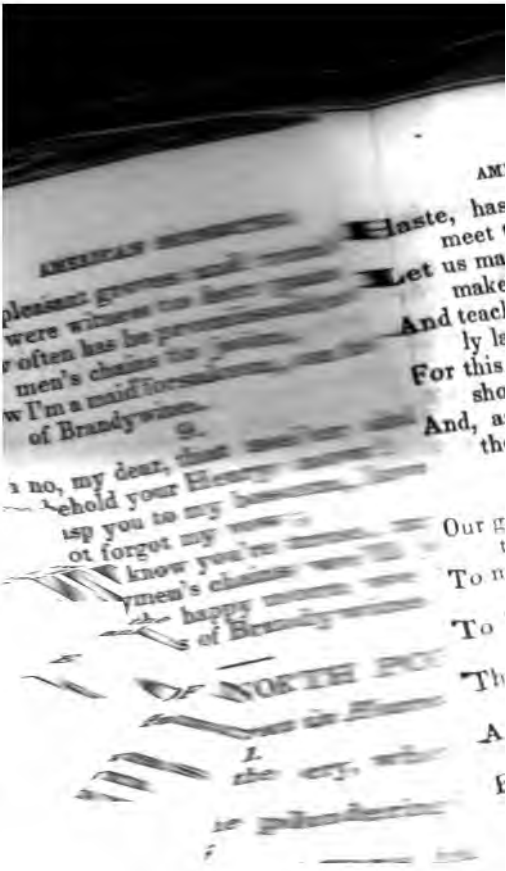
Oh no, my dear, that ne'er shal
behold your Henry now!
I'll clasp you to my bosom, love,
not forgot my vow;
It's now I know you're true, my
in Hymen's chains we'll join
And hail the happy morn we me
the banks of Brandywine.

BATTLE OF NORTH POINT

TUNE—"*Anacreon in Heaven.*"

1.

HARK, hark! was the cry, when
timore town
Was besieg'd by the plundering C
burn and Co.;
Hear you not the great guns, hea
not the trump sound;



That may rashly attempt to evade our
decree.

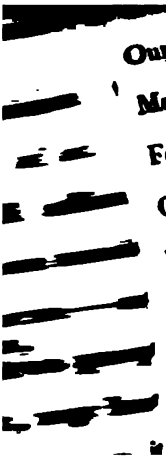
3.

Brave general *Stricker* commands our
brigade,
This patriot and soldier of old Revo-
lution
Expects every man will afford him
his aid,
To meet and repulse these mad slaves
of delusion;
His commands are to form—says our
work will be warm,
And exhorts every man to prepare for
the storm;
Shall we basely submit, my brave sol-
diers, says he,
Or fly to the standard, there fight to
be free?

4.

Brave *Sterett* of yore, with the *Fifth** led the van,
And his cry was old Bladensburg
boys, now remember,

* This regiment was at Bladensburg, and crowned itself with glory.



Our city, my boys, w
render—
March, march! was his cry; ha
forward! we fly;
Fear not, my brave men, we for
dom can die;
Our forefathers died to enforce
decree,
That we should enjoy both th
and the sea.

5.

The brave *Twenty-Seventh*,* co
ed by *Long*—
Long life and long health to o
old commander—
His cry was, boys, forward! v
this great Don,
ought—aye

This hero from Spain, this monster
of fame,
Sure, *Washington City* records, to his
shame,
He has sworn, in our city to-morrow
he'll dine,
So forward! boys, forward! and balk
his design.

6

We march'd for North Point, and en-
camped for the night,
Prepar'd for attack by the light of the
morning;
Near hand to Bear Creek we prepar'd
for the fight,
The fatigues of the field and the dan-
ger still scorning,
As this was the day, great Ross was
heard say,
He would dine in our town; he'd no
longer delay;
So we formed our line in the old Yan-
kee style,
To wait for this lord from the fast-
anchor'd isle.

7.

Our worthy, brave patriot remember'd shall be,
The statesman, the soldier, our brave *Donaldson*,
His address to our soldiers was, men, we are free,
God will protect us; fear not—we'll fight on,
Our God is our shield, we never can yield
What our forefathers earn'd by their blood in the field;
These slaves of Old England repulsed must be,
We must curtail this pride of the royal grandee.

8.

Scarce had he spoke, when express brought the news
That Ross was in sight, on his foaming steed prancing,
Then part of the Bladensburg heroes were chose*

* Two companies of the Fifth regiment, led by the brave Major Heath, who had two horses shot under him.

To wait on his lordship, then b
advancing;
When lo, their *first* fire brought
great Goliath;
He went down to dine with his
grandsire,
To dine in our city determin'd wa
Or else dine in hell,* so ther
him be.

9.

Now their columns advance in
jestic array,
Threw rockets and shells, with a
to confound us,
Manœuvred some time, their col
display,
Manœuvred again, with intent to
round us.
While *Montgomery's* guns, well ch
by his sons,
Cut lanes thro' the columns of t
haughty Dons,
While the sons of brave *Fowle*
Sterett and *Long*

* Ross said he would dine in Baltimore
12th of September, or in hell; he cared n
rained militia

Fired double quick time, and their powder was strong.

10.

Our twelve hundred freemen, collected by chance,
Were oppos'd to this well-chosen band of old Nero's,
Who had long in old Spain fought the armies of France,
And long had been called Lord Wellington's heroes.
They sent us, by spells, shots, rockets and shells,
Which sent many brave fellows down to their cells;
So we gave them twelve rounds, it was true Yankee fire,
But being outflank'd, we were forc'd to retire.

11.

But with old commodore we soon rallied again—
On the right, with his jolly brave tars took his station;
On our left general *Winder* manœuvred his men,

With intent to surround these dread
foes of the nation,
Who faintly pursue, took a telescope
view,
But, halt! cries old Brock, this ma-
nœuvre won't do;
About face, my boys! march, march
for the fleet,
Ere this d—d Yankee general cuts off
our retreat.

12.

Sixteen hundred bombs, by old Cock-
burn's command,
At our fort were discharg'd by his
fam'd sons of plunder,
While unmov'd stood brave *Armistead*,
and well-chosen band,
Sending back their full change in red
hot Yankee thunder.

[redacted]

For his majesty's ships; so,
"helm's a-lee."

13.

Hail, sons of Hibernia! who d
our applause;
Hail, hail, sons of freedom! c
state and nation,
Who flew to our standard, de
our cause,
You merit our thanks, you h
approbation;
May our daughters so fair,
with their care
All foreigners who to our st
repair;
Defend our freedom, our laws
land,
You deserve your reward—ta
daughters' fair hand.

14.

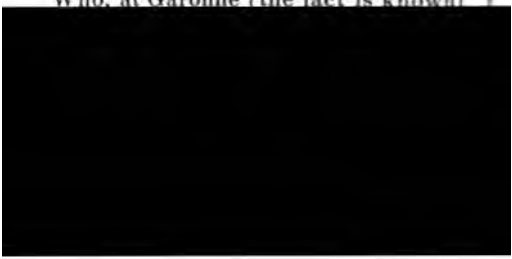
To conclude, here's a health
chief men and Co.;
Their judicious plan was our
salvation;
To our officers, general, rich
high, or low,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our friends,
and our nation.
Now pause—for the slain, who died
to maintain
Columbia's rights on the land and the
main;
Peace, peace to their shades! to their
memory a tear!
Of their sons may the great God of
battles take care!

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG.

1.

Sir George Prevost, with all his host,
March'd forth from Montreal, sir,
Both he and they, as blythe and gay
As going to a ball, sir.
The troops he chose, were all of those
That conquer'd Marshal Soult, sir,
Who, at Garonne (the fact is known)



His only thought, was how he ought
To bring them into action
Your very names Sir George ex
claims,
Without a gun or bayonet,
Will pierce like darts, thro' Yankee
hearts,
And all their spirits stagnate.

3.

Oh! how I dread, lest they have fled,
And left their puny fort, sir,
For sure Macomb won't stay at home,
To afford us any sport, sir;
Good bye, he said, to those that staid,
Keep close as mice or rats, snug,
We'll just run out, upon a scout,
To burn the town of Plattsburg.

4.

Then up Champlain, with might and
main,
He march'd in dread array, sir,
With fife and drum, to scare Macomb,
And drive him quite away, sir;
And side by side, their nation's pride,
Along the current beat, sir,

Swore not to sup, till they eat up
McDonough and his fleet, sir.

5.

Still onward came these men of fame
Resolv'd to give no quarter,
But to their cost, found out at last,
That they had caught a tartar.
At distance shot, awhile they fought,
By water and by land, sir,
His knightship ran from man to man,
And gave his dread command, sir.

6.

Britons, strike home; this dog, Macomb,
So well the fellow knows us,
Will just as soon jump o'er the moon,
As venture to oppose us;
With quick despatch, light ev'ry match,
Man ev'ry gun and swivel,

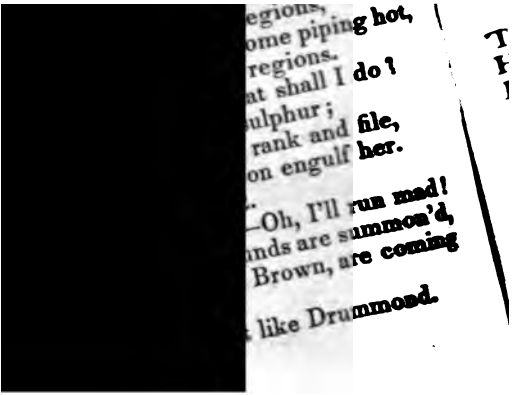
And to oppose their haughty foes,
They found a perfect trifle;
Meanwhile the fort kept up such sport,
They thought the devil was in it;
Their mighty train play'd off in vain,
'Twas silenc'd in a minute.

8.

Sir George, amaz'd, so wildly gaz'd,
Such frantic gambols acted,
Of all his men, not one in ten,
But thought him quite distracted.
He curs'd and swore, his hair he tore
Then jump'd upon his poney,
And gallop'd off towards the Bluff,
To look for Captain Downie.

9.

But when he spied McDonough ride
In all the pomp of glory,
He hastened back to Saranac,
To tell the dismal story:
My gallant crews, oh! shocking news,
Are all or kill'd or taken,
Except a few that just withdrew
In time to save their bacon


egions,
ome piping hot,
regions.
at shall I do?
ulphur;
rank and file,
on engulf her.
—Oh, I'll run mad!
nds are summon'd,
Brown, are coming
like Drummond.

Are swarming to th no
And Izard's men, co sir,
Lie hid in ev'ry brake, sir. ack ag

13.

Good Brisbane, beat a quick retr
Before their forces join, sir,
For sure as fate, they've laid a ba
To catch us like Burgoyne, sir.
All round about, keep good look o
We'll surely be surrounded;
Since I could crawl, my gallant so
Was never so astounded.

14.

The route began, sir George led on
His men ran helter skel
Each tri'd

CONSTITUTION & GUERRIERE

I OFTEN have been told, that the Bri
tish seamen bold,
Could beat the tars of France, nea
and handy O,
But they never found their match, ti
the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee tars for fighting ar
the dandy O.

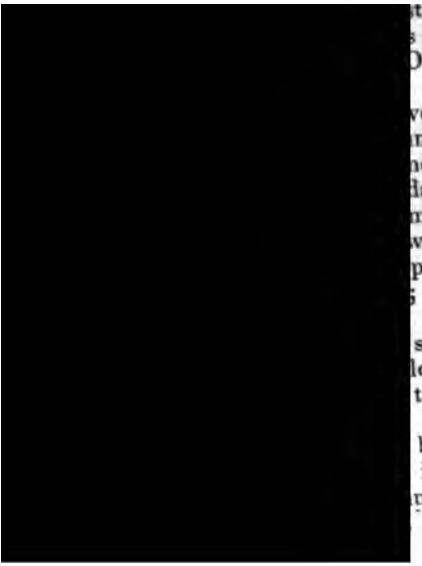
O, the Guerriere so bold, on the foam
ing ocean roll'd,
Commanded by Dacres the gran
dee O,
With as choice a British crew as
rammer ever drew,
They could beat the Frenchme
two to one so handy O.

When this frigate hove in view, C
said Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action, and be han
dy O;
On the weather guage we'll get he
and to make the men fight better
We'll give to them gun-powder an
good brandy O

Now this boasting Briton cries, make
this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes do it
handy O,
Or in twenty-five I'm sure,—if you'll
do it in a score,
I will give you a double share of
good brandy O.

When prisoners we've made them,
with switchel we will treat them,
We'll welcome them with Yankee
Doodle dandy O;
O, the British balls flew hot, but the
Yankees answer'd not,
Until they got a distance that was
handy O.

O, cries Hull unto his crew, we will
try what we can do,
If we beat those boasting Britons,
we're the dandy O;
The first broadside we pour'd brought



Come fill your glasses full, and we'll
drink to captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about
the brandy O;
John Bull may toast his fill, let the
world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting
are the dandy O.

HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if you've time to spare
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity
Conceive yourselves quite lucky;
For 'tis not often that you see
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh Kentucky, the hunters o
Kentucky,
Oh Kentucky, the hunters of

Whate'er the game, we join in chase
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are alligator horses.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his scheme repented;
For we, with rifles ready cocked,
Thought such occasion lucky:
And soon around the general flocked
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty;
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty.
So Packenham, he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,

e'd have their girls and cotton-bags,
In spite of old Kentucky.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take,
With our Kentucky rifles!
So he led us down by Cypress Swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here was old Kentucky.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

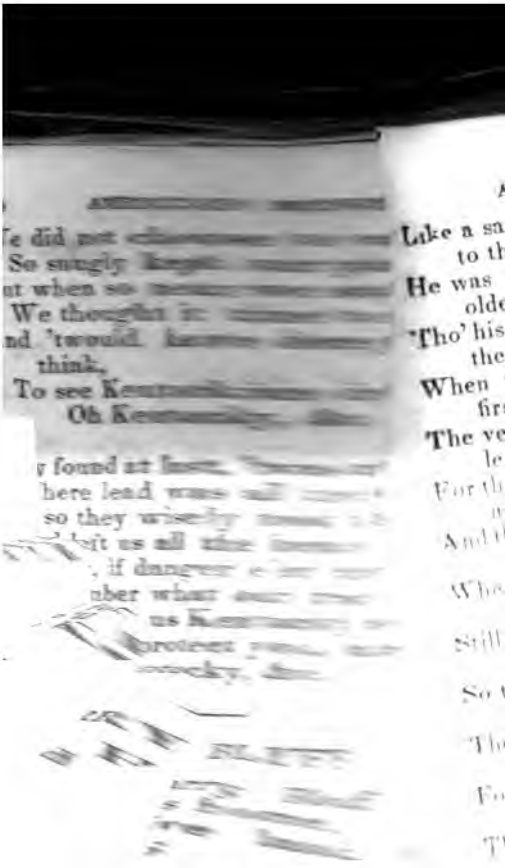
A bank was raised to hide our breasts,
Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest,
Except the game is flying.
Behind it stood our little band,
None wished it to be greater;
The flower of old Kentucky's land
Half horse, half Alligator.

We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places.
But when so near we saw them wink
We thought it time to stop 'em;
And 'twould have done you good, I
think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

They found at last, 'twas vain to fight,
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all the beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is:
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, ladies.
Oh Kentucky, &c.

HARRY BLUFF.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his
friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o er the
ocean to roam;



The foe thought he'd struck, b
sung out avast!
And Columbia's colours he nail
the mast,
And he died like a true Yankee s

AMERICAN STAR.

Come, strike the bold anthem, the
dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up
prey;
The red clouds of war o'er our f
are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wing
flies weeping away;
The infants, affrighted, cling cl
their mothers,
The youth grasp their sword
the combat prepare;
While beauty weeps fathers, an
ers, and brothers,
Who rush to display the Ame
Star.

Come, blow the shrill bugle, the
drum awaken,

No [illegible]
on our shore.
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and
sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to
despair!
Oh, no! from her hills the proud Ea-
gle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the Amer-
ican Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warr-
Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, w
bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toas
their memory,
Rejoicing, they'll see us, as
[illegible] been; [illegible]

To spread the glad tidings of
berty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll
them undaunted,
And conquer or die, by the A
rican Star.

Your hands, then, dear comr
round Liberty's altar,
United, we swear by the soul
the brave!
Not one from the strong resol
shall falter,
To live independent, or sink t
grave.
Then, freemen, fill up—Lo! the st
banner's flying,
The high bird of Liberty ser
through the air;
Beneath her Oppression and Tyr
dying—
Success to the beaming Amer
Star.

Who fought and bled
cause,
And when the storm of war was go
Enjoy'd the peace your valour wo
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd
Peace and safety we shall fi

Immortal patriots! rise once m
Defend your rights, defend your
[illegible] rude foe, with impious

For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters—Ayieo,
In a dream of love melted away!
When alone, no one bolder than he,
But with her none more timid could be,
Will you list to me, dearest, I pray?—
Ayieo,
When she did, this was all he could say:
Ayieo! Ayieo! alack, well a day
Ayieo! Ayieo! was all she could say.

By the margin of fair Zurich's water
—Ayieo!
At the close of a fine summer's day

In spite of all the universe,
I will conquer the Bonny bunch of Roses, Oh!

The first time that I saw young Bonaparte,
Down on his bended knees fell he
He asked the pardon of his father
Who granted it most mournfully,
Dear son, he said, I'll take an army,
And over the frozen Alps will go,
Then I will conquer Moscow,
And return to the Bonny bunch of Roses, Oh!

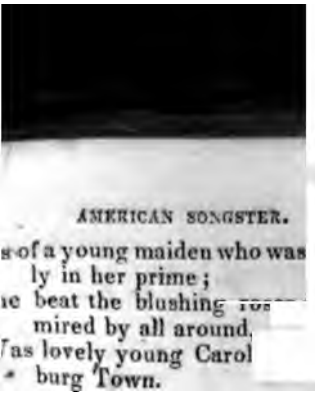
He took five hundred thousand men,
With kings likewise to bear his train,
He was so well provided for,
That he could sweep this world alone;
But when he came to Moscow,
He was overpower'd by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a blazing,
So he lost his Bonny bunch of Roses, Oh!

Oh, son, don't speak so venturesome,
For in England are the Hearts of Oak
There is England, Ireland, Scotland,
Their unity was never broke;
Oh, son, think on thy father,
On the Isle of St. Helena, his body lies low,
And you must soon follow after him,
So beware of the Bonny bunch of Roses, Oh!

Now do believe me, dearest mother,
Now I lie on my dying bed,
If I had lived I would been clever,
But now I droop my youthful head;
But whilst our bodies lie mouldering,
And weeping willows over our bodies grow,
The deeds of great Napoleon
Shall sting the Bonny bunch of Roses, Oh!

CAROLINE OF EDINBURG TOWN.

Come, all you young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme,



s of a young maiden who was
ly in her prime;
ie beat the blushing ros
mired by all around,
Vas lovely young Carol Edin-
burg Town.

oung Henry was a Highland man,
a courting to her came,
nd when her parents came to know,
they did not like the same;
oung Henry was offended, and unto
her did say,
rise, my dearest Caroline, and with
me run away.

'e will both go to London, love, and
there we'll wed with speed,
nd then lovely Caroline shall have
happiness indeed.
'ow enticed by young Henry, she put
on her other gown,
nd away went Caroline of Edinburg
Town.

)ver hills and lofty mountains toge-
ther they did roam,

In time arrived in London, far from
her happy home;
She said, my dearest Henry, pray
never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline,
of Edinburg Town.

They had not been in London more
than half a year,
When hard-hearted Henry proved too
severe;
Said Henry, I will go to sea, your
friends did on me frown,
So beg your way, without delay, to
Edinburg Town.

The fleet is fitting out, to Spithead
dropping down,
And I will join that fleet, to fight for
king and crown;
The gallant tars may feel the scars,
or in the water drown,
Yet I never will return to Edinburg
Town.

Then many a day she pass'd away in
sorrow and despair,

Her cheeks, though once like roses,
were grown like lilies fair;
She cried, where is my Henry, and
often did she swoon,
Crying, sad's the day I ran away from
Edinburg Town.

Oppress'd with grief, without relief,
the damsel she did go
Into the wood, to eat such food as on
the bushes grow;
Some strangers they did pity her, and
some did on her frown,
And some did say, what made you
stray from Edinburg Town?

Beneath a lofty, spreading oak, this
maid sat down to cry;
And watching of the gallant ships, as
they were passing by,
She gave three shrieks for Henry, then
plunged her body down,
And away floated Caroline, of Edin-

n.

IS MY

med in
nds Iv'e
:ene or
ıeart fo
: that I'
h to ro
ark for
· home.

[redacted] freedom I'd adore [redacted] e,
[redacted]' pleasant days in b[redacted]ve pass'
I dream of days to come;
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
For Erin is my home.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are sweet roving blades;
When they get into company with pretty fair maids:
They kiss them, and court them, and trate them so free—
Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

Her lips are like roses, her cheeks much the same,
Like a dish of sweet strawberries smothered in cream.
Oh, mush, fal la, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal;
Which through my poor bosom has burnt a big hole:
Her mind, like its waters—clear, simple and pure;
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure—
Oh, mush, fal la, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it, the more my heart warms:
For if I was at Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,
For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.
Oh, mush, fal la, &c.

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, she was soft as the dawn;
He wish'd in heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

Now Rory, be aisy, sweet Kathleen would cry,
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,)
With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out.

Oh, jewel, says Rory, that same is the way,
You've threatened my heart for this many-a-day;
And its glad that I am, and why not, to be sure,

For 'tis all for good luck, says bold
Rory O'More.

Indeed, then, says Kathleen, don't
think of the like,
For I gave a promise to soothering
Mike,
The ground that I walk on he loves,
I'll be bound;
Faith, says Rory, I'd rather love you
than the ground.

Now, Rory, I'll cry out, if you don't
let me go;
Sure I'm dreaming each night that
I'm hating you so:
Oh, says Rory, that same I'm delight-
ed to hear,
For dreams always go by contraries,
my dear;

Oh, jewel, keep dreaming that same
till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty
night the black lie;
And 'tis pleased that I am, and why
not, to be sure,

nce 'tis all for good luck, says Rory O'More,

rrah Kathleen, my darling, yc
teazed me enough,
nd I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
re made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
), I think after that I may talk to the priest.

hen Rory, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck,
) soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
nd he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
nd kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?

ow Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
hat's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;
hen here goes another, says he, to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers, says
Rory O'More.

Young Kate left her daddy and mam
in the lurch,
And off with young Rory she trudged
to the church;
When tied and made one, he cried
out with such joy,
Arrah Kate, won't we have a most
beautiful boy?

O Rory, she cried, you're so full of
your fun,
Since the first time I saw you, poor
Kate was undone;
Botheration, cried Rory, what comes
in your head?
Sure you can't be undone till we're
both snug in bed.

Then Rory, come here now, and kiss
me again;
I will, faith, says Rory, and that
makes up ten;
I'll kiss you and hug you till morning,
I'm sure,

Since 'tis all for good luck, says bold
Rory O'More.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE

The moon was fair, the skies were
clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wandered forth with me;
Though flowers decked the moun-
tain's side,
And fragrance filled the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wandered, east or west,
Though fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour!
When tempests lashed our gallant
bark,
And rent our shivering sails,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sand.
She whispered hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land:
My life has been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not linked my lot with hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

MEETING OF THE WATERS

1.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

2.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,

Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

3.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

5.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

1.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home;
There's no place like home.

2.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,

The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

POLLY HOPKINS AND TOMMY TOMKINS.

1.

Pretty, pretty, Polly Hopkins, how d'ye do?
None the better, Tommy Tomkins, for seeing you.
I'm a man of wealth.
Be quiet, pray.
Take all my pelf.
Pray get away.
Oh! cruel, cruel, Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.
Oh! cruel, cruel, Tommy Tomkins, to teaze me so.

2.

When we are married, Polly Hopkins,
which we will be.
I hope the next day, Tommy Tomkins, to bury thee.
I'll handsome grow
That I deny.
Though ugly now.
Worse, by and by.
Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.
Oh! cruel, cruel Tommy Tomkins, to teaze me so.

3.

When I'm dead, Polly Hopkins, remember me.
With all my heart, Tommy Tomkins, so let it be.
Then you'll fret and cry.
Ah! to be sure.
To think that I.
Died not before.
Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

The minstrel return'd from the war,
With spirits as buoyant as air,
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bower of his fair:
The noise of the battle is over,
The bugle no more calls to arms,
A soldier no more, but a lover,
I kneel to the power of thy charms!
Sweet lady! dear lady! I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty,
Tho' the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

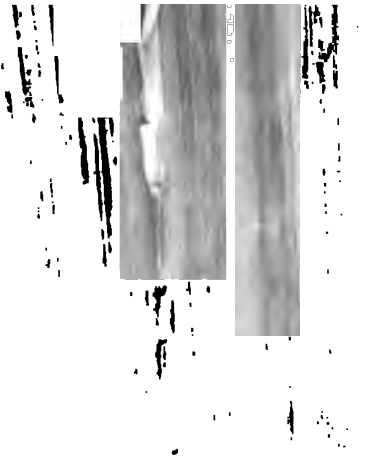
The minstrel his suit warmly pressed,
She blushed, sighed, and hung down her head,
'Till conquered, she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said:
'The bugle shall part us, love, never,
My bosom thy pillow shall be,
Till death tears thee from me for ever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."

Sweet lady! dear lad[illegible],
I bend to the m[illegible];
Tho' the helmet a[illegible]mine,
Yet love calls the s[illegible] to duty.

But fame call'd the youth to the field
His banner wav'd over his head,
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead:
While she o'er her young hero bending,
Receiv'd his expiring adieu;
"I die while my country defending,
With my heart to my lady-love true."
"Oh, death!" she then sighed, "I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty,
For the grave of my hero is mine—
He died true to love and to duty."

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the moor doth tire me;
With heavy thoughts my mind doth fill,



With the

The hours I
When rec
A pain with
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But now I'n
The heav
And send m
To the gi

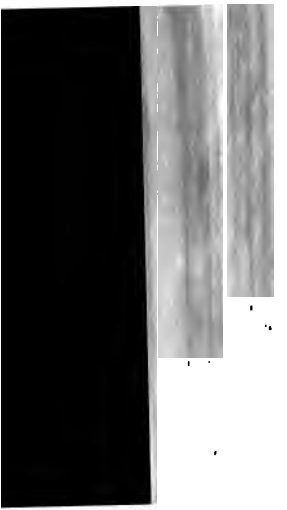
Her golden
Her eyes
Her slender
Left me,
But let the
Or e'er s
I will retur

I long to see my love again,
For her, my heart is breaking.
When I think of the vow of love,
The tears do fall and blind me,
When I think of the virtuous grace,
Of the girl I left behind me.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door,—
Saying, can you tell me, if any there be,
Can give to me employ,
For to plough, for to mow, for to reap, for to sow,
For to be a farmer's boy?

Repeat.



F

If you cannot
yet I ask,
That is to shelt
From the cold
At the break of
I will trudge av
Elsewhere to s
F

The farmer say
No further let
Oh! yes, dear
cried,
While the tears
For him that
want,
Or elsewhere t

And his daughter for a bride;
The boy that was, is a farmer now,
And he oft times thinks with joy,
On the happy, happy day, he came that way,
For to be a farmer's boy,

Repeat.

HIBERNIA'S LOVELY JEAN.

When parting from the Scottish shore,
And the Highland's mossy banks,
To Germany we all sailed o'er,
To join the hostile ranks;
At length in Ireland we arrived,
After a long campaign,
Where a bonny maid my heart betrayed—
She's Hibernia's lovely Jean.

Her cheeks were of the roseate hue,
With the bright blinks of her e'en,

Or Neptune waft me o'er the flood,
For from my Jeannie's charms;
Should I be laid in honor's bed,
By a ball or dart be slain,
Death pangs would cure the pain I bear
For Hibernia's lovely Jean.

THE DARK EY'D SAILOR.

'Tis of a comely young lady fair,
Was a walking out to take the air,
She met a Sailor upon the way,
So I paid attention to hear what they did say.

Fair maid said he, why roam alone,
For the night is coming and the day's far gone?
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
It's my dark ey'd sailor that's proving my downfall.

He broke the token, here is
me,
And the other is rolling at t
of the sea.

Cried William, drive him
mind,
As good a sailor as him you
Love turns aside, and cold d
Like a winter's morning,
hills are clad with snov

These words did Phœbe's f
inflame,
She cried, on me you shal
game;
She drew a dagger and the

But a tarry sailor I will never disdain,
But always I will treat the same;
To drink his health, here's a piece of coin,
But my dark ey'd sailor still claims this heart of mine.

When William did the ring unfold,
She seemed distracted midst joy and woe,
You're welcome William, I have lands and gold
For my dark ey'd sailor, so manly, true and bold.

In a cottage down by the river side,
In unity and love they now reside,
So girls be true while your lover's away,
For a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day.

The gallant hussars were on duty,
To view them this maiden did wait.
Their horses were capering and prancing,
Their accoutrements shone like a star,
From the plains they were nearer advancing,
She espied her young gallant hussar.

Their pellisses were slung o'er their shoulders,
So careless they seem'd for to ride;
So warlike appeared those young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their sides.
To the barracks next morning so early,
This damsel she went in her car,
Because that she loved him sincerely,

Said Jane, "I've a heart none more
bolder,
For to follow my laddy awa."
"Oh, fie!" said young Edward, "be
steady,
And think of the dangers of war,
When the trumpet sounds I must be
ready,
So wed not your gallant Hussar.

"For twelve months on bread and
cold water
My parents confined me for you,
Oh, hard-hearted friends to their
daughter,
Whose heart it is loyal and true.
Unless they confine me for ever,
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
To wed with my gallant Hussar"

Said Edward, "your friends you must

So pray do my company shun."
She said "if you will be true hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store,
From this time no more we'll be
parted,
I will wed with my gallant Hussar.'

As he gaz'd on each beautiful featur
The tears they did fall from ea
eye,
'I will wed with this beautiful cre
ure,
To forsake cruel war,' he did
So now they're united together,
[illegible] now the

Saint Catharine's Stairs I did resort,
Where the people did me know,
And on that girl I fix'd my heart,
She proved my overthrow.

I went a robbing night and day,
To maintain her fine and gay
And what I got I valued not,
But took to her straightway.

Till at length to Newgate I was brought,
Bound down in irons strong,
With heavy chains around my legs,
She long'd to see them on.

I sent a letter to my love,
Some comfort for to find,
But instead of proving as a friend,
She us'd me most unkind.

She in a scornful manner said,

I thought these words were very hard
When I had spent all my store,
To think she had no regard for me,
When I was low and poor.

Now in this lonesome cell I live,
No better I deserve,
Which makes my very blood run cold
To think how I have been serv'd

I am a boatman by my trade,
And a waterman also,
I maintained her like a lady gay,
In silks from top to toe,

that's crown'd,
My name in the sand w
he drew,
And he swore by the str
ever prove true.

To which I beheld the
my fair,
I gazed on his face wh
with my hair,
He need not have to.d
with a sigh,

For the Schuylkill secures my dea
fellow to me.

Oft times he told me the stories o
love,
He would sing me a song my affec
tions to move,
My lips were solicited, my hand gent
ly press'd
On the banks of the Schuylkill, wher
Jesse was bless'd.

Whenever we leave this enchanting
retreat,
With blushes, she says, when nex

How ever can I think, a fair lady to
enjoy;
His cheeks as red as roses, his hu-
mour kind and free,
She said, dear youth, if e'er I wed,
I'll surely marry thee.

But when her parents came this to
understand,
They did this young man banish to
some foreign land,
While she lay broken-hearted, lament-
ing she did cry,
For my honest, charming 'prentice,
a maid I'll live and die.

And there he gain'd a prize of twenty thousand pounds;
With store of gold and silver, he pack'd up his clothes, indeed,
And to England returned, to his true love with speed.

He offered kind embraces, but she flew from his arms,
No lord, duke, or nobleman, shall e'er enjoy my charms;
The love of gold is cursed, great riches I decry,
For my honest, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live and die.

He said, dear honour'd lady, I have been in your arms,
This is the ring you gave, for toying in your charms,
You vow'd if e'er you married, your love I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I was your

With kisses out of me
enjoy his charms,
Then so through cupi
road to church the
And there in virtuou
hymen's bands we

THE GROVES OF

The Groves of Blarney
charming,
Down by the purli

'Tis lady Jeffrey's that owns this station,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation,
For regulation could with her compare.
Such walls around her that no nine pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength,
'Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pumwell,
Made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers are forever heard,
And moss'd by nature makes it completer.

And
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Stand
floo

There
cre
'Tis
dov
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There
dar
A wash
With
Kil
All bloo
mo

There's
ma
All h
fair
Bold N
mu

[redacted] were I a [redacted]
nezar,
In every feature I'd make it

BONNY DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny D
How can ye bloom sae fresh ar
How can ye chaunt, ye little b
And I sae weary, fu' o' care
Thou'lt break my heart, thou
ling bird,
That wanton'st through the
thorn;
Thou mind'st me of departed
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roved by bonny D
[redacted] and w

Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.

re winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favour again I'll resume;
nd while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England I cried, Buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Bless the time that in England I cried, Buy a broom!

ESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

he sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,

Wha'd blight in its blossom the
sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn
to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Cal-
derwood glen,
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless
and winning,
Is charming young Jessie the flow-
er o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'
my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd fool-
ish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my
dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the
flower o' Dumblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest
grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful heart life's conflicts meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.
Life let us cherish, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power!
Edward! chains! and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law

ı summer comes, the heather bell
ıll tempt thy feet to rove:
:ushat dove, within the dell,
ites to peace and love:
lithesome is the face of day,
d sweet's the bonnie broom;
)ure the dimpling rills that play
)und my Highland home.
ı gang with me to Scotland, &c.

THE SWISS BOY.

, arouse thee, arouse thee, my
)rave Swiss boy,
thy pail, and to labour away:
un is up with ruddy beam,
:ine are thronging to the stream
, arouse thee, arouse thee, my
)rave Swiss boy,
thy pail, and to labour away.

ot I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss
)oy,
ı I hie to the mountains away!
here a shepherd maiden dear,
ts my song with listening ear.
Am I not, &c.

Then at night! then at night-
gay Swiss boy—
I'm away—to my comrades a
The cup we fill—the wine is
In friendship round, until, at
With good-night! and good
goes the happy Swiss bo
To his home and his slumber

THE SWISS MAID.

Come, haste thee, come hast
my bonny Swiss maid:
Take thy cloak, and to chur
away;
The plighted love, I claim so
For true's my love, sincere to
Then, haste thee, come, hast
my bonny Swiss maid,
Take thy cloak, and to chur
away;

Am not I, am not I, then, a
Swiss maid!
Now bless'd with my own tru
My shepherd swain to welcome

And hail with joy each night's return.
Am not I, am not I, then a happy
Swiss maid,
Now blest with my own true love!

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid,
In her cot, with contentment and peace;
There's naught disturbs—devoid of care,
Her rest is sweet: she knows no fear.
Then "good-night" and "good-night" goes the happy Swiss maid,
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace

ALICE GRAY

She's all my fancy painted her:
She's lovely! she's divine!
But her heart is another's—
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man ne'er loved

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight.
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turn'd away—
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side
For her I'd stem the flood:
For her I'd dare the battle strife,
Though I seal'd it with my blood.
By night I'd watch her slumbers,
And tend her steps by day—

'Oh! his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray."

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Or a' the airths the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,

Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dal
  Bring hame the laden bees:
And bring the lassie back to me,
  That's aye sae neat and clean:
Aye blink o' her would banish care
  Sae charming is my Jean.

I see her in the glassy stream,
  That winds along the vale,
I hear her in sweet echo's voice
  That dies along the gale:
I'll love her while a vital spark
  Shall shed its latest gleam

And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom
As underneath her fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder,
But, O! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,

And clos'd for ay the sparkling gla
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent du
That heart that lo'ed me dearly
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON.

A beautiful damsel of fame and
nown,
A gentleman's daughter of fame
renown,
As she rode by the barracks this be
tiful maid,
She stood in her coach to see
dragoons parade.

They were all dress'd out like gen
men's sons,
With their bright shining swords
carbine guns.
With their silver mounted pistols
observed then full soon,
Because that she loved her Ennis
len dragoon.

You bright sons of Mars who sta
on the right
Whose armour doth shine like t
bright stars of night,
Saying Willy, dearest Willy, you'
listed full soon,
For to serve as a royal Enniskill
dragoon.

O! Flora, dearest Flora, your pard
I crave,
It's now and forever I must be
slave,
Your parents they insulted me, bc
morning and noon,
For fear that you'd wed an Enniskill
dragoon.

O! mind, dearest Willy, O! mi
what you say,
For children are bound their pare
to obey;
For when we're leaving Ireland th
will all change their tune,
Saying the Lord may be with y
Enniskillen dragoon.

Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare ye
well for a while,
And all around the borders of Erin's
green Isle,
And when the war is over we'll return
in full bloom,
And they'll all welcome home the
Enniskillen dragoon.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Come, tell me, blue-ey'd stranger,
Say, whither dost thou roam?
O'er this wide world a ranger,
Hast thou no friends or home?

They call'd me blue-ey'd Mary,
When friends and fortune sm
But ah! how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrow's child.

... flower

Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these rosies,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smil'd
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.

COLUMBIAN TARS.

Columbian tars are hearts of oak,
Singing ever merrily;
Ev'n in fight they laugh and joke,
Meeting danger cheerily
Yo, yo, yea;
Fire away,
Hearts of oak, right merrily.

And, tho' death around him flies
Still the dauntless sailor cries,

Spunge the guns, boys, merrily,
Ram the balls home, cheerily,
Yo, yo, yea;
Fire away,
Hearts of oak, right merrily.

Wrapt in clouds of thickest smoke,
Hear him singing merrily;
Fearless still, he'll have his joke,
Braving peril cheerily;
E'en amidst the hottest fight,
Hear him singing with delight,
Spunge the guns, boys, &c.

COLUMBIA'S GREAT GLORY.

Hallow'd the birth-day of liberty's
nation,
Sacred the flame on her altar tha
burns;
A tear to the chieftain who wroug
her salvation,
And flowers to the grave that
body inurns;
He who from darkest night,

Led us to glory's light,
Remaining before us our guidar
and star;
Rid every troubled sea,
Pilot of liberty;
Champion of peace in the ravage
war.

Hail to the name of Columbi
great hero,
Which brighter shines forth th
the vista of years;
Whilst on history's page stands
contrast of Nero,
The king of oppression, and fatl
of tears;
Then raise the sacred strain,
Let echo mock again;
Washington rise on each patric
voice,
Till all Columbia round,
Swell with the joyous sound,
And hill and dale in the anthem
joice.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving to the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

[redacted] ev'ry beauteous object th
view,
Wakes in my soul some charm
lovely Sue.
[redacted]hough battle calls me from thy arr
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
[redacted]hough cannons roar, yet safe fro
harms,
William shall to his dear return.
[redacted]ove turns aside the balls that roun
me fly,
[redacted]st precious tears should drop from
Susan's eye.
[redacted]he bostwain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms
spread;
[redacted]o longer must she

JOHN ANDERSON MY J

John Anderson my Jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her masterwork was man;
And you aboon them a' John,
So trig from top to toe,
She prov'd to be no journey-w
John Anderson my Jo.
And you aboon them a', &

John Anderson my Jo, John,
When first we were acquaint
Your locks were like the sloe,
Your bonny brow was brent
But now your brow is bald, Jo
Your locks are like the snow
Yet blessings on your frosty p
John Anderson my Jo.
But now your brow, &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
What pleasure 'tis to see,
The young, the lively brood, J
Bred up 'twixt you and me.

And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Sure makes a heaven here on earth
John Anderson my Jo.
And ilka lad and lass, &c.

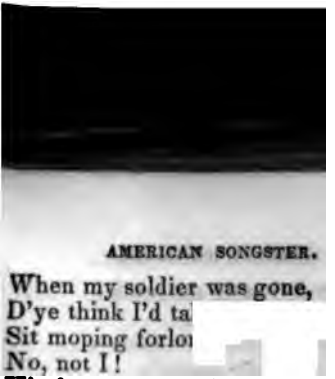
John Anderson my Jo, John,
Fates up and down we've kent,
Yet aye whate'er our lot, John,
We with it were content;
And that's the best of gear, John,
It frae us ne'er can go,
Tho' goud be scant, love we'll ne'er want,
John Anderson my Jo.
And that's the best of gear, &c

John Anderson my Jo, John,
Life's hill we clam thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;

John Anderson my Jo, Jo
When we again awake,
Our bairns we will collec
And then our journey t
For hearts devoid of guil
Find friends where'er t
And seraphs bright sha
right,
John Anderson my Jo.
For hearts devoid of

THE DASHING WHI
GEANT.

If I had a beau



When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I'd ta
Sit moping forlo
No, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return, crown'd with victory.
If an army of Amazons, &c.

O! 'TIS LOVE 'TIS LOVE!

O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love
From woman's bright eye glancing;
O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
Every heart entrancing.
What claims the monarch's duty?
What soothes the peasant's pain?
What melts the haughty beauty,
And conquers her disdain!
O! 'tis love! &c.

O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
The warrior doth inspire,
O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
That kindles soft desire.

...gay saloons no
'Tis love alone
O!

—

THE YOUNG

To the mountain's
my lays,
And harmless I w
and thro' brac
The peasant, by m
o'er the moor,
To welcome the
Troubadour.

O. come to the
my lay;
Wave, wave thy fai
to stay;
O! grant but this

Then I'll sing the old ditties of heroes that died,
And of maidens like you, for whom lovers have sigh'd;
O! hearken then, lady, to-morrow I'm sure
You'll welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

BANKS OF THE DEE.

It was summer, so softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung in each tree,
At the foot of the rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy bank's purest streams shall be dear to me ever,
'Twas there I first gained the affection and favour,

On rocks or lonely mountains,
In palaces or vales,
In gay saloons near fountains,
'Tis love alone prevails.
O! 'tis love! &c.

THE YOUNG TROUBADO

To the mountain's wild echo I w
my lays,
And harmless I wander thro' w
and thro' braes;
The peasant, by moonlight, oft s
o'er the moor,
To welcome the song of the y
Troubadour.

O, come to the lattice, and li
my lay;
Wave, wave thy fair hand and b
to stay;
O! grant but this boon, I ask f
more,
'Twill enliven the song of the y
Troubadour.

the old ditties of heroes

ens like you, for whom
ave sigh'd;
then, lady, to-morrow

ne the song of the young
our.

S OF THE DEE.

er, so softly the breezes
wing,
the nightingale sung in
,
of the rock where the
flowing,
lown on the banks of the

Of Jamie, the glory and pride of th
Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and le
me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, so valia
is he,
And yet there's no hope of his speed
returning,
To wander again on the banks of th
Dee.

He is gone, hapless youth, o'er th
loud roaring billows,
The swcetest and kindest of all th

e never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.

he Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying.
he lambs on its batiks shall again be seen playing,
'hilst I, and my Jamie, are carelessly straying,
nd tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

THE BLACK BIRD.

1.

pon a fair morning for soft recreation
heard a sweet lady, while making her moan,
'ith sighing, and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
ıying, my black bird, most lovely, has flown,
My thoughts do deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
nd I'm overwhelm'd with sad misery;
Yet, if death should blind me,

As true love inclines me,
My black bird I'll seek out, wherev
he be.

2.

Once in fair England, my black bi
did flourish,
He was the chief flow'r that in it d
spring;
Prime ladies of honour, his pers
did nourish,
Because that he was the true son
a king.
But that false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between hi

And I am resolv'd, in fa or foul weather,
Once more in the spring, to seek out my love,
He is all my heart's treasure,
My joy and my pleasure,
And justly my love, my heart follows thee.
Who art constant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
Success to my black bird, wherever he be.

4.

In England, my black bird and I were together,
Where he was still noble and generous of heart,
Ah! woe to the time that I first went thither,
Alas! he was forced soon hence to depart.
In Scotland he is deem'd,
And highly esteem'd;
In England a stranger, he seemeth a stranger to be,
Yet his fame shall remain

More than from one that in Britian
is born.
Oh! heaven spacious,
Let Britain be cautious,
Some there be, odious to him and
to me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My black bird with honour, wherever
he be.

OH! NEVER FALL IN LOVE.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
Oh! never fall in love,
Better lead apes, you know where,
Than ever fall in love.

For men, their ends to gain,
Are cruel, when most kind;
Their tears are false as rain,
Their vows are only wind.

And if you say them no,

Fall not in love, dear girls, be
Oh! never fall in love;
Better lead apes, you know wi
Than ever fall in love.

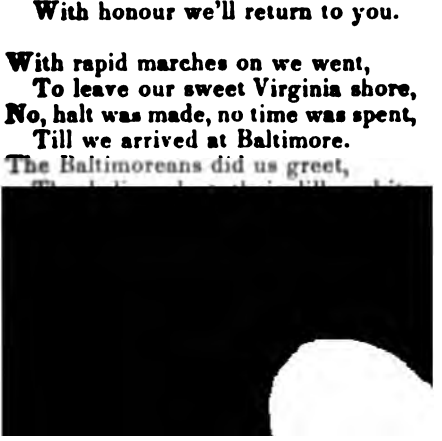
For, if a rake you wed
For better and for worse,
When honey-moons are fled,
Oh! how he'll sqeeze your

And if you scold all night,
Quite easy by the bye,
Your husband grown polite,
Snores most melodiously.
Fall not in love.

Of a few true Virginians.
Then up we rose with hearts elate
To help our suffering sister state,&c

When first our orders we received,
For to prepare without delay,
Our wives and sweethearts for to leave,
And to the army march away.
Although it griev'd our hearts full sore,
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,
We kiss'd our sweethearts o'er and o'er,
And march'd like true Virginians
Adieu awhile, sweet girls adieu,
With honour we'll return to you.

With rapid marches on we went,
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,
No, halt was made, no time was spent,
Till we arrived at Baltimore.
The Baltimoreans did us greet,



Welcome ye brave Virginians.
May heaven all your foes confound,
And send you home with laurels
crown'd.

We had not been in quarters long,
Before we heard the dread alarm,
The cannon roared the bells did ring,
The drum did beat to arms, to arms.
Then up we rose to face our foes,
Determined to meet them on the
strand,
And drive them back from fair free
dom's shore,
Or die like brave Virginians.
In heaven above we placed our trust,
Well knowing that our cause a
just, &c.

Then Ross he landed at North Point,
With seven thousand men or more,
And swore by that time next night,
That he would be in Baltimore.
But Striker met him on the strand,
Attended by a chosen band,
Where he received a fatal shot,

n a brave Pennsylvanian—
heaven directed to the field,
ke this haughty Briton yeld,&c.

Cockburn he drew up his fleet,
ombard Fort Mc Henry,
king that our men, of course,
ld take affright and run away
rt was commanded by a pat
otic band,
ver grac'd fair freedom's land,
e who did the fort command,
a true blue Virginian.
g may we have brave Arm-
ead's name,
orded on the book of fame, &c.

and a night they try'd their
ight,
found their bombs did not pre-
il,
eeing their army put to flight,
y weighed their anchor and
ade sail.
ing to return again,
execute their former plan;

But if they do they'll find us still,
That we are brave Virginians.
And they shall know before they're done.
That they are not in Washington.

But now their shipping's out of sight,
And each man take a parting glass,
Drink to his true love and heart's delight,
His only joy and bosom friend,
For I might as well drink a health,
For I hate to see good liquor stand
That America may always boast,
That we are brave Virginians.

The bit is no burthen to the prancl
steed,
Nor snowy fleeces to the woo
breed;
The lough with ease bears the s
ming kind,
Nor does right reason aggrava
mind.

THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

I am a sailor stout and bold,
Long time I've plough'd the ocea
To fight for my king and country to
For honor and promotion,
I said brother sailors, I'll bid you adi
I will go no more to the seas with y
But I'll travel the country thro' and th
And still be a rambling sailor.

When I came to Greenwich town,
There were lasses plenty,
I boldly stepped up to one
To court her for her beauty,
I said my dear, be of cheer,
I will not leave you, do not fear,
I'll travel the country thro' and thro
And will be a rambling sailor.

When I came to Woolwich town,
There were lasses plenty,
I boldly stepped up to one
To court her for her money,

Sh
And th
w
He m
Witl

Nc

O

1

WILLIAM REILY'S COURTSHIP

'Twas on a pleasant morning, all in the bloom of spring,
When as the cheerful songsters in concert sweet did sing,
The primrose and the daisy bespangled every lawn,
In an arbour, I espied my dear Coolen Bawn.

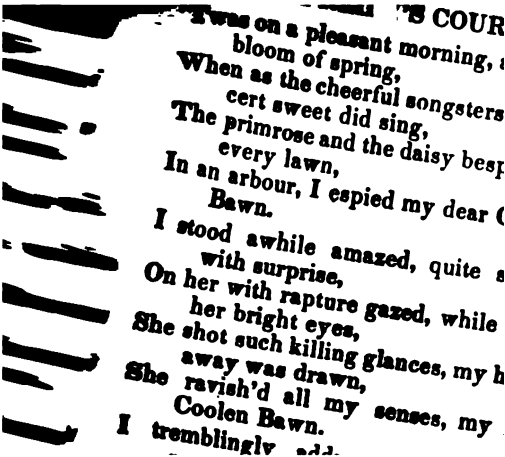
I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with surprise,
On her with rapture gazed, while from her bright eyes,
She shot such killing glances, my heart away was drawn,
She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Coolen Bawn.

I tremblingly addressed her, hail, matchless fair maid,
You have with grief oppress'd me, and

Then with a gentle smile she replied
unto me
I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over
thee;
My father he is wealthy, and gives se-
vere command,
If you but gain his favor, I'll be your
Coolen Bawn.

In rapture I embraced her, we swore
eternal love,
And nought should separate us, except
the power above;
I hired with her father, and left my
friends and land,
That with pleasure I might gaze on my
fair Coolen Bawn.

I served him a twelvemonth, right faith-
fully and just,
Although not used to labor, was true to
my trust;
I valued not my wages, I would not
demand,
For I could live for ages with my Coo-
en Bawn.



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The primrose and the daisy besp
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Coolen Bawn.
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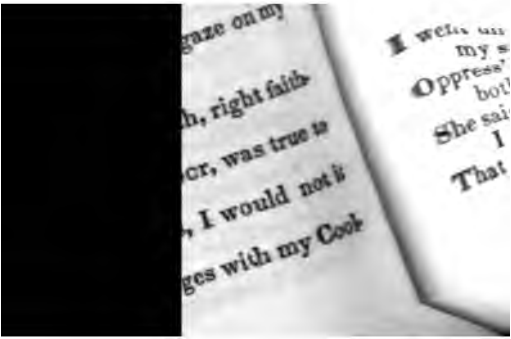

If it should please kind fortune once more to set me free,
For well I know my charmer is constant unto me,
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and scorn,
I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear Coolen Bawn.

REILY'S TRIAL.

Come, rise up, William Reily, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you, and leave this country;
I'll forsake my father's dwelling, his houses and rich land,
And go along with you, love, your dear Coolen Bawn.

Over lofty hills and mountains, along the lonesome dales,
Through shady groves and fountains, rich meadows and sweet vales,

But I

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T

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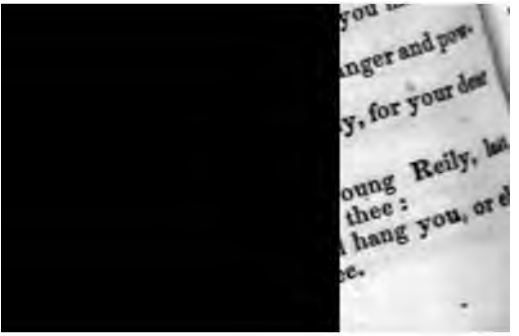

you
nger and pow.
y, for your dea
oung Reily, la
thee:
hang you, or e
e.

youth,
If Reily has deluded her, she will
clare the truth;
Then, like a spotless angel, before the
she did stand,
You are welcome here, said Reily,
dear Coolen Bawn.

Next spoke the noble Fox, who st
attentive by,
Gentlemen of the jury, for justice
reply,
To hang a man for love, is foul mu
you may see,
So save the life of Reily, and ba
let him be.

Then spoke the lovely lady, with
in her eyes, Reily's,

The daughter of Squire F
lady proved to be,
As blooming as an angel, a
high degree:
For her, young William
night and day doth wa
Loaded with heavy irons,
Sligo jail.

Like some poor malefactor
ed he must be;
The lady cries, dear Reily,
ne'er shall see,
Cruel-hearted father, thou
one
That banish'd William Re
dear Coolen Bawn.

Her father in a passion, u
said,
For your foul disobedienc
be convey'd
Unto a lonesome chamber,
pent the deed,
Twelve months on bread
you shall be forc'd to

rou have got them, Reily, pray send
them home to me;
vill, my generous lady, with my
thanks said he.

ere is a ring amongst them, I wish
for you to wear,
s set with costly diamonds, and
plaited with my hair;
a token of true friendship, wear it
on your right hand,
nk of my broken heart, love, when
in a foreign land.

LY'S ANSWER, RELEASEMENT AND
ARRIAGE WITH COOLEN BAWN

1 tender-hearted lovers, attend unto
my theme,
e hardships of young Reily I mean
now to explain,
o, for stealing of an heiress, before
the court did stand,
lered for transportation into a foreign
land.

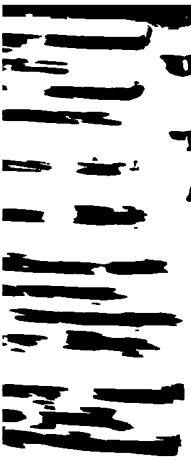
Alas! dear William Rei
more could see,
From my hard father's an
set him free;
I'd enfold him in my arm
ne'er would part;
Although I'm here con
Reily has my heart.

Now we will leave this fa
row for to wail
And speak of William R
in Sligo jail,
Who, with twenty other
Dublin march'd away
To enter on board a tran
straight to Botany B

you with grief
go jail doth moan.

nights this lovely lady in grief
and sorrow spent,
overcome with anguish, she quite
distracted went;
wrung her hands and tore her hair
crying, my only dear,
cruel-hearted father has used yo
most severe.

a private mad-house, they hurri
her away,
re she was heard each morni
for to weep and pray;
chains loud she'd rattle, and t
she'd cry and rave,
Reily is tre



castle sent,
Unto the lord lieutenant, whos
it did relent.

The noble lord lieutenant, di
prison haste,
And there young William H
speedily releas'd;
With him into Bedlam, straig
went anon,
Likewise releas'd his jewel,
Coolen Bawn.

As soon as the lady her true
behold,
She in her snowy arms, yo
did enfold,
quick revir'd.

He went—and e'er the
Beheld our arms the
The flash of death—the
Had laid him low at
The fla

SLOW.

'O comrades! comrade
And proudly beam'd
Go tell my mother, E
A soldier's death at
They plac'd his head u
And 'neath the moo
ful hue,
When night had still'd t
They dug his grave
When night

child but thee,
I beg it as a blessing that you wi
with me,
And at my death you shall posses
houses and free land;
My blessings on you, Reily, and
dear Coolen Bawn.

DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLO

When battle rous'd each warlike ba
And carnage loud her trumpet ble
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy for Waterloo.
His mother, when his lips she press
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching h
Beheld him m

And all the village joyful were,
Upon the wedding day.
Now in the cottage by the river s
William and Mary do reside,
She blesses the night that she did
For her absent swain at the garde

ANSWER TO THE GARD GATE.

One winter's eve the moon it sh
And every thing was still,
When William trudg'd with he
light,
To the foot of yonder hill.
'Twas Mary's cot he wish'd to v
To see the girl he loved so true,
Which made his heart go pit-a-p
As on the style he whistling sat.

He traced the cot all round and
But Mary was not there,
At last poor William look'd so s
His heart was in despair.
And Mary she did not come nig
Which caused him many a bitte

[illegible] that made her
[illegible] gate was there but not the lad
Which made young Mary sigh and
Was there ever a poor girl so sad a

She traced the garden here and the
The village clock struck nine,
Which made young Mary sigh and
Thou sha'nt, thou sha'nt be mine
You said you'd be at the gate at eig
You ne'er shall deceive me or make
wait,
For I will let such creatures see,
They ne'er shall make a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and there
The village clock struck ten,
Young William caught her in his arm
No more to part again.
[illegible]

And all the village joyful were,
Upon the wedding day.
Now in the cottage by the river s
William and Mary do reside,
She blesses the night that she did
For her absent swain at the garde

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He traced the cot all round and r
But Mary was not there,
At last poor William look'd so s
His heart was in despair.
And Mary she did not come nigh
Which caused him many a bitter

Where I overheard a dam
grievously complain,
All for an absent lover that pl
raging main.

I being unperceived, did unto
near,
Where I lay down in ambus
ter for to hear,
With doleful lamentations a
choly cries,
Whilst sparkling tears like c
streaming from her eyes

Crying, O cruel fortune to m
ved unkind,
As my true love has left me n
can I find:
Whilst she was thus lamen
grieving for her dear,
I saw a gallant sailor, who
drew near.

With eloquence most compl
did address the fair,
Crying, sweet and lovely fair
do you mourn here?

absent lover, the fair
reply,
Which causes me to wonder, for
ment and cry.

It's three long years and more h
sence I have mourn'd,
And now the war is ended, he has
yet return'd.
Why should you grieve for him al
the sailor he did say,
Perhaps his mind is alter'd, or chan
some other way.

If you will but forget him, and fix yo
mind on me,
Till death doth demand me, to you I'
faithful prove.
To which this fair

Both t
k
It is r
As t

On hearing which, his person, no
he conceal'd,
He flew into her arms, and his
did reveal.

Now these constant lovers did
other embrace,
He kiss'd the bright tears fro
cheeks, and wip'd her lovel
Crying, my dearest Nancy, wi
I'll ever stay,
I'll never more depart, till my
mast's cut away.

LOSS OF THE ALBION

Come all you jolly sailors bold, s
ten unto me,
A dreadful story I will tell, tha
pened at sea;
The loss of the Albion ship, my
upon the Irish coast,
And most of the passengers and
were completely lost.

was on the first of April, from New
York we set sail,
ınd Neptune did protect us with a
sweet and pleasant gale,
ıtil about the twentieth, a storm there
did arise,
ıe raging billows loud did roar, and
dismal were the skies.

was on Sunday afternoon the land
we did espy;
two o'clock we made cape Clear,
the sea ran mountains high;
ıe southward wind began to blow,
and heavy squalls came on,
hich made our passengers to weep,
and sailors for to moan.

l prudent sail we carried, to keep us
clear from land,
:pecting every moment that our ves-
sel she would strand:
ır foretopsail was split, my boys, and
foreyard took away,
ır mainmast by the deck was broke,
and mizen swept away.

ur passengers were twenty
from New-York she c
ith twenty-five bold sai
ever crossed the main
ll fifty-four we had on b
first we did set sail,
d only nine escaped th
tell the dreadful tale.

now that noble vessel,
she is lost,
hough the tempestuous o
often times had crosse
ur noble captain he is los
sailor bold,
nd many a gallant life i
many a heart made co

MARY'S DREA

he moon had climb'd the
hat rises o'er the source
nd from its eastern summ
er silver light on tower a
hen Mary laid her down
er thoughts on Sandy, sa

PAUL JONES.

American frigate from Baltimore came,
r guns mounted forty, the Richard by name,
ent to cruise in the channel of England:
ith a noble commander, Paul Jones was the man.

e had not sail'd long before we did 'espy
large forty-four, and a twenty close by;
ıose two warlike ships, full laden with store,
ır captain pursued to the bold Yorkshire shore.

the hour of twelve, Pierce came along side,
th a loud speaking trumpet, whence came you? he cried,
ick give me an answer; I hailed you before,
this very instant a broad-side I'll pour.

Brave Englishm
And we old Bucksk
it again.

We fought them fi
ses most hot,
Till fifty brave sea
spot;
And full seventy m
their gore,
Whilst the Pierce'
Richard did r

Our gunner affrigh
he came,
Our ship is a sin
flame:
Pr l Jones he repl

t length our shot flew so quick, they
could not stand,
ne flag of proud Britain was forced to
come down;
ne Lion bore down and the Richard
did rake,
hich caused the heart of brave Rich-
ard to ache.

ome now my brave Buckskins, we've
taken a prize,
large forty-four, and a twenty like-
wise;
hey are both noble vessels, well laden
with store!
'e will toss off the can to our country
once more.

od help the poor widows, who shortly
must weep,
or the loss of their husbands now sunk
in the deep:
'e'll drink to brave Paul Jones, who
with sword in hand,
hone foremost in action, and gave us
command.

I nav

I sp

But

Ar

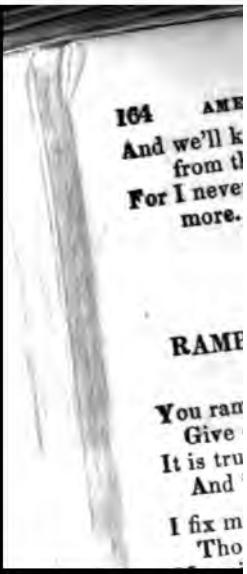
I pull'd out a han
way,
In order to try
they'd say;
They said I was v m
the best,
And all that they said wa
But now I will lay up
store,
And I never will play th
more.

Wild

Nay, nay, then, said I,
be:
I'll see you all hang'd
penny;
But now I will lay up
store,
And I never will play t
more.

Wi

But now I'm resolv'
life,
To settle myself and


164 AME
And we'll k
from t
For I neve
more.
RAMB
You ran
Give
It is tru
And
I fix m
Tho

When in plenty you set by a good fire-
side,
Sure you ought to remember the
poor.

When the cold feathered snow does in
plenty descend,
And whiten the prospect around,
When the keen cutting wind from the
north shall attend,
Hard chilling and freezing the groun
When the hills and the dales are a
candied with white,
When the rivers congeal to th
shore;
When the bright twinkling stars sh
proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the po

When the poor harmless hare may
trac'd to the wood,
By her footsteps indented in sno
When the lips and the fingers are s
ing in blood,
When the marksmen a cock-s
ing go,

poor robin red-breast ap-
hes the cot,
he icicles hang at the door;
e bowl smokes with some-
g reviving and hot,
the time to remember the
r.

thaw shall ensue, and the wa-
's increase,
the rivers all insolent grow
the fishes from prison obtain a
elease,
nen in danger the travellers go;
n the meadows are hid with the
proud swelling flood,
When the bridges are useful no more,
nen in health you enjoy every thing
that is good,
an you grumble to think on the poor.

oon the day will be here, when a Sa-
viour was born,
All the world should agree as one
voice,
All nations unite to salute the bless'd
morn,
All ends of the earth shall rejoice.

Grim death is deprived of his all kill
ing sting,
And the grave is triumphant no more
Saints, angels, and men, hallelujahs
shall sing,
And the rich shall remember the
poor.

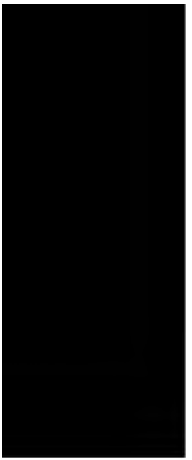
SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night
cloud had low'rd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch
in the sky;

Methought from the battle fields dreadful array,
Far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way,
To the home of my father that welcom'd me back

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,
In life's morning march when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home, and my weeping friends never to part;
My little one's kiss'd me a thousand times o'er



of morn,
And the voic
melted awa

THE

Oh! take me to
for keen the
Oh! take me to
for bitter is m
She hears me not,
nor will she li
While here I lie, a
the willow tre

My love has

een at war with Yankees;
re you'll rue the day;
'd the sons of liberty,
rth America.

t confin'd our commerce,
ay our ships shan't trade;
xt confined our seamen,
used them as your slaves.
ien insulted Rogers,
ile cruising on the main,
iad not we declared war,
u'd have done it o'er again.

tho't our frigates were but few,
nd Yankees would not fight;
il brave Hull your Guerriere took
And banish'd from your sight.
e Wasp then took the Frolic,
You nothing said to that;
e Poictiers being of the line,
Of course she took her back.

e next your Macedonian,
No finer ship could swim;
ecatur took her gilt works off,
And then he took her in.

The Java, by a Yankee ship
  Was sunk, you all must know;
The Peacock fine, in all her pride,
  By Lawrence down did go.

Then next you sent a Boxer,
  To box us all about;
But we had an enterprising brig,
  That beat your Boxer out.
We boxed her up to Portland,
  And moored her off the town;
To show the sons of liberty,
  Your Boxer of renown

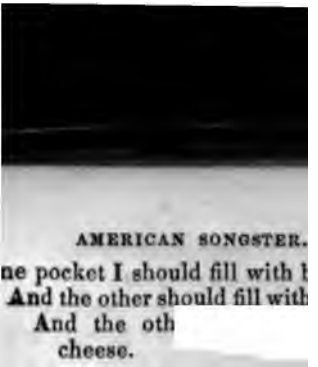
Then upon lake Erie,
  Brave Perry had some fun:
You own he beat your naval fo
  And caused them for to run:
Whilst Chauncy on Ontario,
  The like ne'er was known be
Your British squadron beat co
  Some took, and some run a

Then your brave Indian allies,
  You styled them by that nam
Until they turn'd their tomaha
  And by you savages became

Now lament, you sons of Britain,
Far distant is the day;
That e'er you'll gain what you have lo
In North America.
To tell your king and parliament,
By all the world 'tis known,
That British force by sea or land,
By Yankees are o'erthrown.

Our Decatur in the Guerriere,
Soon humbled the Turkish crew;
Bro't them to submission,
As he has done to you.
The Essex in the South seas,
Had put out all your lights;
The flag she wore at her mast's head
Were "free trade and sailors rights.

Grant us free trade and commerce,



ne pocket I filled with butter,
About a pound or more,
nd cutting off the cheese, sir,
Brought the Master to the door:
being in a quandary what to do,
She bade me the chimney fly,
) up into the chimney
Went butter and cheese and I,
Went butter and cheese and I.

)eing up the chimney,
And seated at my ease,
ıe fire began to melt the butter,
Likewise to toast the cheese;
ıe Master being in the house,
He thought the devil was there,
)r every drop that fell in the fire
Oh Lord how it did flare,
Oh Lord how it did flare.

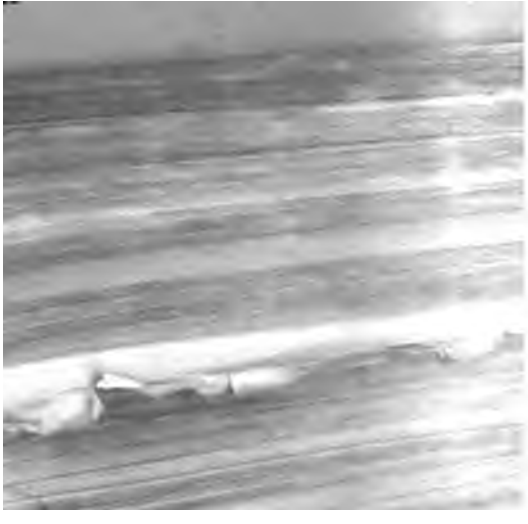
he Master went to the top of the house,
But the devil a word could I say

aid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate:
at doomed me th
And cruel Molly'
ow can she break heart
That wears her i
Ah! gr &c.

ou said you loved me, Mary, dear,
Ah! why did I believe?
et who would think such tender words,
Were meant but to deceive?
hat love was all I asked on earth,
Nay, heaven could grant no more,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

had I all the flocks that graze,
On yonder mellow hill;
lowed for me the num'rous herds
That yon green pastures fill;
ith her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

wo turtle doves above my head,
Set courting on a bough,



d is my fate! said the heart-broken
stranger, [can flee
e wild deer and wolf to a covert
have no refuge from famine and
anger [me;
ome and a country remain not to
never again in the green shady
owers,
here my forefathers lived, shall I
spend the sweet hours,
over my heart with the wild woven
flowers,
nd strike to the numbers of ERIN GO
BRAGH!

where is the cottage that stood by the
wild wood, [fall!
isters and sire, did ye weep for its
where is my mother, that watch'd
o'er my childhood, [than all.
d where is the bosom friend, dearer
! my sad soul, long abandon'd by
pleasure, [treasure;
O, why did it doat on a fast fading
ars, like the rain drops, may fall with-
out measure, [recall!
But rapture and beauty they cannot

BURNING OF THE STEAME LEXINGTON.

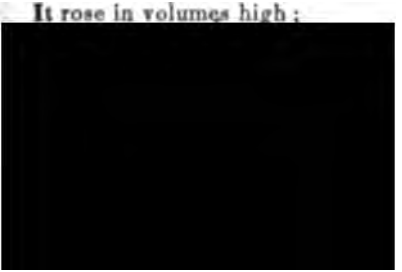
On Monday last, at three o'clock,
With streamers floating gay,
A Steamer called the Lexington
From New York sailed away.

One hundred souls or more that tim
She carried with her along;
Whose cruel fate it was decreed,
Should never see another morn.

The gentlemen who went on board,
Were full of life and glee;
Expecting soon their relatives
And numerous friends to see.

When opposite to Eaton's neck,
A cry of fire was heard;
On which they all rushed on the de
So sore they were afraid!

The fire soon got so far ahead
It rose in volumes high;



And as the flames in volumes rolled,
To hear them shriek and moan
Would cause the stoutest heart to bleed
Of marble or of stone!

The life boat soon was lowered down.
The steamer under weigh,
When twenty souls were all unset.
And buried in the sea!

Two other boats under her bow
Were sunk along its side;
They all looked on, with horror struck
And wrung their hands and cried.

Hilliard, a mariner on board,
A captain bold and brave,
Quick got out his fragile boat
And rode the stormy wave!

To save themselves from the dreadful fire,
They plunged into the wave,
And all the souls who were on board
Soon found a watery grave!

Of a hundred souls or more,
Who left the port that day,
But five were saved to tell the tale
Of their sad destiny

The cruel men were all to blame,
The owners of the boat:
To stow their cotton on the deck
With such a precious freight.

Their consciences will lash them sore,
And haunt them many a day;
When they think on the hundred souls
Gone into eternity!

So here I close my mournful lay,
While children yet unborn
Shall to their sons tell the sad tale
And fate of the LEXINGTON.

BANKS OF THE PLEASANT OHIO.

Come all ye likely lads that has a mind
for to range,
Into some foreign country your situa
tion to change,
In seeking some new pleasures we will
all together go,

happen to come near,
We'll all unite together wi
with cheer,
We'll march through the to
and strike a deadly blow
And we'll drive them from t
of the pleasant Ohio.
It is now to conclude, without
offence,
Each one has a right to choo
own residence,
But I will choose my residence w
milk and honey flow,
And we'll settle on the banks of
pleasant Ohio.

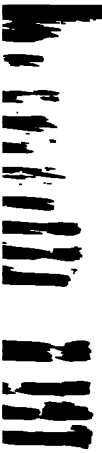
DO YOU

Then tell me, do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to him who never
Can cease to think of thee?
When sailing o'er the billow,
Do you think I once forget
The streamlet and the willow,
Beneath whose shade we met?

No! I fancy thou art near me,
And I often breathe a sigh,
When the waves alone can hear me,
And the winds alone reply.
Then tell me—do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to him who never
Can cease to think of thee?

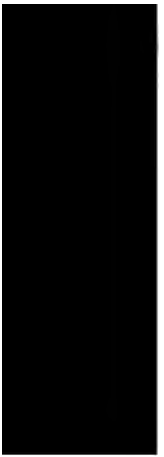
HURRAH FOR THE SEA

A bold, brave crew, on an ocean blue
And a ship that loves the blast,
With a good wind piping merrily
In the tall and gallant mast.
Ha! ha! my boys,
These are the joys



And the growing
going
On the whirlwind's battle-rout,
Ha! ha! do you think
That the valiant shrink?
No! no! we are bold and bra
And we love to fight
In the mild midnight,
With the storm on the mo
wave.

The timbers creak, the sea birds s
There's lightning in the blast
Hard to the leeward, mariners!
For the storm is gathering fa
Ha! ha! to-night,
Boys, we must fight;
But the wind which o'er us y



Auld Lang Syne
Alice Gray
Boys of Kilkenny
Banks of Brandy
Banks of Champl
Battle of North P
Battle of Plattsbu
Battle of Baltimor
Bonny Bunch of R
Banks of the Schu
Bonny Doon
Bavarian Broom Gi
Bruce's Address
Blue Eyed Mary
Black Eyed Susan
Banks of the Dee
Black Bird
Constitution and Gu
Columbian Tars
Columbia's greatest
Caroline of Edinbur
Dark Eyed Sailor

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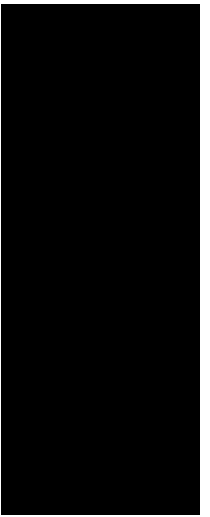

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